



From the Editor.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

THE
HARCOURT PAPERS.

EDITED BY

EDWARD WILLIAM HARCOURT,

OF STANTON HARCOURT, AND NUNEHAM COURTENAY,
IN THE COUNTY OF OXFORD, ESQUIRE.

VOL. VIII.

Printed for Private Circulation by
JAMES PARKER AND CO., OXFORD.

[Only Fifty Copies printed.]



PREFACE.

THIS eighth volume of the Harcourt Papers, which is composed of an *olla-podrida* of trifles, is put together in continuation of the scheme of the editor, to present a selection of the writings and correspondence preserved in his family archives.

As they will only be submitted to the friendly critic, it is hoped that they will pass muster better than might have been the case had they been exposed to the full glare of publicity.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF, AND LETTER FROM HENRIETTA	
JANE SPEED (COUNTESS DE VIRY) . . .	1
LETTERS FROM HON. MISS WEST . . .	11
LETTERS FROM HON. JOHN WEST . . .	30
POEM BY EARL DE LA WARR . . .	34
POEM BY HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND . . .	36
LETTERS FROM THOMAS PITT (LORD CAMELFORD)	41
LETTER FROM THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD . .	49
LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE . .	51
LETTERS FROM VISCOUNT VILLIERS . . .	54
LETTERS FROM LORD SPENCER . . .	71
LETTERS FROM COUNTESS SPENCER . . .	78
LETTERS FROM HON. HORACE WALPOLE . . .	91
LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT .	100
LETTERS FROM CATHERINE MACAULAY . . .	104
LETTERS FROM ELIZABETH MONTAGUE . . .	117
POEM BY DEAN MARLEY . . .	135
POEMS BY VISCOUNT PALMERSTON . . .	136
LETTERS FROM FRANCES POLE (VISCOUNTESS	
PALMERSTON) . . .	150
AN ODE BY GENERAL BURGOYNE . . .	156
LETTER FROM T. HEMING . . .	158
LETTERS FROM MRS. CLIVE . . .	165
LETTER FROM MISS HAY . . .	177
LETTER FROM MRS. CANNING . . .	184

	PAGE
LETTERS FROM JANE POPE	191
LETTERS FROM HENRY HAMILTON	195
LETTERS FROM MR. BOOTHBY	211
LETTER FROM THE MARQUIS DE GERARDIN	225
LETTER FROM CHARLES JENKINSON (FIRST EARL OF LIVERPOOL)	228
LETTERS FROM LADY ANNE LINDSAY	232
LETTER FROM MR. BROWN	265
LETTER FROM SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS	267
LETTER FROM THE EARL OF ABINGDON	271
LETTERS FROM LADY MOUNT-EDGCUMBE	274
LETTER FROM THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE	288
LETTER FROM MR. MILLER	290
LETTER FROM LORD DE FERRARS	294
LETTERS FROM MR. JERNINGHAM	298
LETTER FROM THE DUKE OF RICHMOND	303
LETTERS FROM MRS. SIDDONS	305
LETTERS FROM LADY CRAVEN	329
LETTER FROM THE MARQUIS OF CARMARTHEN	340
LETTER FROM THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD	342
LETTER FROM THE COUNTESS OF SUTHERLAND	344
LETTER FROM DR. BARRINGTON (BISHOP OF DURHAM)	347
LETTERS FROM MR. MASON	349
LETTER FROM MRS. KENNICOTT	353
LETTER FROM MR. KING	355
LETTER FROM MR. HAGGITT	362
LETTER FROM MRS. HARTLEY	365
LETTER FROM DR. PORTEUS (BISHOP OF LONDON)	368
LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF KILMORE	373

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
LETTER FROM MR. WEST	376
LETTER FROM MADAME DE MORTEMARD . . .	383
LETTER FROM MADAME D'ARBLAY	387
LETTER FROM MISS BERRY	391
LETTER FROM MISS FANSHAWE	392
LETTERS FROM MISS FARREN	397
LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT .	401
LETTER FROM MR. WALTER	408

Harcourt Papers.

LITTLE interest attaches to letters whose authors are entirely unknown to us.

The name of Madame de Viry, though well known in London society during the middle of the last century, has now, of course, passed from memory ; a sketch of her character, found amongst Lord Harcourt's papers, will, therefore, form a useful preface to the letter which commences this volume.

PORTRAIT

OF HENRIETTA JANE SPEED, COUNTESS
DE VIRY.

She was the daughter of Colonel Speed, and lineally descended from the geographer of that name ; at the death of her father, when she was very young, she was received into the family of the Viscount Cobham, her relation, and educated under the care of himself, and of the Viscountess, his wife ; who at her death bequeathed the whole of her large fortune to Miss Speed.

M^{me} de Viry possessed the most brilliant parts, she was good humoured, full of vivacity, and had

an inexhaustible fund of original and engaging wit ; strong sense, united with observation, and penetration the most acute, more than supplied the want of literary knowledge, for which she had not the least relish ; and, without having ever given herself the trouble of learning anything, she appeared to know everything.

Mr. Gray has slightly sketched her portrait in four lines in the "Long Story." Her person was tall, but not slender, her complexion dark, and, although she had no pretensions to beauty, yet an easy and graceful air, with fine eyes and teeth, united to render her altogether extremely pleasing. After the death of Lady Cobham, she married Le Baron de la Perriere, son of Le Comte de Viry (several years resident here as Minister Plenipotentiary from the Court of Turin), who became successively minister from that court at the Hague, in London, at Madrid, and lastly, at Paris. The pleasure of representing, in which she delighted, and the gaiety and sociable manner of living in France were so congenial to her natural disposition, that she never cast one longing, lingering look towards her native country. In truth she was as incapable of the feeling of affection as of those of hatred or dislike ; she could extract entertainment even from folly and insipidity, and no company displeased her, but she really loved nobody. Yet, such was the fascinating power she

derived from her invariable good humour and vivacity, and the witty playfulness of her conversation, that to live with her in intimacy without becoming attached to her was impossible. Having, from a want of that prudence which seldom deserted her, incautiously engaged in a political intrigue at Turin, where she herself had never been, she was betrayed by a confidential Secretary of her husband, and one of her letters, in which, with all the force of her wit, she had ridiculed the characters of the King and Queen of Sardinia, was communicated to them. As a consequence, the Count was recalled in disgrace from his mission, and not feeling himself sufficiently clear from the imputed offence to accept the proffered leave to vindicate himself at Turin, he was banished for life to his estates in Savoy, where M^{me} de Viry, after a few years, died of an apoplexy occasioned by excessive corpulency.

From Miss Speed (afterwards Countess de Viry), to Viscount Nuneham :—

“Stoke, Oct^{br} y^e 26th, 1755.

“I ASSURE you, Dear Lord Nuneham, your letter which arriv’d yesterday gave me the greatest pleasure, and you see I take the very first opportunity of returning you thanks for it, and of owning how very much asham’d I was at receiving so very

kind a reproof for my past neglect ; but I am
conscious my heart is not faulty in regard to you,

* * * * *

“And, when I have beg'd your Pardon for this
omission and promis'd that my future behaviour
shall in this respect be irreproachable, I shall pro-
ceed to thank you a second time for your last,
which entertained me excessively from the de-
scription you give of the people you have met
with in your travells thro' Germany. I shou'd
pitty any one but your-self from having herded
with such a set of disagreeable animals, but as the
french say *Vous savez tirer parti de toute*, and their
odditys and disagreeableness furnish'd you always
with matter of entertainment. I will now give
you an account of my proceedings since I last
wrote. Last Winter pass'd like the others, and
with no difference in respect to my self but the
not having the pleasure of seeing (and laughing
with) you. Lady Cowper as usual had her musick
of Sunday nights, and Miss Gilbert as usual *came
curtseing in* ; I then constantly thought of you
and wish'd you amongst us.

* * * * *

“I shall now tell you what became of me this
summer. We staid in Town 'till the beginning
of July and then went to Tunbridge, where we
staid six weeks, I lik'd it excessively ; it was a
very full season and many agreeable people there.

It is the fashion to divide into cotteries, and I was of a very jolly one, we had more men than women of it, as in general they are less troublesome and more entertaining. We constantly went out ev'ry morning in partys to see places, of which there are a great number of pretty ones *aux environs de Tunbridge*. I believe upon the whole I shou'd have liked better to have been there at the time Gramont gives us an account of it, had it been only for the pleasure of seeing Madame de Montsery dance with her delightfull hump; tho' we had many deform'd people there that chose to exhibit their personages when they had a convenient opportunity, which was constantly twice a week, and such dresses as wou'd have made you expire.

“There was a German Countess which I will venture to affirm out did any one you have met with in your travells. She is about seventy years old, but instead of having wrinkles, which people usually have at her time of day, her skin is stretch'd so excessively tight over her face that till you come near her she has no signs of old age, for she wares an immense deal of *rouge* or brick dust, and dresses as if she was sixteen; but when you come near her the skin is exactly like parchement, and I dare say she might sell her skin to morrow to any lawyer, tho', as she is not above 4 foot high, it wou'd not do for modern marriage settlements. She coquets beyond any

french actress you can have met with, and her admirers (or rather those she admires) behave with great caution not to disoblige her as she constantly goes with a loaded pistol in her pocket, and is capable of revenging a want of attention. She us'd to be with Lady Caroline Petersham, and they were quarrelling ev'ry day in the publick rooms about their men. This German creature was very fond of wheat-ears, a bird that is sel-dome heard of but at Tunbridge, and she wou'd eat two dozen of a morning for breakfast till she wou'd be so sick she wou'd be obliged to go home and take an emetic. Pray tell me if this does not equal or surpass any human creature you have met with.

* * * * *

“Perhaps you have not heard a shocking circumstance relating to L^y Mary Capell (Lady Charlotte Hyde's sister), don't mention it to Lord Villiers because you know there is a close connection in that family. She was at Tunbridge when I was there, and always appear'd very jolly and rather in violent spirits, for she wou'd talk one to death ; about a fortnight ago she was in our neighbourhood at Mr. Godolphin's, who lives about a quarter of a mile from Stoke ; I then saw her, and she was in the same good spirits ; from thense she went to Weybridge to an acquaintance there, and without any body's being able to account for it,

she cut all the veins in both her arms ; her maid in the next room heard her groans, and upon going in found her weltering in blood, and she look'd up at her and said, 'I have done it at last.' They got all the help they cou'd, and it is thought she will recover. . . . The family give it out she had a fever and was delirious.

* * * * *

"I suppose you have heard the rich Mr. Crowley who lived in Grosvenor Square shot himself. By his death an estate of eight thousand a year comes between his two fat maiden sisters, and they are now in ev'ry sense *two very great* matches ; what do you think of y^r having one, and Lord Villiers the other ; if you agree to it I will bespeak them against your return. Lord Euston and Miss Liddle are to be married the beginning of next month. I hope George West don't intend paying his addresses to *Lady Euston*, tho' he did to Miss Liddle. There are various characters given Lord Euston ; some commend, but most disaprove and say, from his temper, Miss Liddle will be extremely unhappy ; he seems very shy but very well bred. St John Bland has at last ended his good for nothing life, by stabbing himself in France, where he was obliged to go to be at rest from his creditors. It is a melancholy thing to see people rush willfully into perdition ; they have not the sense to act well, nor goodness enough to repent,

and they claim no body's pitty, as they never are of use to mankind while in the world.

"I have, I am affraid, quite tired your patience out, but before I conclude I must give you an account of an extraordinary phenomenon that has appear'd at my friend Mr. Garrick's, who by the by I am very angry at your abusing in the manner you do. I am really so tired of writing that to vary it a little I will tell it you in french, knowing I write equally *well* in both languages.

"Un Jeune boulanger de 22 ans se présenta depuis peu a Garrick pour se recommander a lui, qui lui répondit qu'il ne songeoit point a changer de boulanger étant très content de celui qui le servoit alors, . . . Je ne cherche point repondit le boulanger, à vous fournir de pain ; je n'ai que trop expérimenté que je ne saurois gagner celui de ma famille a ce métier ; mais je viens pour être recêu dans vôtre troupe. Vous actez ? demanda Garrick ; et de quels rôles vous croiez vous capable ? c'est les vôtres, répondit le boulanger que j'ambitionerois le plus de jouer, et je voudrois commencer par celui de Richard 3. Pour celui la reprit Garrick en souriant, et le regardant de la tête aux pieds, dispensez-moi de vous le céder ; c'est mon rôle favori, et franchement il me fâcheroit qu'un autre m'y surpassât ; cependant pour me montrer ce que vous savez lire, voici la piece, lisez m'en une scène.

“ Je ne le puis, répondit le boulanger, car je ne sais ni lire ni écrire ; un aveu si inattendu fit glisser le livre des mains de Garrick, qui voulut le mettre dehors par les épaules ; mais le jeune homme s’opiniâtre à rester, le priant instamment de l’essayer d’une autre façon ; et comment ? dit Garrick ; lisez, lui dit le boulanger, une scène vous-même, et je le répèterai après vous. A quoi Garrick voulut bien se prêter encore, moins par complaisance que par badinage ; et afin de rendre la moquerie plus complète il choisit exprès la scène la plus difficile ; mais quand il eut achevé de la lire, le boulanger se mit à la réciter d’un bout à l’autre si correctement, et avec une propriété d’action d’énergie & de sentiment si supérieure, que Garrick en fut émerveillé, et dès l’instant l’engagea pour 5 ans à de gros gages.

“ Is not this a marvellous incident. When I go to town and have seen him I will give you my opinion. I know people who have seen him, and whose judgment I pay a great deference to, that thinks him incomparable, I will now bid you adieu. Your Lordship was pleas’d to apologize for a very short entertaining letter you was so good to write me, I shou’d make excuses for the very reverse, for this is as long and stupid, but has the merit of coming from one who is very sincerely your faithfull

“ friend and humble servant.

“Lady Cobham desires I wou’d make you a thousand fine speeches for your goodness in remembering her in your letters to me, and she sincerely wishes you ev’ry pleasure either trifling or essential that you think will conduce to y^r happiness. We are making great preparations for a war; they seem to be apprehensive here of an invasion, and they think there will be a camp form’d either in Sussex or Kent this winter. The affairs in Irland in regard to the Primate are now settled; he is for ever excluded being of the regency during the absence of the Lord Lieutenant — and I think struck out of the privy counsel, but tho’ I am positive of the former I am not of the latter.

“The defeat of Gen^l. Braddock in America gives ev’ry body great concern. Coll. Rich, who you must have heard carried M^{rs}. Rich over to Gibraltar with him, has lost her; she died in child-bed; they say he is inconsolable, but, as he is universally hated, no body seems to pittty him. I think I have wrote ev’ry word of news I cou’d muster up from the utmost force of resolution; once more adieu.”

Letters from Hon. Miss West.

MISS WEST, Henrietta Cecilia, was born in 1730; she was the eldest surviving daughter of John, Lord Delawarr, who was created an Earl in 1761. She was witty and fond of society. George the Third and Horace Walpole always alluded to her as the 'divine Cecilia.' In 1763 she married Colonel Johnson, with whom she lived very happily. Selections from her letters are here printed. The freedom and ease with which she wrote made her correspondence very entertaining. A great deal of pruning, however, has been found necessary to suit the epistles for general reading.

Hon. Miss West to Viscount Nuneham :—

"I HOPE your Lordship will sup *chez nous ce soir*, tho' after your breakfast of *virtu* I expect you to prefer my father to me, as being of the two the most antique. I have sent to y^e cryer of the

parish in order to cry *what* I mention'd to y^r Lordship I had several days miss'd, and begin to think lost ; but as you are a better judge of the value of curiositys than I pretend to be, I beg to know what reward you think will be proper to offer."

Hon. Miss West to Viscount Nuneham :—

"TOO be sure, my Lord, there are fine Ladys in this town who's Ideas would disturb your soft slumbers and make you leave your downy pillow earlier than you are wont to do, had you an appointment to meet them in a flower garden, and retire with them to a shady bower ; but as I cannot flatter myself I can work such an operation on your Lordship half so certainly as a dose of rhubarb wou'd do, I conclude you will be as late as usual in your morning walk ; therefore I desire you will be so good to call me at Mrs. Lyell's instead of my own house, from thence we will repair to the bower, where we will sit like Adam and Eve in their innocency, tho' the climate is totally against their dress ; so that is quite out of the case, as your Lordship I presume will sit in your short great coat, & I in my fur cloak ; however, don't be very late, because I dine out, & shall wish to dress in good time. Adieu.

" Wednesday morning."

Hon. Miss West to Viscount Nuneham :—

“AS it was the last night before you go hence, & are no more seen, I flatter'd myself your Lordship wou'd have given me an opportunity of wishing perfect health to you by word of mouth, and I wou'd join happiness to my wishes, were you & I so happy as to think that cou'd be found in a family party in the country; in short, my Lord, I am forced to have recourse to pen, ink, & paper, to assure you of my best wishes and concern that you are going. I am at present the more so, as I to day received the politest letter from our admir'd Mrs. Clive, to invite my sister, your Lordship, & myself to her cottage; we sent her word we wou'd wait on her next thursday, and sorry was I at the same time to inform her you was to depart this life to-morrow; *enfin* my Lord, I hope, since you are to go, that you think with Mr. Pope, that whatever is, is right, I wou'd fain be of that opinion, but 'tis in vain I attempt it, for I often feel that what is, is wrong; or at least if 'tis not so, Alas! I shou'd, in some points, like the wrong far better than the right.

“But, not to detain you about so uninteresting a theme as myself, believe me that I shall be happy to hear you are well, & not ill of that worst of indigestions call'd the country. Instead of Mattai's warbling strains, may Philomela's soft-

est notes charm your listening ear, may violets spring up where e'er you tread, and, ever studious of rural amusement, may you, my dear Lord, sometimes think of me. Adieu!

"Monday night, past 12 o'clock."

Hon. Miss West to Viscount Nuneham :—

"Wednesday Morn."

"I RETURN your Lordship '*le Danger des Passions*,' without being in the least prejudiced more than before, either for or against them. I wou'd have sent it immediately to L^y Lyttleton but that, since she told you she thought me both disagreeable & ill natured, I am grown cautious, & afraid, from the title of the book, she might also add I was witty, because to be sure she may read Sigr Fenduci over & over again without passion or the danger attending it. Mr. Spencer^a was so good to tell me at L^y Hertford's I might have permission to use his Opera ticket sometimes, but I shall always be afraid to send to him for it, lest he shou'd think me horrid troublesome, or out of his extreme gallantry lend it me when he wants it; but I rely on you to find out if that's the case next Saturday, and as you are acquainted with my poverty, and my father's very very ungallant proceedings towards me, particularly in that par-

^a Afterwards Lord Spencer.

ticular, when Mr. Spencer seriously has no employment for it, to send it me instead of leaving it idle on his table.

* * * * *

“I am so offended at never seeing you, that I believe I shall poison L^y Hervey, M^{rs}. Anne Pitt, & all the old women in town, not excepting y^r Grand Mother; for really since you have made your fur coat you fancy you have too much *temperament* to converse with any thing under sixty; I expect every day to hear you’re marry’d to L^y Emily Butler, and that you have an intrigue with Mad^{me} Montandre. Pray, my L^d., weigh well in y^r better judgement all I have said concerning the ticket, and if you find the least thing improper or presumptuous I beg you not to mention a syllable about it. Adieu.”

Lady Cecilia West to Viscount Nuneham:—

“How will you bear to read a poem wrote on the common sensations of human nature, after having supp’d and convers’d in the inhuman, platonick (may I say nonsensical) stile, with L^y Talbot? I hope tomorrow evening I shall see you, and then if you don’t own the first 2 lines of the enclos’d poem put all her Ladyship’s delicate rodomontade out of your head, I wish you may be doom’d to be y^c Dorimant of hers, Lady Hervey’s,

Madame Montandre's, & Mrs. Cleland's circles as long as you live. Adieu.

· “*Thursday Evening.*”

Lady Cecilia West to Viscount Nuneham:—

“DEAR Visconti, if you have another book new or old to lend me I shall be glad. Pray tell Mrs. Chudleigh that I did intend being at Soho, and gave up both my ticket and partner as I was obliged to sup at Ld. Edgumbe's to-night. Between you and I my father happen'd to be in an uncommon bad humour, and, as he never goes out of his bed chamber, he wonders I shou'd ever extend my plan of amusements farther; so he chose to fly quite into a passion at my preferring Soho to Ld. Edgumbe's, for which reason (tho' all such galant proceedings are thrown away upon him) I gave up my ticket last night, and, which I more regreted, a charming man who had ask'd me to dance. To be sure those old fogrums at supper will make me amends!

“However, as Mrs. Chudleigh has the rage of this Soho, tell her this same supper alone prevented my being there. Oh! how I have been abused for going with her to the Opera, I was told I was the talk of the whole house, and she, upon my saying I thought many others as bad company, proved worse than all the worser I

cou'd name. In short, my Dear Ld., *dans ce malheureux monde* I find some few *agremens*, but more *disagremens* than you perhaps, from my natural vivacity, suspect me of feeling. Adieu.

“Monday.”

Lady Cecilia West to Viscount Nuneham:—

“’TIS now very certain that my charity is more predominant than my vanity, or I shou'd be tempted to wish your Lordship a continuance, or at least a relapse, of your sore-throat, since 'tis to that (I fear) I owe the honour of the most gallant, polite, and obliging note I ever read. Never did my lips inspire such things before! & if I had not heard from my cradle what Mr. Otway averrs, that men are by nature false, Heaven knows but I might, upon what your Lordship says, be trying the power of my lips, & *par bontè de cœur* prescribe them as a remedy for slight colds, but then, my Lord, suppose that when I cure a sore-throat I shou'd give y^e more terrible disease of a surfeit? how shou'd I cure that? really I know a person ill at this time, and I fear a surfeit is the disorder; tho' I have had no hand in it I hope, for I had rather farr he was dead than hear he was sick of me, for, if the latter, I must hate him, and that's a sensation, *malgrè tout son adresse*, he has not yet taught my heart to feel for him.

"But to be serious, I am vastly glad you are better, and if 'tis true that y^r Lordship thinks me a good physician, I am certain I'd give my utmost skill to save you from a moment's pain. I hope you'll wrap y^r self up, & come hither this evening, for I shall be happy to see my patient. Adieu.

"Monday, 3 o'clock."

Lady Cecilia West to Viscount Nuneham:—

"Sheffield, July 14th, 1761."

"MY DEAR LORD,—Amidst the tumults of the gay world, or the more tranquil joys of the country, I find I am equally and always sensible of any events that have the appearance of conveying either happiness or pleasure to you. From this motive I take the liberty of troubling you now, as I imagine you are, with the rest of the world, pleas'd that the king has made choice of Lord Harcourt to escort our future Queen to England; I most sincerely congratulate your Lordship on this additional honor & mark of royal favor to your family, but did his Majesty see with my eyes he wou'd command Lord Harcourt not to take a certain velvet coat, in which you know I think he looks charmingly, for if the Princess shou'd be of my opinion she may look at the Ambassador till she forgets his Embassy.

“I hope, if you have it in your power, you will be of this party, which I shou’d suppose you wou’d greatly prefer to going to Spa: and now self-love makes me hope you are not in London, because, in that case, this letter will appear to you in its proper light, most profoundly dull and stupid; but if you are studying the beautys of nature in retirement, that situation will be infinitely indulgent to my poor epistle; for a letter, I know from experience, goes for more than its real value in that situation. If you are so good to favour me with one from you, it will want no such rural assistance, yet I must caution you not in it to mention directly or indirectly a word, nor even a hint, of a certain Colonel, nor even the smallest joke about the country; for one of the amusements here is to have the post bag brought into the room, and all the letters taken out of it with his Lordship’s own hands; then that from you will be read round the table, and any thing you might say on the two themes I have forbid, I shou’d be punish’d for, as here they are equally articles of high treason.

“If I had the honor of being in a regular correspondence with your Lordship I believe I shou’d try to contrive that neither the inside or outside of your letter shou’d be perused; but for once it is not worth while to trouble you with a scheme

of ingenuity for that purpose, and, besides, I am at this minute too sleepy to invent one. I have one advantage over our favourite Mrs. Millamant, which is that I love walking instead of loathing it because it's a country diversion, & I walk so far every day that I fancy if Mr. Shaftoe was advertis'd of it, he wou'd train up some cow and bet a thousand it wou'd beat me three times round Newmarket course, in so many hours, minutes, and seconds; but having laid no wager myself to weary your patience beyond recovery, I will release you with the assurance of my being, with the truest esteem & regard,

“My Dear Lord,

“Your most Obliged and Devoted Ser^t,

“CECILIA WEST.”

Lady Cecilia Johnston to Viscount Nuneham :—

“*Park Place, July 27th, 1762.*

“I HAVE wish'd for a cool day on every account, & particularly that I might thank your Lordship for your last letter, for when the weather's hot I really cannot write a line. We think you have as much wit as Lord Chesterfield, & write as well as Mr. Pope; at the same time we allow Lady Harrington not the likeliest thing in the world to Diana, nor Lady Edgcumbe to Venus, my Father to a feather, or Lady Northumberland to the three

Graces. Potavo, tho' she vows you are grown *of late* extremely impudent, yet will deign to accept of some franks from you, and I shall be extremely obliged to you for a dozen; but pray put them in separate parcells lest we shou'd quarrel. Ly Ailesbury and I still expect you, & come you must, but pray come into the room gently, for it's so long since I saw any thing in men's cloaths that a surprise of that kind might make me miscarry; yet I assure you we pass our time very pleasantly, and divert ourselves with Potavo's disagreeableness. I beg you to come soon, I fancy you grudge giving us so much pleasure as we shall have from seeing you, for to be sure you are not always obliged to stay at home because Lord Harcourt has company. I am *au desespoir* at hearing Lord Cowper has a confirm'd dropsy, and is in great danger.

"This sheet of paper, shabby as it is, is the best I have, so pray, my Dear Lord, excuse it, and believe me

"Your most

"affectionate Humble Servant,

"C. JOHNSTON."

Lady Cecilia Johnston to Viscount Nuneham :—

"*London, October y^e 5th, 1765.*

"MY LORD,—As probably we shall leave England before you return to London, and therefore

I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you, I flatter myself your Lordship will allow me this method of offering you my congratulations upon your marriage, with my most sincere wishes for your happiness. As I have not the honour to be known to Lady Nuneham, if ever you mention me to her, your Lordship will do me the justice to name me, I hope, with those who have the highest esteem for you, as well as amongst those of your longest acquaintance. I have the vanity to hope that you now and then will favour me with a letter, as I am confident it will bring me the assurance of your being more in love with Hymen and Lady Nuneham than ever you were with all the Arts and Sciences you devoted your self to before.

“Adieu, my Dear Lord,

“believe me, with great truth,

“Your Lordship’s

“most affectionate Humble Servant,

“CECILIA JOHNSTON.”

Lady Cecilia Johnston to Viscount Nuneham :—

“*London, June 5th, 1772.*

“MY LORD,—I have ten thousand thanks to return you for the picture, which, as I think it very like, you may be sure is highly valued by me. I have scarcely recover’d the fatigue of the

birthday. I went to Court at one o'clock, and did not get home till six, tho' you may believe I got away amongst the first. Their Majestys did not come into the Drawing Room till about three, and the crowd was prodigious! I believe indeed it was wholly composed of *Bon Ton*, because they were very rude, ill bred, and uncivil; such pushing and crowding was never equal'd! I had the honor of several of these fine Ladys upon my back, and, if I had not been taller than most, they wou'd, I conclude, have stepp'd over my head; but, being an able-bodied person, I kept my ground pretty well.

"In our days such a crowd, tho' their pedagrees had come from Adam, wou'd have been a little unsavory, but really, thanks to the delicacy of the modern beaus, and their noseays, we breathed nothing but perfume. As the time of year did not admit of finery, the *Quality* had only an opportunity of displaying their taste and judgement in variety of fancy dresses. Lord Harrington's pleased me the most, both as to the happy mixture of colours, & the propriety of his wearing them. It was a pea green watered tabby, embroidered with colours, turned up with pink; and a pink waistcoat.

* * * * *

"I went yesterday at six in the morning to a review at Darford, where I saw your brother upon

a prancer; dined at the Green Man on Black Heath; walk'd in Greenwich Park, but did not roll down the Hill; and went at night in masque to Mrs. Pulteney's. There were some few excellent figures, 2 in particular quite charming, a Macaroni, and an Ass, the latter I took for Ld. Edgcumbe for some little time, and was sorry it was not him.

* * * * *

"Ever studious of rural amusements I am going next week to Bolderwood. Do write to me, I long to have your thoughts upon agriculture. My General desires his best compliments to your Lordship. I beg mine to Lady Nuneham; believe me with the truest esteem, my Dear Lord,

"Your most

"Obliged Humble Servant,

"H. C. JOHNSTON.

"I shall send this to Leicester House, as it's quite a secret to me where you are. I charge you to write to me, and I shall desire the same favor from you when I return to Minorca."

Lady Cecilia Johnston to Earl Harcourt:—

"Hampton, Sept. 11th, 1786.

"MY DEAR LORD,— . . . I was happy to see Lady Harcourt the other day at the Drawing Room looking very well indeed, & finding time

to be extremely gracious & obliging to me, tho' she seem'd to have a great deal of business on her hands at that moment. It seems to me that I have been in another country from having travell'd so many miles to and from Mount Edgumbe. To be sure when you get there it repays all the frights and fatigue, for its situation beggars all description !

“The Duke of Saxe Gotha appear'd charm'd with all he saw, & well indeed he might, for his reception there was magnificent. As I am not particularly fond of these kind of partys, I was brushing off the instant I heard he was coming, tho' persuaded to stay by their earnest entreatys not to leave them alone when most they wanted company ; in short, it would have been as dull as grandure cou'd make it, if dear Lord E. had not had recourse to his usual fun. Your Lordship wou'd have laugh'd to have seen him put on his sword, and my Lady her largest hoop, and then with her very best curtsey go to the steps of the house door to receive these folks. The Duke was in a blue frock, and there was a dismal looking man with a bald head in a very old dirty brown coat, and boots, by name Count Bruhl ; and lastly the strangest ill looking Italian-man his Highness had found in London, and who was by trade an astrologer, or an astronomer ; a star I never saw him look at, beyond that Count Bruhl wore on his

coat ; and whether he made almanacks, or calculated our nativits, I know not ; however, the Duke was extremely polite, and is a well inform'd sensible man, & has written to them a very civil letter since, expressing his thanks for their great attentions to him.

* * * * *

“ ‘Heaven first taught letters for the wretches’ aid,’ says every miss when she writes to her favourite swain, but as you are neither a banish’d lover, nor a captive maid, I dread your Lordship’s displeasure at being every now and then bombarded with a dull letter from me. The truth is I cannot endure the idea of being forgot by you, or huddled in the heap of your common acquaintance, while I possess the warmest friendship and attachment for you, & value myself in the taste and judgement of being your Lordship’s

“ faithful & devoted

“ humble servant,

“ H. CECILIA JOHNSTON.”

Lady Cecilia Johnston to Earl Harcourt :—

“ *Hampton, Novr. 20th, 1790.*

“ I HAVE heard that Baron Munchausen, the Hanoverian minister, said on an occasion that carry’d no shame with it, *J’ai honte a mon age*, &, to be sure, was there no love without being

in love, I would say so of myself, for all the anxiety & fright I suffer'd during the idea of your lordship's accident did plainly indicate I loved you very much, of which love I am not ashamed, for it is as pure as those spirit of wine flames that burn on the opera altars. I hope Mr. Haggitt excuses my having written to him, as dear Lady Harcourt was the last I should have thought of troubling when so melancholy an event was my theme. My general, not being much of a fribble, I must do that justice to his feelings as to tell you that when I had the happiness to receive your letter his eyes fill'd with tears on finding you was safe & well. I have heard of a man bewitching another man's wife, but your lordship, I think, bewitches the wife & husband into the bargain. . . ."

Lady Cecilia Johnston to Earl Harcourt :—

"Hampton Court, Middlesex, Sept. 7th.

"I CAN never sufficiently thank my dear Lord and my dear Lady Harcourt for their kind inquiry after my health. Thank God I have not been ill, tho' yesterday was the first day I have really been able to walk since I left Nuneham, & still it is a stately strut, rather like the late Lord Harrington than the hobble of Jack Harris. Nothing but my modesty & humility prevented my

answering your lordship's last kind letter before now ; first, it appears impertinently vain to suppose you wou'd like I should write to you too often, because your etiquette and politeness makes you immediately answer letters ; I have frequently heard you say you hate writing, and I am sure your own invented tiny paper proves it ; for, well as you write, you treat me with no more lines than if I was a tell-tale, or that, like a true courtier, you was writing to my Lord Chamberlain^b to beg a copy of his poetick works. Is not this true, my dear Lord ? Now mark the difference between us : I detest, hate, & abhor writing, nevertheless, when it is to you, as frequently as I dare, I scratch and scrawl a large sheet of paper without fear, or wit, with all the nonsense that enters my poor head.

“The Duchess of Gloucester inquired cordially after you both ; she has been ill of St. Anthony's fire, poor soul ! that, and a sea coal fire are the only fires that approach her royal person. The Duke did me the honor a few evenings since to drink tea, & pass two hours with me in this my miserable cabin, & besides, sent me a side of venison.

* * * * *

“Lady Derby writes me word she is again

^b Lord de la Warr, who used to dabble in poetry with the maids of honour.

breeding, and desires me very much to find out whether or not the Duchess of Wirtemberg is in the same way, so I conclude she has got some superstition in her head, as they both at the same time last year were in the same danger, in the same cause. Adieu! my dear lord; Jane's respects, with my ardent love, attend you both; and with the most unfeign'd attachment I am

“Your ever grateful & affectionate

“CECILIA.”

Letters from Hon. John West.

THE two following letters were written by the Hon. John West, eldest son of Lord de la Warr. He was born in 1729, and in 1756 married Mary, daughter of General Whynyard; he succeeded his father, as 2nd Earl de la Warr, in 1766, and died in 1777.

From the Hon. J. West to Viscount Nuneham :—

“MY DEAR LORD,— . . . I often have thought of you in the hot weather, & fancyd it must be very agreable for country visits, & a fine topic of conversation while the country lady sips her tea. It has been intolerable at Fulham, but then we can loll about on the sopha & play at loo at our ease. I won't, however, make your mouth water. M^{rs}. West presents her compliments & begs you to accept her pity. I met M^r. Arding a few days ago with M^{rs}. Spencer^a at Reynolds', I really am not in the least surpriz'd at your dislike to him : I think, in my life, I never saw so vulgar & so familiar a forward fellow ; really worse than you had describ'd him. Reynolds' picture, by the by,

^a Afterwards Countess Spencer.

is charming, almost as well as Wilson could have done.

* * * * *

“Adieu, my dear Lord, let me hear how you away with the Country, & believe me your Lordship’s

“Sincere Friend & Servant,

“J. WEST.

“*June 26, 1759.*”

The Hon. J. West to Viscount Nuneham:—

“MY DEAR LORD,—Your stay in the country at this time is not only disagreeable to your friends in Queen Street, but likewise astonishing; every body but y^r L^{dshp} kiss’d the King’s hand to-day, & I expected that your form & punctilio would have brought you there before any body, especially as you formerly had the King’s ear, & would now be glad to be near it. You don’t surely pretend to be frumpious at being left out of the last nomination, for at that time he was not his own master. Now he is, & I as your friend would have you be in the way. Consider, my Lord, how many disagreeable things may happen to you before you are enabled to take things ill, & how agreeably it is in a King’s power to make one live in the mean time. Forgive this advice & reprimand, as from a friend. I am sure no-

thing but picque can keep you now from court, & I shall be very angry, as well as the King, if you don't post up to town directly, as every body else has done. Mrs. Spencer is of my opinion. The Country must grow shockingly dull, especially to you. There is no expence of a birth day suit to frighten you, & the only extraordinary expence will be Mrs. West's loo table; Miss West, by the bye, is turn'd gamester with us.

"As you flatter me with the approbation of my letters, I am in great hopes you will approve of this, & that *mes pensées* will bring you to town. You need not be alarm'd at hearing that the price of black cloth is raised, for my old friend the Spanish brown will do admirably well. You may write to my sister to condole with her on Johnston's losing the tip of his finger in the late action; not that I believe she is sorry, I should rather think, glad; for as her love, or whatever you please to call it, is governed by vanity, this will flatter that passion, & if he can write to her with three fingers she will be vastly pleased at his having lost the fourth. Don't tell her I say so, for unless some accident should carry off the tip of her tongue, her ears are not safe places to deposit secrets in, & Johnston's the sort of man to run one thro' the body even if he had lost both arms.

"We had our Christening yesterday, & the poor child is called by the frightfull name of Thomas,

almost as bad a name as Simon!
Adieu.

“My Dear Lord,

“Ever your Friend,

“J. WEST.

“*Tuesday, October 28th, 1760.*”

Poem by Earl de la Warr.

EARL DE LA WARR to the Maids of
Honour :—

“YE Maids who Britain’s Court bedeck,
Miss Wrottesley, Beauclerc, Tyron, Keck,
Miss Meadows, and Boscawen ;
A dismal tale I have to tell,
This is to bid you all farewell—
Farewell ! for I am going.
I leave ye, girls, indeed ’tis true,
Although to be esteemed by you
Has ever been my pride ;
’Tis often done at Court you know,
I leave my dearest friends, and go
Over to t’other side.—
No longer shall we laugh and chat
In th’ outward room on this or that,
Untill the Queen shall call.
Our gracious King has called me now,
Nay, holds a stick up too, I vow ;
And so—God bless you all.
They tell me that one word a day
From him is worth the whole you say,
Fair ladies, in a year ;
A word from him I highly prize,
But who can leave your beauteous eyes
Without one tender tear ?

No longer now shall I be seen
Standing along our matchless Queen,
 So gracious, good, and kind ;
When one by one each smiling lass,
First drops a curt'sey as we pass,
 Then trips along behind.—

Adieu my much-loved golden key,
No longer to be worn by me,
 Adorned with ribband blue ;
Which late I heard look ill and pale,
I thought it but an idle tale,

 But now believe 'twas true.
Farewell my good Lord Harcourt too,
What can, alas, your lordship do
 Alone with all the maids ?

You soon must some assistance ask
You'll have, I think, an arduous task
 Unless you call for aid.—

Great is the charge you have in care,
Indeed, my pretty maidens fair,

 His situation's nice ;
As chamberlain, we shall expect
That he, sole guardian, shall protect
 Six maids without a Vice^a."

^a Lord de la Warr was Vice-Chamberlain.

Poem by Hon. Charles Townshend.

THE Hon. Charles Townshend was second son of Charles, third Viscount Townshend. He was elected Member for Yarmouth in 1747, and afterwards represented the borough of Harwich. In 1749 he was made a Commissioner of the Board of Trade; in 1751 he was sent as secretary to an "Extraordinary" Embassy to Spain, and in the same year he was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty; in 1756 he became Treasurer of the king's chamber, and a Privy Counsellor; in 1761 he was made Secretary at War. He married in 1755 Lady Caroline, eldest daughter and co-heir of John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, and widow of Francis, Earl of Dalkeith: by her he had two sons. Charles Townshend distinguished himself both in the senate and the cabinet by his eloquence and judgment. It was said of him that he knew how to be a patriot without prejudice and a placeman without dependence. He was like-

wise endowed with all the accomplishments
which adorn private life.

The Maids of Honour's answer to Earl
de la Warr. Written by the Hon. Charles
Townshend :—

“To you, great Earl of de la Warr,
We Maids at Court indite,
To tell you that it made us stare,
That you on us should write :
No fairer subject could you find?
We greatly fear your lordship's blind.

“But perfect beauty to bestow
Without one grace or feature !
The task is hard we all must know
And you're a wondrous creature.
In magic art you far out do
Both Janus' skill and Comus' too.

“Our thanks, dear poet, then receive
From every grateful maid ;
Ah ! would his readers then believe
The truth of all he said ?
Who with poetic power supplies
The lustre wanting in our eyes.

“We can't enough reward your care,
Though well 'tis understood ;
For, if you had not called us fair,
No other mortal would.

Oh ! matchless tale of virgins nice,
Six maids embellished by their Vice !

“ Lord Harcourt, too, has nought to fear
From maids so chaste and coy ;
Our very aspect cries forbear
To every thought of joy.
We're well protected from all harms—
The best protection—want of charms.

“ When to each maid of honour's train,
Their late admired Vice-chamberlain
Put forth his last adieu,
By artless strains the pensive peer
From every eye the chrystal tear
Of fond remembrance drew.

“ They called to mind his happy power
T'amuse the heavy ling'ring hour,
So often past in waiting ;
While foreign or our home affairs,
Some private schemes, or public cares,
The great ones were debating.

“ With cheerful chat or easy rhyme
His lordship could beguile the time,
And keep six maidens quiet :
That all are virtuous, some are fair,
This muse affirms, let others dare
With peril to deny it.

“Yet late advanced a daring bard
That want of charms was virtue’s guard,
Or, be it understood,
Not all his lordship’s watchful care,
Had nature made these maidens fair,
Could e’er have kept ’em good.

“Begone, vile slave, their beauty needs
No guard of dragon-watch ; the seeds
Of virtue, their defence,
Have armed them ever to withstand
All fell desires, and the rash hand
Of bold incontinence.

“But come, my fair ones, and attend ;
Trust me, I fain would be your friend,
And yet despair to please ye ;
Keep the fond stripling from your lips,
The youth who once the honey sips
Will ever after tieze ye.

“Brudenel, sincere I give you joy,
For other cares your mind employ ;
There’s difference between
Your present and your former sport,
’Tis pleasant to be well at Court,
Standing along the Queen.

“My maids be happy in your Bob,
He, terror of the rainbow mob,

Has courage to defend ye ;
Be but yourselves, be chatty still,
Nor toss the head—and Brudenel will
With chearfulness attend ye.”

Letters from Thomas Pitt.

THE writer of the two letters which follow was Thomas Pitt, whose father was elder brother of the first Earl of Chatham; he was born in 1737, and in 1774 married Anne, daughter of P. Wilkinson, Esqr. He was created Baron Camelford of Bacconoc, in the County of Cornwall, in 1784.

Thomas Pitt, Esqr., to Viscount Nuneham :—

“ Plymouth, Feb. 28th, 1760.

“MY DEAR LORD,—We are got so far in our way to Lisbon, which by the time & fatigue it has cost us, I should hope were the better half of the journey. Certainly never creature suffer'd so much as I have undergone on board the Windsor. Want of sleep & sustenance have been the least of my complaints. Whatever you have experienced in all the different illnesses of your life must be combined to form to you an idea of Sea Sickness, to which you must add stench, noises, & the confinement of a prison, & believe me you will still fall short of the felicity I have experienced. The whole day stretch'd upon a couch, groaning, vomiting, expiring, the night toss'd at

the mercy of the waves in a suspended bed they call a cot, with guns screaming, cocks crowing, & the watch trampling over my head. Judge, therefore, with what glee I once more embraced my mother earth at my arrival at this place. At the sight of the dear barren rocks of Cornwall my heart leapt with joy. The most desert dreary heath seemed to be a garden of paradise, but when the boat carried me close by the verdure of Mount Edcumbe, when I exhaled the refreshing breezes of the land, & when I set my foot upon dry ground, what words can express the pleasure I received. Indeed, my Lord, they give us a very faint representation of a voyage at the haymarket, when the illustrious heroine is handed out of her barque to the measure of soft symphony; they come up much more to the original in the transparent scene of last winter, where the ships are toss'd upon the waves, & bulg'd upon the rocks, where lightning, thunder, cannon, storm, & tempest, reign in universal anarchy.

“The day we went on board at Spithead the weather was extremely rough; we were received with the news that the long boat & ten men had set out in the night, & were probably gone to the bottom; that the *Ramilies* was split upon the rocks, & all her crew lost, as it was imagined was the fate of Mr. Boscawen's ships, & another that they heard had perished; & finished their narra-

tion with a little private anecdote that they laid no great stress upon, of a woman the day before who had contrived to let drop the infant at her breast into the sea as she was stepping from the ship into the boat. This reception you may imagine prepared me for whatever might succeed. I cast a longing look towards the shore, the sails were hoisted, & we committed ourselves to the care of Providence.

“The day before we came into Plymouth we had the good fortune to descry a miserable privateer, which we fired several shot at, & chased for some hours. In the midst of the pursuit I was conducted to the cabin window, where I beheld a poor sailor of our ship (methinks I see him at this instant) struggling with the waves, & endeavouring to save his wretched life by seizing a little boat that had been thrown out after him for his preservation. He bore himself up with incredible strength, a poor old man upwards of threescore. At last the wished for boat was wafted to him, & we could discern him lay his hands upon it; but immediately the sea, which ran very high, broke over him or drove him from us, so that from that moment we saw him no more. This accident, however, proved fortunate to the privateer, who got ground of us in this interval, & by that means effected her escape.

“The number of sea officers makes our abode

here very agreeable ; we dined yesterday with a small party of about forty, who, you may imagine, made themselves very good company before we parted.

“I expect to sail again to-morrow, tho’ I hear the wind howl against the windows at this moment, & the sea was so rough to-day that it was impossible to get even to our ship in the sound. If I escape drowning, dying of the sea sickness, or of Captain Cleveland, who is still more insupportable, & after all my dangers, arrive safe at Lisbon, you may expect to hear further from me. In the mean time this will afford you a tolerable specimen of my miseries, at least enough to make you rejoice by your fire side if you are wise, & not tempt fortune to throw you into such difficulties as I am involved in. Adieu, my dear Lord, remember me as

“Your very affectionate friend & Servant,
“THOS. PITT.”

From Thomas Pitt, Esqr., to Viscount Nuneham:—

“*Lisbon, March 24th, 1760.*

“MY DEAR LORD,—I would willingly give you some idea of the strange inhabitants of this strange land, but the subject is so copious there is no knowing which of their particularities to begin with. However, to begin orderly with the beginning ; the instant they are born they are put in

cradles which, instead of rocking from side to side, pitch from head to foot length ways, in the manner of that useful piece of machinery, a hobby horse. As soon as they are trusted to crawl upon the floor, their first effort, I am assured, is to go backwards, which has such an effect upon them in that tender state as to occasion the retrograde disposition which they retain thro' their whole lives. This circumstance I mention for your Lordship's information, that you may know what caution is necessary to be used, when, with a blessing on your endeavours, you may become the respectable father of a family.

“The weather here is extremely hot, even at this season, & must, in the summer, be intolerable, for which reason the natives of all ranks accustom themselves to wear great heavy thick cloaks, which they wrap round, throwing the lappet over one shoulder, that you would think yourself in the depths of Russia ; people indeed of any fashion are never suffer'd to use their legs, not even in a morning, but are drawn about by mules, which cost 60 *moidores* apiece perhaps, & look worse than many of our hackney horses, in a machine which would, in England, bear the name of gig-tumbril, or booby-hutch, being a two wheel'd chaise with leather curtains, for which you pay more than the hire of a genteel London chariot. When you receive your company, & have con-

ducted them to their seats, instead of sitting in the next seat to them, a chair is brought from the other end of the room, & placed *vis á vis*, so that you sit with your knees together, which you must take care not to cross upon any account. In going in a chaise you must take particular care to give the right hand to your companion, by which means it often happens you get into a lady's chaise before her & draw her up after you. The ladies are such animals in bronze as I never saw, they want for beauty, eyes, skin, & features ; they have nothing to boast but teeth, & hair which is extremely fine, & of a length that would surprise you, but so pasted, powder'd, & dress'd, as makes it rather a nuisance than a beauty.

"A *Condessa* was here the other day dress'd in a sort of English nightgown^a, without a hoop, a great white apron, & very fine in jewels: a large butterfly of diamonds, I am sure as large as my hand, stuck flat upon her belly. They are now in deep mourning, that is a black velvet gown, with a vest & petticoat of white satin, flower'd silk, or what they please, with ribbands, jewels, &c., just according to their caprice. They have no settled mode of dress except at court, when they all wear hoops, & gowns, & petticoats. The men upon great occasions are not suffer'd to wear bags, but

^a Evening-dress, called a nightgown in those days.

have wigs, or their own hair flowing upon their backs, which is a sore distress to me who intend appearing at the Queen's birthday. The King of Portugal received his first audience, after his father's death, in a suit of black full trim'd. There is no circle, or court days here ; but upon days of *gala*, when foreign ministers receive audiences, they are admitted one by one to make speeches, after which the subjects kiss the hand. There is no spectacle or amusement of any sort, but an Oratorio, which is a very private & very indifferent concert, the chorus consisting of three voices, &, I believe, the Orchestra of twice as many hands.

"Very well, my Lord, the paquet come in & not one syllable from your Lordship. I know who are answerable for this negligence, but if I were near I would beat them black & *blue* for it, for all that. However, don't think to go on so, for hear from you I must, & therefore I beg you will go to bed early to-night, & be called by times to-morrow morning on purpose. By half an hour after 12 at furthest, I commission the Swiss to make his appearance, & as I know he is a favorite, I trust you will not set your great dog at him.

"Good bye to you, write, write, write,

"most sincerely yours,

"T. P.

"Si je ne m'en repent pas ? Assurement je n'ai que trop de cause."

Thomas Pitt on the English :—

“ Brave in the field, in council they are tools ;
Make war like lions, & make peace like fools.”

Letter from the Earl of Chesterfield.

PHILIP, 4th Earl of Chesterfield, was born in 1695, and succeeded his father in 1726. He commenced his public life as member successively for the boroughs of St. Germain and Lostwithiel. During his father's life-time he was appointed a Lord of the Bed-chamber to George the Second, then Prince of Wales. On the accession of that king to the throne, Lord Chesterfield was sent in 1728 as Ambassador Extraordinary to Holland; there he remained two years, and, on his return to England, was created a Knight of the Garter; his next appointment was as Steward of the King's Household; in a few months, however, he returned to his embassy in Holland; after serving there for a second term of two years, he again came back to England, and in 1745 became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

During the King's absence abroad Lord Chesterfield was nominated one of the Lords-justices to govern the kingdom. In 1746 he

was sworn one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State. He married Melosina, Countess of Walsingham and Baroness Alborough in her own right, but died without issue, March 24, 1773.

The Earl of Chesterfield to the Hon. Anne Pitt:—

“*Bath, March 16th, 1761.*

“MADAM,—I should have been very happy in obeying Madame Heraut's orders, especially since countersigned by you, her Queen; but as she applies very properly to the sister of one Secretary of State, and the friend of the other, you surely apply very improperly to one unknowing, and now unknown. I know not who are Ministers, and who are not so, and my usual informers, the newspapers, give me very little light into those matters. In short, *Je ne tiens plus a rien*, and it is some years since any mortal has been wretched or ignorant enough to ask for my interest. I know Monsieur de Bougainville, and wish him very well, but I must own that his request is a very extraordinary one; in truth it is no more nor no less than this: Monsieur Bougainville took an engagement, some time ago, not to kill or maim any English, for a certain term, but

now thinking that term rather too long, and that he may perhaps lose some preferment by so tedious a suspension of homicide, desires to be released from that engagement.

"I have been boiling here six weeks to very little purpose, for I have neither found the Bath to be Medea's kettle, nor the pump to contain *les eaux de Jouvence*. I suspect that I am some years too late for those benefits, so shall return to London next week, and there quietly expect the dissolution of my shattered carcase, which I am grown very weary of; while it does last it will always retain that esteem and respect with which I am

"Your most obedient

"humble servant,

"CHESTERFIELD."

From the Bishop of Carlisle^a to Viscount Nuneham :—

"*London, Jany. 31st, 1763.*

"MY dear Lord Nuneham does me a great deal of honour in consulting me on a point where-in your lordship is so good a judge, & consequently in no want of my assistance; however,

^a Dr. Charles Lyttleton, F.R.S., was President of the Society of Antiquaries. He was consecrated Bishop of Carlisle 1762, in the room of Dr. Osbaldeston translated.

least your lordship sh^d think me inattentive to your commands, I have thrown y^e inscription into somewhat a different form, though I think it in no respect better than your own.

“Your lordship is quite right in doubting whether a K^{nt} Templar could marry, for *celibacy* was one of y^e vows that was never dispensed with in that Order of men. This is one, among other reasons, that proves many of y^e cross-leg’d figures we find in our churches to be improperly styled monuments of K^{ts} Templars; whereas, in fact, they are y^e monuments of those who had taken upon them *the cross*, and actually went, or vow’d to go, to y^e Holy Land, and who are call’d by some authors *K^{ts} of y^e Holy Voyage*.

“I have some doubt whether y^e order of K^{ts} Templars commenced so early as Hen. Ist time, but any common history of Eng^d would ascertain this point. The word *Sir* prefix’t before y^e name of a Knight, I believe, is not near so antient as the time of this Robert de Harcourt, therefore I have ventured to leave it out in y^e inscription. . . .

“Believe me, my Dear Lord,

“with great Esteem & Respect,

“Your most Obed^t

“Humble Ser^t,

“CHA. CARLISLE.

“The old way of writing Camvill is undoubtedly without y^e vowel *e* at y^e end.

“The Manor of Stanton came into the family of Harcourt by the marriage of Rob. de Harcourt, Knt. (temp. Hen. I.), with Isabella, daughter & heir of Rich^d de Camvill, by Milicent his wife, near kinswoman of the said K. Hen. Ist, which Milicent had a royal grant of the same. It has now [1763] remain’d in the possession of the Harcourts above 600 years, and from them assumed the name of Stanton Harcourt.”

Letters from Viscount Villiers.

GEORGE BUSSEY VILLIERS was the second son of William Villiers, third Earl of Jersey. On the death in 1742 of his elder brother, Frederick William, he became Viscount Villiers, being at that time seven years of age. When his uncle was created Lord Hyde in 1756 Lord Villiers succeeded him as representative of the borough of Tamworth. He was again elected for that place in 1761, and was appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty in the same year. He, however, resigned the post in 1763, and in 1765 he was sworn of the Privy Council and made Vice-chamberlain to the king. In 1769 he inherited his father's titles and estates, and in 1770 he married Frances, daughter and heir of Dr. Philip Twisden, Bishop of Rapho in Ireland.

From Viscount Villiers to Viscount Nuneham :—

“ Middleton Park, July 23rd, 1764.

“DEAR NUNEHAM,—I think you have hinted something in a letter to Mr. Whitehead of a pro-

mise from me to write to you ; now I own no such thing, & your *lordship* (which I had almost forgotten) must take this letter quite as a volunteer, & as an *excés de bonté de ma part*—I do not see why I should not lard with french as well as other people!

“You must let me wish you joy of your sister^a, &c. There is no possibility of sending you any thing that will entertain you from hence ; besides, Mr. Whitehead writes upon all the topics which are proper for a *bel esprit* like your lordship (or as you would be thought to be), so that it would be impertinent in me to intrude a single word in such discourses ; I do not even dare to mention the name of Voltaire, but with the greatest distance & submission. I shall confine myself then to plain matters of fact, & think myself very happy if geniuss will condescend now & then to such humble prose. But what are you doing in London all this while? Caudle must have been over long ago, & all propriety or necessity of your staying. The Guerchys too have left you, & the *cher* Allonville ; and you can do nothing now but sit by your self & be out of humor all the day ; you would be much better at Nuneham, & then you might come over here.

* * * * *

^a Lady Elizabeth Harcourt's marriage to Sir W. Lee is here referred to.

"The Spencers, I hear, are come to Spa, & all perfectly well. You have no thoughts I suppose of going over to them; money is as necessary upon that road as any other. By the bye I am quite ashamed that I have omitted to condole with you upon the loss of one of the Harcourts. It was a very unhappy accident, & as your lordship was so intimate with him, to be deprived of a friend in so unpleasant a manner must have given you much uneasiness. My comp^{ts} of condolence are a little late, but I hope you will accept them.

"For this long letter I expect a very long answer with much news; in Grosv^r Square they will tell you where to direct to me.

"I am,

"Dear Nuneham,

"Yours most sincerely,

"VILLIERS."

From Viscount Villiers to Viscount Nuneham :—

"Middleton Park, July 4th, 1765.

"MY DEAR LORD,—When you were so good to take the first moment after your landing at Dieppe to let me know of your safe arrival in France, to be sure I ought not to have delayed so long giving you some little news from hence. But in truth your letter arrived when the whole world, I

mean the London world, was in the utmost confusion. Politics you may be sure were the occasion, & in a few words I will give you the sum total. Overtures were again made to Mr. Pitt, & for about ten days the whole seemed to advance so prosperously, that a general change was looked upon by every body to be most certain. But L^d Temple refused to accept, which prevented Mr. P. from coming in, & so every thing has fallen to the ground; we are as we were. What that state precisely is, perhaps may not be so easily defined, nor shall I say a word more upon the subject; but I thought as this affair has made so much noise here, & you may hear something of it where you are, my just touching upon it would not put you greatly out of humor.

“Guerchy was so obliging the other day to inform me of your having proceeded as far as Rome. He said nothing indeed of custom house officers, but I dare say they have continued the same civility wherever you have been; nor is it at all surprising when you travel with so much Harcourt about you!

* * * * *

“I have been travelling about between London & Wimbledon & the environs ever since you went till my coming hither, where I find every thing in the usual state; my Father with a good deal of gout, & Mr. W.^b grumbling & complaining of his

^b Mr. Whitehead.

stomach, &c., putting on his boots to ride, but finding some excuse to avoid it ; he says he would have written to you if he had known how to direct ; that difficulty I have now removed, so that he has no excuse left.

“How do you like the famous Mad^{me} de Lillebonne^c? I am told she will make you scamper after her on horseback or you will not be at all in her good graces. I shall expect a full account of the whole establishment at Har.^d, and I hope you have given to them, as the family who have a right to know it, the most minute description of the person of the *future*^e, every little rise & swelling about her. By the bye, if by accident, in the course of my rambles, she should fall in my way would you have me say or do anything for you in your absence? I am ready to obey all your commands. Mad^{me} de Benthem desired me to let you know that she was proceeding with the jewels, & that they advanced happily.

“You know our life at this place, & will therefore expect no news.

“Adieu, do not come home too great a coxcomb, tho’ I think there is scarcely room left for any addition or increase.

“Ever yours most sincerely,

“V.”

^c Daughter-in-law of the Duc de Harcourt.

^d Harcourt.

^e Lord Nuneham was at this time engaged to be married.

The Viscount Villiers to Viscount Nuneham :—

“ Wimbledon Park, July 25th, 1766.

“MY DEAR LORD,—I have delayed some days thanking you for your last letter from Spa, because I had a mind to make mine the more welcome to you by giving you the information of such a change in public affairs as would be very much to your satisfaction, that I can now do ; tho’ there has been no kissing hands yet matters are in such forwardness that I may with great safety congratulate with you upon it as being done. The first important places which are to begin the work are as follows. The D. of Graf. to be First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Conway & L^d Shel., Secties. of State, Lord Camden, Chancellor, & the present Chan^r President of the Council, and Mr. Pitt, Privy Seal ; Chas. Town. is talked of as Chan^r of the Exchequer, but that seems yet uncertain.

“The great work being thus begun, what other changes there may be afterwards will be of less importance to the public, and cannot be known yet, as they will depend greatly upon those whose personal connexions may put them under an imaginary necessity of resigning, of which I should think there would not be many, & I say imaginary necessity, because it appears to me that

a recollection of the state of things this time twelvemonth, and the language, as well as professions & conduct of most of us during last winter, ought to prove to most people that we have now only got what has been so long our object in pursuit, at least that which was given out to be our object; I fear some few will not be brought to see it in this light, but I am persuaded this is the fair stating of the case.

"You have now got the general outline, & I will not tire you with particulars, but I had that good opinion of your public spirit as to be convinced you would wish to hear as far as I have told you. I have forgot to mention that L^d Tem. was offered the Treasury, but refused it.

"I am glad to hear that the waters agree with you, & I do not doubt of their bringing about every essential good, but you know I have had always my own notions upon that subject, thinking it little more than idea from the beginning.

* * * * *

"Have you heard of your friend Mons^r Jean Jacques Rousseau? because I have been told a story of him which I shall have some little pleasure in relating to you. That Man who was so simple in his manners, so void of affectation, & desired only to live in the most real & unnoticed retirement, is now outrageously angry at the reception he has met with in England, & the little

fuss that has been made with him, & the want of regards & attention to him: and all this he lays upon your friend Hume, to whom he has written a letter of I do not know how many sheets, in the most invective style, & full of all kinds of abuse; I have not seen the letter myself, but I am assured of the truth of it, & I could not resist the satisfaction of telling it to you in some kind of triumph.

"All private matters I think go on here as usual, & your h^{ble} Ser^t goes on in his old train & habits. *A propos* you will say something more than civil to L^y Nuneham from me, & if you was to give her a kiss there could be no harm in it, she could not be angry. How does she like the Spa life? it must be dull enough to you both. We have, among other foreigners come over here, le Comte & la Comtesse de Harrach from Vienna, I just saw them yesterday, but I do not remember their faces at Vienna when we were there; that same Vienna was a pleasant place, but I have not paper enough to enlarge upon that subject, fresh as it is in my mind, so adieu.

"Ever Yours."

From the Earl of Jersey to Viscount Nuneham :—

"*London, Jan'y. 20th, 1774.*

"... THE great Gen^l Græme has resigned his places about her Mty., being offended at L^d Guil-

ford's being made Treasurer, & one of his places is given to Harris of Salisbury. Mr. HUME is put into the Board of Trade (do not you approve the choice?), and Mr. Greville also. My politics I think go no further than this, & unless I was to attend his Grace of Rich^d to the India house, I do not know where I should find any more. It may not however perhaps remain long very quiet, for the accounts from America of their rejecting the tea, &c., will produce some step of moment to be taken by Government here, and you know when things are once in motion no body can say how far they will extend. Sp^r^f quite laments this inactive state, he has no opportunity of giving a negative, a thing which he owns he delights in.

"Did you hear Lord Chatham's extraordinary prospect of good fortune, & the ill luck it was attended with? possibly not. Mr. Hollis, a gentleman of estate, took so great a liking to him that he is supposed to have made him his heir, but chusing to have his will made perfectly secure by a London lawyer, he dropped down dead in the mean time. This must have been a great disappointment, for I hear Lord Chat^m had taken a house near him, & was paying all sorts of attention.

"This town is, as usual, dull *à l'extrême*; we are at present in a little round of dinners with the Edgcumbes, &c., according to custom at the be-

^f Lord Spencer.

ginning of the winter, but I think one of my chief amusements is my little girl; she grows so conversable that she makes a much greater fool of me than ever. I flatter myself she would please you & Lady Nuncham now. I am sorry to hear what you say of her health & spirits; the want of them is a drawback to every thing. I must beg you to remember me to her, I must not say I believe *embrassez la de ma part*, that phrase is not allowed between the two sexes, but you know I should have no objection *de tout mon cœur*, or *corps*, in whatever way you spell the word. Fare ye well, I have written a deal of nonsense."

The Earl of Jersey to Earl Harcourt:—

"*Althorp, Friday, Novr. 12th, 1779.*

".... L^y J. tells me you are to be in town the 22nd, you will certainly find me there, & like others in almost total despondency on the state of public & private concerns; whichever way one turns one's eyes the last object seems of the greatest moment. Lately I have had an opportunity of hearing a great deal about Ireland, & from all I can collect it is even in a much worse disposition of mind than your friend Mr. H.^s has represented. America has set them too successfull an example for them not to hazard something to prevail equally, with such

§ Mr. Hume.

powers too as have been most unwarily put into their hands.

* * * * *

“The great misfortune is that matters have been suffered to go so far that the grievance will not admit of delay, & I am not quite sure from the past conduct of our directors that a sufficient degree of wisdom prevails for so arduous a task.

“I quite lament Mr. Brown’s^h not having made a beginning at Nuneham; a season’s loss in planting I always think a great deal, & I am anxious to have him set the thing on foot before any accident prevents it; the place itself is so beautiful that it is quite a pity not to have it set off & seen indeed to the best.

“I am going to supper, & am to hunt early to-morrow morning, so that I must finish here. Pray remember me to Lady H^t. & Mr. White. My pen is about as good as yours generally are.”

The Earl of Jersey to Earl Harcourt:—

“Grosven. Sq., Tuesday, June 12th, 1781.

“....LONDON is dispersing, & therefore is crowding every amusement together every night, & not a little satisfaction shall I feel to find myself on Saturday night quietly at Nuneham.

“The news that is talked of at present is John-

^h Capability Brown.

ston's letter, the arrival of the Jamaica fleet, & the loss of the salt fleet, which they say includes the total loss of our Newfoundland fishery.

"C. Fox is to make a motion to-day on the state of the American war; the general opinion seems now to be that business cannot be continued; would to God, then, they would stop.

"Remember me to Lady H. & tell her that we have kept shocking hours since she left us. I hope Mr. Miller is better, & Mr. Whitehead also. . . ."

The Earl of Jersey to Earl Harcourt :—

" Grosven. Square, Tuesday.

"THO' I had nothing particular to say last night, yet the ending of my letter was very abrupt, as I had no notion of the hour till I heard the bell-man.

* * * * *

"I do not know what account you may have had lately of Lord Spencer; I am happy to be able to tell you that he is so far better as to bear the exercise of hare hunting twice in a week, & to feel himself gain ground upon it, and luckily for him there is to be no more business in our house before the holidays, because he will go thither, and he is always much the worse for it in *every respect*. His looks make it impossible for one to be sanguine about his recovery; yet living in the country, an unagitating life, if such a thing was

possible, might still do much towards his re-establishment. In politics he is as keen as ever, & that is at present such a complicated, ambiguous business, that it is not an easy matter for any man, even unprejudiced, to act to his own satisfaction.

* * * * *

"Peace seems to be exactly in the same undecided state as before, I mean as far as the public knows, & I think the conversation about it gives way to Mrs. Siddons: the rage for her is as strong as ever.

* * * * *

"If there was any other actor besides herself, & if the hours as well as the society of the play house were less inconvenient & untoward, she would tempt one to go often.

"The Opera house is quite disagreeable, & I do not think that if the little Theodore did not now shew us, at least, her ankles, I should often visit it. The Rossi has some kind of merit in graceful action, & le Pie is certainly a wonderful fine & pleasing dancer, but they give us such long histories, & there is so much fuss about the poor Sabine women, & they are so long bringing their minds to what they do not dislike, that one is wearied with the extended arms & mournful shrugs. The ladies seem disappointed at not seeing more of the paw paw business upon the stage.

"Pray let me know when you come."

The Earl of Jersey to Earl Harcourt :—

“ Grosv. Square, Monday.

“A FRESH account came yesterday of Lord Howe, & from the same quarter, I believe at Paris, as the last, & therefore equally credited. The purport is that L^d H. having got into Gibraltar all his transports, except only seven which he had lodged safe in neutral ports, & having thus compleated his errand, had left the streights the 16th in his way home, without an action, but he had taken possession of the ‘St. Michel,’ a large ship which had run ashore on Europa point; it had struck to the guns of our battery, & being manned by Elliot, was sent to join L^d Howe; that the ‘Majesteux,’ which had nearly shared the same fate, had however got back again, but with great damage. So far the intelligence goes, but it is now believed further that L^d H. intends to bombard Calais in his return. What those people may say if all this should turn out as I have related it, who think there is no good without an action & bloodshed, I do not know, but it seems to me the greatest disgrace upon the arms of France & Spain, & equal credit to the coolness & management of L^d H.

“I am going to Euston on Wednesday for a few days, but if any thing arrives in the mean time you may depend upon having it.

“My best Comp^{ts} to Lady Harcourt.”

The Earl of Jersey to Earl Harcourt :—

“ Middleton Park, Sunday.

“ I HAVE received here yesterday your letter with much thankfulness for your anxiety about my health, & for all your attentions, which indeed are never wanting to me, but I am sure I feel myself very often excessively deficient, tho’ never in real affection & regard.

“ It is a great satisfaction to me that I can now give you some account of Lady S.ⁱ I passed a whole day at Holywell, & found her as you & I, who know her, would have expected, calm & composed from reflexion & religion, but with a settled grief that affects her rest & appetite : not, I trust, so as to have any future bad consequences, unless the continuation should be of any great length of time ; but at present medicine only procures the first to her, & she eats nothing but a little garden stuff. Her nights, when alone, I fear are bad indeed, but in the day time she is herself, & in short, as I said before, exactly what we have long experienced her to be, a person of great attachment, great feeling, & with equal resolution of mind. She means to remain at Holywell for a time, if the house can be made safe & habitable for her, but it is at present in want of such very essential repairs, that there is a doubt whether she can re-

ⁱ Lady Spencer.

side there with security. She wisely makes no resolutions of where she is to continue to live, or what she will, or will not do, as many are too apt to do. The air of that place is good, & there are reasons why she would prefer it to others. As to this, & indeed every other point, her Son has behaved to her like himself: & my opinion is such of him that I could not say more in his commendation. Lady S. knew of Lady Harcourt's enquiry after her; she had not seen the Dutchess^k when I came away, but expected her yesterday, & I shall be glad when that meeting is over, for the anxiety of it seemed to add more weight upon her mind.

"It is not yet decided how long we are to stay here, so that our motions are uncertain, but when I can I shall certainly call upon you; probably you will not move yet. Adieu."

The Earl of Jersey to Earl Harcourt :—

"Monday Eveng.

"PEACE is the word of the day, & by what I have heard it seems past a doubt; the stocks have risen from 4 to 5 per cent. But what the terms are, or whether it is absolutely certain, I cannot be positive; the messenger is said to have come last night; to-morrow it will be all known, I sup-

^k The Duchess of Devonshire, her daughter.

pose, but I am to be out of town all day, & probably shall have no opportunity of writing to you.

“Lady J. continues in the same expecting state, but could hold out no longer without the children, & they are to be in town on Thursday; too soon, I think, for them, but better than if they had come a month ago.

“I have just received the pleasure of your letter, and I heartily wish you were in town, from selfish motives, because I do not know when I have a chance of getting down to you. It is quite a mistake in you to think your letters can ever be read by me, except in one light, & of all others that of this evening has given me singular satisfaction, for as one so seldom, so seldom indeed, has an opportunity of conversing *à cœur ouvert*, a letter so full of friendly sentiment & openness must give one uncommon pleasure. I have felt it most thoroughly I assure you; it is quite a farce to talk of new friendships made after a certain time; they are all acquaintances & nothing more, strengthened or weakened according to different situations & circumstances.

* * * * *

“But Adieu, I feel much warmed upon this subject, & could go on a great while if I had time to indulge myself.

“My best respects at Nuneham.”

Letters from Lord Spencer.

JOHN SPENCER was born Dec. 18, 1734. He was sent abroad to complete his education, and when he came of age he gained great credit by taking upon himself the payment of paternal debts to the amount of £100,000, which the creditors had no legal power to recover. In 1761 he was created Baron and Viscount Spencer of Althorpe in the County of Northampton; and in 1765 he was created Earl Spencer and Viscount Althorpe. In 1755 he had married Margaret Georgiana, eldest daughter of Stephen Poyntz of Midgham, in Berkshire. He had one son and three daughters. His eldest daughter Georgiana, born 1757, became Duchess of Devonshire.

Viscount Spencer to Viscount Nuneham:—

“ Milan, Octobr. 2nd, 1763. ”

“DEAR NUNEHAM,—It was my full intention to write to you from Geneva, but I was so much hurried during my short stay there that I really

had not time. I cannot however resist making you envy me by telling you now that I pass'd a whole day with y^e great Voltaire, & had y^e luck to find him in very good humour. We went to dine with him at his country house, from which y^e view is really very fine, but he has y^e rage of wishing to lay out every thing in y^e English taste, & fancies that all he has done there is so. I accordingly, when he shew'd us his place, admired everything extremely, & took notice at every *allé*, *parterre*, & *bosquet* I came to, how perfectly English it was. He, in return, shew'd away as much as he could, & was very entertaining. We had Martinelli, whom you saw at Wimbledon, with us, & with whom he was much pleas'd, but as in some books that he has publish'd he has wrote against Voltaire, we were obliged to conceal his name, & call'd him Mr. Pandini. Voltaire I believe did not discover y^e truth, but found out there was some mystery, & was sometimes very ridiculous about it.

“We were very lucky in our weather for y^e journey through Savoy, & were able to ride our own horses in all y^e bad places, which prevented Lady S. having any frights from y^e precipices, & made it appear less tedious, & she was so pleas'd with y^e extraordinary & wild views of that Country as to own that it made amends for y^e badness of y^e accomodation. This is saying a great deal, for

I think y^e Inns are worse & more dirty than ever. The day we cross'd Mount Senis, instead of y^e damps which usually fall there, & which I was afraid of for Lady S., we were so lucky to have fine warm weather. She has continued well y^e whole journey, & has recover'd her strength amazingly. At Turin, as you know, there is nothing very fine to be seen: we stay'd only a few days; I was presented, however, to y^e King, & we had the amusement of a very good burletta.

"I shall stay here only just long enough to see what is most worth notice, & then proceed to Bologna, where I expect great entertainment. By what I have already seen in this Town I fancy there is nothing very capital. I have been carried to a great many places, but have seen nothing that I think worth looking at, except one picture by Raphael, & another famous one of y^e Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, which I really think is fine, tho' injur'd by time; perhaps this may please me more from having so many of his drawings. The amusements of this place at present wou'd tempt nobody to stay here, for everybody is out of Town, & our only diversion is an execrable buffa Opera. Your friend, old Pag., is at y^e head of it, & sings as wretchedly as I think she did well y^e first winter she was in London. I shall let you know now & then how we go on, but my letters must be very unenter-

taining, as I can have nothing new to tell you who have already seen all y^e curiosities of this country, & have wrote so much better descriptions of them than I can; but I hope to hear from you sometimes, & that you will have y^e charity to write me word of any events that happen in England; for tho' I make no doubt that I shall often be well entertain'd in Italy, yet I am such an arrant John that I never am out of England without wishing to be in it, & am pleas'd with every little anecdote that comes from thence. I am, Dear Nuneham,

“Most sincerely yours,

“SPENCER.”

Viscount Spencer to Viscount Nuneham :—

“*Rome, April 13th, 1764.*”

“DEAR NUNEHAM,—A thousand thanks to you for y^r obliging letter, L^d Villiers had before inform'd me of y^e step you had taken in y^e last division in y^r house^a. The motives of y^r conduct I had no difficulty to guess, & approve them as I am sure everybody must; but I was a good deal apprehensive that it might be attended with disagreeable consequences at home. I hope, however, that y^e little coolness it has occasion'd will not be lasting, as nobody cares long to appear to condemn an action which is generally approv'd. Such votes as yours & L^d Charles Spencer's do

^a Alluding to Lord Nuneham's vote on the Wilkes' question.

more honour to a cause than any other ten, because it must be known that they cou'd proceed only from y^e dictates of a good conscience; did half y^e House of C. possess such, there wou'd be no fear of our liberties from y^e schemes of any ad——s——n, but as that never has been nor ever will be the case, & as a greater part will always be guided nearly by y^e loaves & fishes, I really think we are in a sad situation while govern'd by a set of men who seem determin'd to have anything voted that will serve a present purpose, without regarding y^e consequence of it to their Country.

“Do not think I mean to excite you by this to join in opposition, for I think you are not only justifiable but commendable in acting as you have done in your situation, & in voting with y^e m——ty, tho' you might not quite approve of them in questions not very essential; & y^e having deviated from that rule on a point which your own mind must tell you was of y^e greatest consequence, will not only make you more esteem'd by feeling men of all sides, but depend upon it not less courted by all of y^e opposite party. I suppose y^e very long days in y^e House & y^e rage of politicks must have spoil'd y^e Society in London a good deal this winter; & by y^e account you give of y^e publick diversions there, & those I have had of y^e weather in y^e Country, as I was to be a year

abroad I think I have been fortunate in having chose this time. I cannot give you an account, in return for yours, even of bad diversions here, for as y^e present Pope is very strickt in y^e observation of Lent, there is none allow'd, scarce even a dull *conversazione*, & y^e only entertainment y^e evening ever affords, is a penitential procession, or a ceremony in a church ; but our mornings we find full employment for, & such as makes amends for y^e want of all other entertainments. We have been so diligent in y^e use of our time that I believe we have seen everything that is principal several times over, not however till I am tired of them, for I think they give me more pleasure every time I look at them, especially some of y^e sculptures which I now grow to admire as much as any paintings, & cou'd, I think, take more pleasure in them ; but this is a taste not so easily indulged as y^e other, for no money will purchase any capital statues of y^e ancients, & a moderate one I think a very bad thing.

“Having seen everything in Rome, we go tomorrow to Frascati to stay a few days at y^e Bracciano Villa, which is lent to me by Prince Corsini. We propose to make this our head quarters, from whence we shall see Tivoli & all y^e environs. I intended to leave this place immediately after y^e holy week, but as y^e Duke of York is expected, & has sent me a very polite message, I must now

stay a few days after Easter, not to appear to avoid him. As soon as I can get away with civility, however, I shall set out to go by Terni, Loretto, & Bologna to Venice, &, as soon as I have seen that City, proceed towards Spa, where I hope to arrive by y^e middle of July. It wou'd make me very happy if you wou'd put in execution your scheme of meeting us there. Do think seriously about it, & let me know in your next if I shall do anything towards securing you a lodging; I wish I cou'd offer you an apartment, but, with Mrs. Poyntz'es family added to my own, my house will be quite full. Adieu, Dear Nuneham, & believe me

“Ever most sincerely yours,

“SPENCER.”

To the Memory of John, Earl Spencer :—

“IF e'er sincerity inscrib'd in stone

Giving the dead no merits but their own

Behold it here, this verse with Sculpture's aid

Records the debt by Love, by Duty paid.

That strangers and posterity may know

How pure a spirit warm'd the dust below.

For they who felt the virtues of his life,

Whether as orphan, friend, or child, or wife,

And not the poet's, nor the sculptor's art

To wake the feelings of a grateful heart,

Their love, their grief, his honours best proclaim

The living monuments of Spencer's fame.”

From Countess Spencer to Viscount Nuneham :—

“Spa, Sept. 3rd, 1773.

“.... I AM sure if you knew the sincere satisfaction a letter from you occasions in our family you would let us hear from you a little oftener than you do, but any thing that appears like neglect in you is a subject too disagreeable to be recall'd without pain ; I will therefore content myself with saying that I expect you should make me some amends in Ireland for a silence of above a twelvemonth.

“We are not without hopes of having a glimpse of you before you set out, as we mean to be in London by the 16th of this month. You will be pleas'd I am sure with Lord Spencer's looks, & surpris'd at seeing the children, particularly Georgiana^b, so grown & I believe I may say improv'd, for she is without being handsome, or having a single good feature in her face, one of the most shewy girls I ever saw, & still retains, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of a french dancing-master, that natural simplicity &, if I may be allow'd the expression, that graceful kind of awkwardness which I begin to think belongs to her figure.

“I saw a good deal of Madame de Gennelis at

^b Afterwards Duchess of Devonshire.

Paris, & still more of Mons^r. & Mad^{me}. d'Haussonville, whom I like mightily, it is an excellent *ménage*, & he improves much upon acquaintance. Pray give my affectionate Comp^{ts} to Lady Nuneham, & tell her how much I regret the losing her society this winter, as I meant to have seen her more than I have hitherto done if she would have allow'd of it.

"Lord Palmerston has just left us & is gone to Paris; he shew'd me some poetry of a Miss Wickins, in which I think there are some very pretty things; one especially touch'd me excessively, more from the subject than the poetry, & would I dare say make the same impression upon you—it is on the death of the author's grandmother.

"My Lord begs I will say every thing from him, & consequently I shall say nothing except that we shall be monstrously disappointed if we do not find you in town between the 16th & the 30th, it is one motive for our having hasten'd our journey. . . ."

Countess Spencer to Viscount Nuneham:—

"Althorp, Octr. 28th, 1773.

"INDEED, my dear Lord, you did me justice when you suppos'd I should be glad to hear of your safe arrival at Dublin, & it will give me great pleasure if you will from time to time send me some account of your way of life & of the sort

of people you meet with. I have often been told, what I should not otherwise have imagined, that there are scarce any two nations that differ more in character & costume than the Irish & the English. I mean the real homebred Irish, not the exotics. Did you ever hear Lord Spencer mention a lively frenchwoman's idea of some Irish she met at Spa, *ces Messieurs parlent mieux le français, ils se présentent mieux que vous, ils ne manquent pas d'un certain esprit, mais ils me paroissent avoir une sens de moins dans la tête.*

"Let me know whether this is just, in short, my dear Lord, let me hear from you as often as your leisure & *the business of the nation* will allow; I do not insist upon long letters, I only wish to be remember'd & to see you persuaded that you have not in the world two friends who have loved you longer & with a more affectionate attachment than Lord Spencer & myself.

"A thousand compliments to Lady Nuneham, I should not dislike a trip to Dublin to pay my court to her. . . ."

Countess Spencer to Viscount Nuneham:—

"Wimbledon Park, April 4th, 1774.

"NOTHING but the incessant hurry I have liv'd in for several weeks could have prevented my writing sooner to inform you of Georgiana's intended marriage with the Duke of Devonshire.

You will have heard of it from others, but what you cannot hear so well as from myself, is that it is really a match of inclination, which makes it infinitely more satisfactory to us than his riches or rank could have done. It is not often in a very young woman's power to give any proof of this, but the uncommon approbation she met with upon her first appearance put it in hers, as she had several very great offers, but gave the preference without hesitation to the Duke of Devonshire, & seems perfectly satisfied with the choice she has made, which indeed we have great reason to believe is a very good one.

"I am delighted to hear you are so well pleas'd with your situation, as for us, we are worried with the praises that all the Irish bestow upon Lady Nuneham & yourself, & we have some fears that popularity will spoil you both, & that you will not condescend to look upon any thing short of adoration when you come back.

"I have not time to write more than just to beg I may hear from you when you have a moment to spare, & that you will believe me with the most affectionate & unalterable regard

"Your Sincere

"& faithful Friend,

"G. SPENCER.

"My Lord is gone this morning to Farming Woods, but desir'd I would not neglect to mention

his warmest wishes for your happiness, & we both desire to be remember'd to Lady Nuneham. I am in a hurry & cannot find words that I like, but take notice that I mean to convey the assurances of a very sincere esteem & attachment from *us both to you both.*"

Countess Spencer to Viscount Nuneham :—

" Allthorp, Decr. 16th, 1776.

" I HAVE at last establish'd my two little schools. There are about 25 children at each, from two to seven years old. At four they begin knitting, & at five sewing, if I do not find it too early. I have the good fortune to have an excellent woman for my purpose, at each village, who seem to take the utmost pleasure in their employment. I have had but one child yet in prison, & he seems so mortified with it that I think he never will be there again. At 7 years old they are to go to the charity school that my Lord has long establish'd at Brington, where they will perfect themselves in reading, & those who have a genius for it get an idea of writing and accounts ; so that by the age they can be of much use to their parents they will, I hope, be sufficient *scollards*, & be able to attend entirely to their different callings. I never go into my two little schools without wishing for you & Lady Nuneham to

see all the little rosy faces get up, & after having with the utmost care made their bows & courtesys, immediately cry out for gingerbread; but I dare not trust myself upon this subject least I should tire *even* you, for I have another business much at heart in London, which is to beg Lady Nuneham would visit our new warehouse & enquire for M^{rs}. Green, N^o. 1 in Harriss's Court, Oxford-road, near the Pantheon. If there is any thing there that she can purchase, or that she can recommend to purchasers, she will I am sure remember with pleasure that every thing is made by poor people whom it is the greatest charity to employ, & who, most of them, cannot get work elsewhere. I would particularly recommend to her notice some white bonnets which look remarkably neat for girls, & are only 16^d each, & some smart black do. for women at 18^d each. Adieu."

Countess Spencer to Earl Harcourt :—

"May 17th, 1783.

".... THE enthusiasm I have had so strongly about M^{rs}. Siddons has arisen from this alone. It seems to me impossible any one should make me feel distress as she has done, without having exquisite feelings herself. It is true she is an actress, & those sensations may be more feigned than I am aware of, but by the little I have seen

of her in private, she appears to have them in her nature ; should the former be the case I shall only admire her as an actress, but if her heart is what I suppose it to be, I must love her if she was a beggar woman. As you will see & know more of her than I shall have an opportunity of doing, you shall determine for me upon this point. I am glad Sr Joshua's Picture is so capital a performance.

* * * * *

"Your expedition into the City must have been an agreeable as well as a curious one. I would willingly have join'd with you in any expression that would have mark'd my detestation of Jeffries, that disgrace to the human species. Providence suffers such characters sometimes, tho' but rarely, to appear, to make us more sensible of the charms of humanity.

"How wonderful it is that people compell'd to travel thro' this little world for so short a time together, should not endeavour at least, by mutual kindness, to be happy themselves, and make others so. Facts are stubborn things, or one could not believe the reverse was so often the case.

* * * * *

"I hope Georgiana was well enough to partake of your agreeable dinner on Sunday ; pray let me know how it went off. Your observations on architecture seem very ingenious, but I do not

think myself qualified to talk upon the subject, tho' I have just sense enough to find out that your *bon mot* is a very good one.

"I go on Wednesday to Chatsworth, where I shall have a chance of seeing Mr. Mason. He does not, nor ever will, know how much I revere him, tho' I am well assured I am no favorite of his. The truth is I detest politicks so much (where by the by the heart has very little to do) that it puts me out of humour whenever I see wit & talents like his employ'd in convincing people of the folly of one person & the absurdity of another. They might be so much better directed in rallying folks out of their foibles, shaming them out of their vices, & encouraging them by a thousand ingenious ways into the practice not only of the higher virtues, but of that good humour'd sociability (put a better word in its room, for I have not time to do it) which sweetens the path of life, & which he is so particularly qualified to teach. . . ."

The Countess Spencer to Earl Harcourt :—

"March the 2nd, 1784.

". . . . WHAT you say of Johnson is often true ; his prejudices & partialities are unpardonable, & his want of taste in some places is wonderful, because in others you must allow he has shewn a great deal. We shall know good reasons I

dare say, hereafter, why man is such an unequal & imperfect being; but as it is so, it will ever be our interest to pick out the good, of which no character is totally devoid, & dwell as little upon the follies & errors of others as we can.

* * * * *

"I do not know what to think of Le Vater's book; if it would teach one to search for excellencies among the homeliest features, & by that means check the prejudice one is apt to take against a very ugly face, I, for one, should feel oblig'd to him, because I have often felt that prejudice very strongly; but if it is only a flight of ingenuity that will set every body at work to comment on their neighbours' characters, I shall not wish to study it.

* * * * *

"With regard to the memorial^c I have so much at heart, I must, I suppose, wait till my son's next journey to town; I am not attach'd to one plan rather than another, I would trust to your taste sooner much than my own; all I wish is to transmit to *his* posterity some idea of the generosity & benevolence of his heart, the excellence of which I thought was known to few besides myself—but which a variety of circumstances in that last sad period that puts an end to all human greatness

^c To her husband.

prov'd I was mistaken in—some of these you must, I believe, let me, when I *can* do it, collect for you : it will be a melancholy, but a pleasing, task."

Countess Spencer to Earl Harcourt :—

"May 4, 1784.

"I DO not know what to say to you for all the trouble you have taken, but that it is like yourself, & therefore I ought not to be surpris'd at it; pray convey my thanks handsomely to Lord Camelford, &, when you have done this, let me remind you that I am not ambitious, I wish my house to have nothing that would shock people of taste, but I do not desire to have it perfect, & *I will not* be correct.

* * * * *

"If you can keep me in any happy medium short of absurdity, yet not too correct, you will delight me.

"You cannot suspect me of wanting London finery within doors; all shall be as simple & neat as possible, but I must have my chimneys, doors, & windows, comfortable, whether in or out of Gothick: at all events may not the bow-window be begun, for we are standing still here, which is a sad thing? If you cannot come to me I believe I must go one morning to you.

"Let me know instantly what you would have me do, & you will find me tolerably docile. Adieu."

Countess Spencer to Earl Harcourt :—

“Wednesday Morning.

“I HAD the very great satisfaction of finding the Duchess of Devonshire better last night,—the only thing that could have made me amends for quitting the agreeable party at St. Leonard’s-Hill, & which would have been still more agreeable by my being no longer in danger of being froze by Mrs. Siddons’ respect, or hurried out of the house by your care & kindness.

“Pray thank Mrs. Harcourt for her great coat, which I return, & which warmed my person as much as her reception did my heart. If you should have an opportunity of speaking to Lady Harcourt pray tell her I was mortified at not being trusted with her hat-box, which I verily believe would have travelled peaceably with me to Windsor in my chaise.

“You must have some leisure where you are, so remember I depend upon hearing from you before you leave your present abode. Adieu.”

Countess Spencer to Earl Harcourt :—

“Chiswick, Aug. 29th, 1805.

“ALMOST every occurrence in the former part of our lives, my Dear Lord Harcourt, has united you & Lord Jersey so closely together in my

memory, that the shock I felt when first I heard of his death, was immediately followed by the reflection that you would feel it as I did.

“Many unhappy circumstances tended to dis-unite him, for some years, from us both, but I have ever retained a sincere regard for him, who, with yourself, was so highly valued by Lord Spencer. I am happy to find his children have ever shewn him the tenderest duty & affection, & are greatly & justly afflicted with the loss of so indulgent a father. Lady Jersey too is deeply affected; can she be otherwise? But the chief purport of this Letter is to beg I may hear from you or Lady Harcourt, & I hope you will be able to tell me you are both as well as my heart wishes you to be. One must live as long as you & I have done to know the infinite value of an *old* friend. Time gives weight to mere intimacy, & I still meet with some few people who, though they had formerly no pretensions to friendship, are become highly interesting from the power of recollecting past transactions, & of talking over scenes no longer of the smallest consequence to others, & wholly unknown to those with whom we now converse.

“Let this tie,—added to those of the sunniest friendship & esteem, keep up the connection that has so long subsisted between us; & as one may be allowed to be serious on such an occasion, may it, when dissolved here, be extended to a happier

World, where, among the sweetest hopes religion holds out to us, it is no trifling one that we may probably enjoy the society of those we have most loved & esteemed here.

“Adieu, my dear Lord.”

Letters from Hon. Horace Walpole.

THE greater part of Horace Walpole's letters in the Nuneham Collection were printed by Cunningham. A few, however, have, so far, escaped the hands of the printer, and they are now included in these papers.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Viscount Nuneham :—

“Arlington Street, March 16th, 1763.

“MY LORD,—I wish all words had not been so prostituted in compliments that some at least might be left to express real admiration. Your Lordship's etchings deserve such sincere praises that I cannot bear you should think that meer civility or gratitude dictate what I wou'd say of them, tho' I assure you the latter is what I feel to a great degree. I will even trust y^r Lordship with my vanity; I think I understand y^r prints, and that mine is not random praise. If it has any worth it will encourage you to proceed, & yet you have already gone beyond what I have ever seen in etching. I must beg for the white-paper edition

too, as I shall frame the brown, & bind the rest of
y^r Lordship's works together.

"I am, my L^d,

"y^r Lordship's

"most obliged

"humble Servant,

"H. WALPOLE."

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Viscount
Nuneham :—

"Strawberry Hill, August 21st, 1764.

"MY LORD,—When you talk of obligations what
does your Lordship leave to me to say? and when
you make apologies what can I make but excuses
for having given you the trouble of writing at all,
which I assuredly did not expect?

"I rejoyce Lord Herbert^a has diverted you, I
own it appears to me the most singular book
that ever was written. I am overpaid if it has
answered my purpose in amusing you.

"As your Lordship is not particularly fond of
the country, I wou'd condole with you on its being
more disagreeable than common by the continual
rains, but I am so selfish as to hope that your
having been detained much in the house has con-

^a The Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by himself,
printed at Strawberry Hill, presented by H. Walpole to Lord
Nuneham, and now in the Nuneham library.

tributed to the employment of your Graver. Your friends gain so much by that that you must forgive their wishing you constantly engaged.

"I am, My Lord,

"y^r Lordship's

"most obedient &

"most obliged humble Servant,

"HOR. WALPOLE."

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Viscount Nuneham :—

"LORD NUNEHAM is very cross. The first of all rules is to do as we wou'd be done by. I wish the second was as well established, that we shou'd do as others wou'd do by us,—& then as Mr. Walpole wou'd disengage himself to wait on L^d N. L^d Nuneham *wou'd ought* to disengage himself to dine at Strawberry hill next Saturday. All one knows is that Lady Nuneham is goodness itself, & has a wicked husband who does not deserve her. However, I trust some day or other she will return time enough [not on Saturday] to find him with Countess Alfien, & to learn that he had past the morning with the postilion's wife.

"So prays

"y^r Honour's

"poor Beadsman,

"H. W."

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Viscount Nuneham :—

“ I AM in such confusion, my dear Lord, that I do not know what to say, but the truth. I had read *Tuesday* on y^r Lordship's card instead of *Monday*, & never knew my mistake till this instant. My servant asked me what I wou'd have for dinner, I replied, ‘I dine at Lord Nuneham's.’ He said, ‘I beg y^r pardon, Lord Nuneham's card was for yesterday, I thought y^r Honour had disengaged yourself.’ I dined at home alone yesterday, & am shocked to think that I probably made your Lordship, Lady Nuneham, & your company wait. You will possibly forgive me, but I can never see my own face again—nor will ever read a card again without spectacles. Consider what pleasure I have lost, & pity

“ Your mortified

“ humble Servant,

“ HOR. WALPOLE.”

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Viscount Nuneham :—

“ *Strawberry Hill, July 27th, 1773.*

“ I RECEIVED y^r Lordship's two kind letters with the gratitude they deserved, and will thank you for them on Monday evening next, the 2nd, trust-

ing you will harbour me till Thursday morning, which is long enough to trespass on you, when you have so many state affairs in your mind.

"Lady Nuneham is very good to bestow a thought on me, & it brings forth an hundredfold.

"I was in London yesterday, where there is scarce a soul, but Maccaronis lolling out of windows at Almack's like carpets to be dusted; and not a syllable of news. Foote's new play, they say, is very dull, & so is

"y^r Lordship's

"faithfull humble Servant,

"HOR. WALPOLE."

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Viscount Nuneham:—

"1773.

"DON'T think you shall be kind to me every day, my dear Lord, & that I will never be grateful, I must thank you in detail, for the debt wou'd otherwise be enormous. The print is valuable, your own etchings are more, your company most so. I have another little pain in one foot, so you see even my gratitude is interested,—but if you corrupt me is my venality quite criminal?

"Y^{rs} most faithfully,

"H. WALPOLE."

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Earl Harcourt :—

“ Strawberry Hill, Sept. 28, 1777.

“ I FLATTER myself my zeal will not appear too prompt in assuring your Lordship & Lady Harcourt of the part I take in your late terrible shock. I wished to express it the first moment, but trusted you both know me too well to doubt of what I felt for you. I still write in pain lest I shou’d be importunate, & beg you will not trouble yourself to answer me, as all I mean is to shew that I never can be insensible to any thing that affects you.

“ It may be some satisfaction to your Lordship to know that every letter brings better accounts of the Duke of Gloucester. I will answer for the Duchess that she is too sensible of your Lordship’s friendship not to share with me in all I have felt for you. I have the honour to be with the greatest regard,

“ My dear Lord, y^r Lordship’s

“ most obedient humble Servant,

“ HOR. WALPOLE.”

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Earl Harcourt :—

“ Friday night.

“ MY DEAR LORD,—You have used me so much to your goodness that I catch cold when I am

long without feeling it. I have not had the honour of seeing you this age, & cannot yet *go* to see any thing. My gout, I own, lasts long enough to wear out any body's patience, & has reduced me to solitude—nor dare I complain but to the very good, for who else wou'd mind me—but pray do not think *that* is my only reason for petitioning y^r Lordship.

“Blest be the Gout for those it took away,
And those it left me—if you are one of them !

“However, do not be frightened, I trust that next week I shall be able to crawl about again—& then you will have as much reason to be alarmed with my gratitude, for I have already received obligations—aye, & presents enough to be always

“y^r Lordship's most bounden Servant,
“HOR. WALPOLE.”

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Earl Harcourt :—

“1780.

“EXCUSE me, my dear Lord, from not writing with my own hand, but I am just got into bed with a little return of pain.

“I hate to avoid any opportunity of being good-natured, but when your Lordship puts the question to me I must speak truth. I do know M^r. Hammond, for I was at school with him. I know that he is a gentleman, and has children, and that

he had a very good estate at Teddington, which his extravagance obliged him to sell above twenty years ago. He has existed ever since by genteel begging of all his cotemporaries and school-fellows, whom he wore out, and he is now, I suppose, taking a new lease of the generosity of their grandchildren. In short, my dear Lord, I can say no good of him; and if your Lordship will be so noble as to send him a guinea or two, and tell him it is upon condition that he never troubles you any more, it will be beyond what he has any reason to expect.

“I am grieved to hear your Lordship is out of order, and do hope you will not stir out till you are quite recovered; you will do more service to any part of your country that deserves it by taking care of yourself, than you could do even if you were a Member of the Convocation by sitting amongst them.

“Your Lordship’s

“most faithful humble Servant,

“H. W.”

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Earl Harcourt :—

“*Berkeley Square, Novr. 28, 1782.*

“MY BEST LORD,—You are so very kind that I must obey you, tho’ I hold it very idle to trouble any body with the details of my decay. I have

indeed for a little while been extremely ill, and much worse with its fever than with the gout itself, tho' I have that in five places; but this last was a very good night, and I think the fever very much abated. Philip told me before dinner that he saw I was better, for I had taken up a book, which I had not done for six days. Thus, my dear Lord, I have complied with your injunction, but I don't intend to make a practice of it, for the gout is such a tiresome old story, that it is not fit any body should be plagued with it but those who must endure it—never those who have so much sensibility as your Lordship.

“I have just received a most kind and pleasing letter from Lady Maria^b, who is so charmed with the improvements at Nuneham, tho' it snowed all day, that she seems to think

“‘That Paradise was open'd in the wild.’

“I beg your Lordship to tell her that I will write to her as soon as I am able, but I cannot even dictate now for any time. I hear poor Lady Waldegrave is extremely ill, which is all I know, not having been able to see any body till to-day. Adieu! my good Lord, and be assured that while I have breath I shall be your Lordship's

“Most devoted,

“H. W.”

^b Lady Maria Waldegrave.

From an Unknown Correspondent to Earl Harcourt.

"Bath, October ye 5th.

"YOUR Lordship has granted my request in so obliging a manner that there is danger of its encouraging me to become still more troublesome. The assisting M^{rs}. Raleigh to dispose of her little pictures, & letter, to advantage, will be a real act of benevolence & generosity, exclusive of the circumstance of your having been so great a sufferer by her ancestor's enterprizing genius & extensive projects.

"I did not know in what degree of relation Cap^t Robert Harcourt^a stood to your Lordship, but I mett with his name in the life I have been reading, and intended to have asked you, as I found he was one of the people who gave a testimony to Sir W. R.'s honour at a time when the tide of fortune was turning against that great & advenferous man; which, joyn'd to a spirit of knight arrantry in his undertaking, made me wish to find him your cousin at least. I should fear these times were not the most favourable even for Sir Walter's shadow to make its fortune in.

^a Sir Robert was great great great great grandfather to George Simon, Lord Harcourt.

It is an instance of the vicisitudes of human affairs that the last of his name, the only daughter of his great grandson, should be wanting to sell (almost for subsistence) the picture of a man who had once the grant of that great country for which the first princes in Europe are now so violently contending.

"I have seen Mrs. Raleigh this morning and have acquainted her with your Lordship's goodness to her; she thinks herself much obliged, & will thankfully accept of the offer your Lordship makes of doing her the honour to name these pictures to the Dutchess of Portland, or any body you think proper, and will be happy to follow your Lordship's opinion with regard to the disposal of them. For my own part I was half glad & half affraid when I heard of the name of Mr. Walpole, I have an idea of so much depending on the *Ton* he takes in speaking of a thing of that sort.

"I try'd to find out from Mrs. Raleigh what idea she may have form'd of what sort of sum she might suppose might be given for these things, but she says she is so ignorant with regard to their worth that I could not get her to say. Your Lordship best knows whether it would be most advantageous to seperate the letter from the pictures, perhaps some may value the manuscript that would not care about them, but in that she will do as you think best.

"On looking a second time on the pictures I find I was wrong in calling them circles, it is only the boxes they are in that is round; the pictures are oval, and I have drawn the exact size & shape on a paper I enclose; in looking on them again with a magnifying glass they appear to me much improved, every feature & every muscle seems nicely express'd, tho' at the first glance they look pale, but what is more to the purpose than how they appear to me is that I hear Mr. Hoar much commends the finishing of them.

"Mrs. Raleigh call'd them crayon pictures, but I took them for watercolour. I know not what they are done in but they have both bad peices of glass over them. I wish your Lordship to see them but am affraid of sending them by a common conveyance.

* * * * *

"Sir W. R. is in a purple dress button'd close, with a collar edged with point turned over the dress. His own hair, which appears to be auburn turned a little grey, is very thick & curling.

"Lady R. is dressed in a black gound with puff'd sleeves, her stomacher, & as much as is seen of her pettycoat, raised point, a small bouquet of flowers stuck into the top of the stomacher, on each side. A very large ruff round her neck, and just above it a necklace of several rows of gold beads. Her hair, which is brown, is most

nicely pencil'd, & droped *en pousset*; her cap is of some very thin substance, put on just behind the *pousset*, and just upon the top of the head, a small black hat with a very high crown; a pin, or bodkin, appears on one side just under the hat. There is a ring which hangs on a small black cord from the top of the stomacher. There is wrote on the side of this picture in gold letters

“*Videtur et vere est*, & on the other side

“Ano. Dm^{no} 1602.

“Sir Walter Raleigh married Eliz., daughter to Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, she surviv'd him 29 years. They had two sons, Walter & Carew, the first was kill'd in his expedition to Guiana, unmarried. Carew married Lady Phillipa Ashley, and had 2 sons & three daughters; the eldest son, Walter, left no sons, but Philip, the youngest, married, and had 3 sons, two of them were in the army & one in the sea service, the two first were kill'd in engagements. The youngest (Grinville Raleigh), was made page to Queen Mary at the Revolution, was afterwards in the Army, married & died young. He was the father of the M^{rs}. Raleigh, possessor of the pictures.”

Letters from Catherine Macaulay.

CATHERINE MACAULAY was born in 1733, her father was a Kentish squire of the name of Sawbridge. In 1760 she married Dr. Macaulay, a London physician. She early imbibed republican notions, in which her brother, Alderman Sawbridge, encouraged her. Three years after her marriage she commenced publishing in 4to. her "History of England, from the Accession of James I. to that of the Brunswick Line." The publication was not completed till 1783. As the work of a woman it was read with curiosity at the time of its appearance, but it soon sunk into insignificance. A degree of rancour in expressing her extreme views, and an absence of fairness soiled her character as an historian.

Dr. Wilson, rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, professed a great admiration for Mrs. Macaulay, and carried his folly to such an extent as to place a statue of her in his church. She was left a widow in 1778, and soon afterwards married a youth of the name

of Graham, who was young enough to be her son. In 1785 she went over to America, to visit Washington. She died at Binfield, in Berks, in 1791. She put forth numerous publications; the last work she published was entitled "Observations on the Reflections of the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke on the Revolution in France, in a letter to the Rt. Hon. Earl of Stanhope."

Mrs. Macaulay to Earl Harcourt :—

"MY LORD,—You will undoubtedly till you have heard the story of my journey be very much surprised at my sudden return, and of my passing through London without the having done my self the honor to have waited on your Lordship, to give my thanks to you in person for the many civilities which were paid to me in Paris through your Lordship's strong and powerful recommendations.

"By the accident of going into a tepid bath rather too cool and after a hot day, I was attacked, my Lord, at the end of the summer with one of the most formidable of all the species of intermitting fevers, and with every symptom which could threaten the dissolution of a very delicate frame.

"The faculty here, after having made what was

very bad much worse by their unavailing remedies, in despair of my life, and not caring that I should dye under their hands, sent me over to Nice for change of air.

“I was so weak when I left Bath, that from Bath to London I was obliged to be six days on the road, and to remain one fortnight in London to recover strength sufficient to pursue my journey.

“Your Lordship has been in France, and therefore must have an adequate conception of what I suffered from the bad accomodations which I met with on the road from Calais to Paris, being in the weak state of body which I have described, and my fever with all its terrible symtoms still preying on the vitals of my constitution. When I arrived at Paris the Physician to whom Mr. Walpole recommended me said that I should certainly perish on the road if I attempted to go farther. Happily for me the Bark which I had before repeatedly tried in vain about a week after I was at Paris began to have so good an effect as to abate my fever sufficiently for me to partake of that agreeable society which your Lordship’s recommendations had prepared for me.

“The Duke of Harcourt called upon me several times, offered me all the civilities which are usually offered by that polite people to women of consequence, and would have made a dinner for me if I could have stayed to have accepted it.

"Monsieur Watelet is in a bad state of health, but attended me often ; he also would have made a dinner for me, but I was obliged to decline the civility.

"I really, my Lord, know not how to express in a sufficient manner the strong sense which I have of the very great civilities shewed to me by your very amiable friend the Count of Sarsfield ; he reminded me of all that goodness and indulgence which I have often experienced from your Lordship ; he made a dinner for me the moment I was able to go out, and invited the ladies of the highest rank in his family to the entertainment ; he recommended me to their notice and their civilities, nor was there a day during my stay in Paris that he did not call upon me to offer his services. As soon as I have recovered my fatigue I intend to write him a letter and send him all my works which are already published ; but I beg when your Lordship writes to him that you will have the goodness to express to him the very high sense I have of all his favors.

"The Dukes of Rochefoucault and Lèoncourt were not at Paris when I first arrived there, but I had the honor of seeing them before my departure ; they also were very friendly and polite.

"As your Lordship has not lately been in France you will undoubtedly expect from me some account of the manners and the present opinions of the

Parisians. In regard to their manners, my Lord, tho' I had formed a very high idea of them I found report for once had lessened truth. I was quite charmed with the decent rational system of social life which the good sense of these people have rendered general ; and, in regard to their sincerity, I received more important acts of kindness from more than one individual during my short stay at Paris than I ever received from any acquaintance of so short a date in my whole life.

“ In regard to the political opinions of the French, my Lord, I fancy they must be a good deal changed since your Lordship was in France. If it was not for the necessity of a passport in the King's name to go out of France, and the being asked at the gates of the several French towns whether you have any thing in your coach contrary to the orders of the King, you would not know by any thing you heard spoken by the people of any rank, and especially of the better sort, that you lived under the power of a Monarch. In no one company in France do you ever hear any one individual of the Royal Family or the Princes of the Blood mentioned ; and tho' the Queen of France is at present in the prime of her youth and beauty, is regarded by the English as very handsome, dances exceedingly well, and is possessed of all those accomplishments which attract and capti-

vate most powerfully the vulgar in the favor of Women, and particularly of Women of her exalted rank, yet I do assure you, my Lord, that I never heard this princess once mentioned by a Frenchman. You know we are fond of rattling our chains in our ears which is the most provoking part of the servile disposition which prevails amongst the English. In addition to this account I must tell your Lordship that after the French had paid me compliments on my genius and on my literary powers, the quality which they regarded as the next highest compliment was that I was a hater of kings.

“In regard to the part they take in our civil wars, they are all American mad ; and I do assure you, my Lord, that even your Lordship would not be well received in France if you were not an American. All the enlightened French wish ardently to see a large empire established on a republican basis to keep the monarchies of the world in order ; and all the vulgar have the same earnest desire, through hatred and jealousy of the English. I am told that this spirit from this last motive is so universal through all the continent of Europe, that, if I had entertained a different idea of our ministry from what I have, I should have thought it my duty, provided my health would have admitted it, to have waited on my Lord North on my first arrival in England, to have acquainted

him with the dreadful storm which hangs over this devoted country.

“After the description which I have given to your Lordship of the manners and opinions which now prevail among the French, your Lordship will undoubtedly be surprised that I should make so short a stay with a people whose opinions and manners are so similar to my own notions on these capital points. Indeed, my Lord, it was sad necessity which drove me away; as my stomach was always very unfortunately delicate, I nau-seated from the first, tho’ I was prejudiced in its favor, at all the food I met with in France; their meat is carrion, their poultry and even their game insipid, and their cookery most detestable. They have no good spices to season their meats with, and they use them too sparingly; their made dishes are a collection of gravy drawn from bad meat, fat, &c., without other flavour but what a little onion gives; thus the stomach is loaded with every thing which is baneful to it without the assistance of warm spices to help digestion; and, in addition to these mortifications, as my stomach was very weak after my illness, all their wines turned sour upon it. Thus all the juices of my body, vitiated by my long and important illness, was deprived of that nourishment which can alone restore the decayed strength and yield fresh balm to the oppressed constitution.

“My disorder, after three weeks remission, fell all upon my stomach and bowels, and I was obliged to return for the advantage of that kindly nourishment which I believed to be found only in England, and among the English and Scotch who are in America. What I suffered on the road in my return in this inclement season, and under these disadvantageous circumstances, I will not wound your Lordship’s general humanity and the private friendship with which your Lordship honors me, in relating all the particulars of ; it is sufficient to observe to you that I never tasted other nourishment but water for several days, that I was taken out of my coach every day in a dyeing condition, and tumbled into a hard bed in which I could never get warm ; and, if I was not kept awake with fever, was kept awake with cold, and the violent pains in my limbs which the jolting and shaking of the carriage occasioned, notwithstanding I was always laid quite cross it with blankets over me.

“In this way, my Lord, and in the terror daily of being laid up in a wretched French hotel, I got in about the space of six days to Bulloign, very much out of humour, as you may imagine, with all Physicians who send their patients to travel with any important illness upon them for their health. At Bulloign I luckily met with one of Factor’s vessels which saved me the misery of going three leagues and a half further by land, but I was so

weak when I was put into the vessel, that, being necessitated to get out of my bed by reason of the sea sickness, I tumbled down on the floor, and all my attendants, who were also unfortunately very sick, regarded me as one in the agonies of death. A cold sweat bedewed my whole body, and I was so weak that I could not lift my hand to my head to wipe off the moisture which fell from my mouth; however, being at last landed safe at Dover, I found my self much refreshed by the comforts of an English Inn and a warm room. Here I stayed two days, and then proceeded by slow stages to Maidenhead, when my fever began to rage so violently, and every other dangerous symptom to encrease so fast upon me, that I was put into a bed and was obliged to send for an Apothecary; but by the help of an emetic, after keeping my bed two days at Maidenhead, I was enabled to reach my house at Bath by slow journies. The violent efforts which nature made to fling off my disease in the course of my journey succeeded so far, with the assistance of an excellent good warm house and good nourishment, that my fever has been decreasing ever since I have been at Bath; my nights are tolerably good, and I seem to have nothing now but weakness to contend with.

“This long letter, my Lord, if I did not highly depend on your Lordship’s friendship, would un-

doubtedly be very impertinent, but as I cannot help flattering myself that you rank me among that happy select number who have the honor and privilege of being named among your Lordship's friends, it will undoubtedly find its excuse.

"I hope you received your muff safe, that you will do me the honor to let me hear from you soon, and that you will present my respectful compliments to Lady Harcourt. Dr. Wilson joins me in respectful compliments to yourself, and I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's grateful

"and most obed. Serv^t,

"CATHERINE MACAULAY.

"*Bath, Alfred House, Jan. 17, 1778.*"

Mrs. Macaulay to Earl Harcourt :—

"I WAS just on the point of writing to your Lordship when I received this morning the favor of your letter ; part of the subject of it gives me some *chagrin*, because I find by your Lordship's intimation that Monsieur de Sarsfield has missed the receiving a letter which I wrote to him some months agoe, informing him that my works would be sent to him as soon as they were bound ; they are now in the hands of an American gentleman, who has promised to deliver them, but I shall esteem it an additional favor to those which I

have already received from your Lordship, if, when you write to the Count, you will inform him of the letter which I wrote, and also of the delivery of the books to the American gentleman.

“It is, my Lord, at present one of the warmest wishes of my heart to have my works translated into the French language, therefore I shall embrace the obliging offer of the Duc De Harcourt with great satisfaction ; and your Lordship will perceive how much I trust to the friendship with which you honor me, when I take the liberty to desire you will permit one of your servants to order in my name an octavo edition of my works, bound, of Messieurs Dèily, in the Poultry, to be conveyed to the Duc de Harcourt after the manner you shall please to direct.

“I prize your Lordship’s aprobation so much that your total silence on my last publication, viz. ‘The History of England from the Revolution to the present time,’ first vol., gave me a good deal of pain.

“I hope you are not disgusted with the freedom I have taken with William, our great deliverer as he is called.

“I am sure if your Lordship examines my principles closely you will find this last publication exactly concordant to those which are set forth at large in my preceeding vols., and it was impossible

for me to treat with aprobation characters who have laid the foundation of our ruin by a funded debt, and by reducing the art of corruption into a system.

“It was also impossible for me without pain to make the necessary reflections on the conduct of Sr Robert Walpole, on account of the regard I have for the virtues and the good understanding of his son, and the friendship with which he does me the honor to express for me. If your Lordship finds him disgusted on the mention I have made of his father, I am sure you will have the goodness to offer in my excuse all that your reason and the sterling virtue of your principles must suggest to you on the subject.

“A line from your Lordship with your free sentiments on my last publication will give me great pleasure.

“I am not only shocked, on a public concern, on the apprehension of a war with France, but on the dissapointment of a private gratification ; for I promised my self the returning to Paris when I was in better health, and once more enjoying the pleasures of a French society.

“I am much obliged to the Duc de Rochefoucault for his polite enquiries. I beg your Lordship will return my thanks when you write to him.

“My respectful compliments attend Lady Har-

court ; Dr. Wilson desires to join in the same to yourself, and I am, my Lord, your Lordship's

"Most affect.,

"Most obed.

"and most obliged

"Humble Serv^t,

"CATHERINE MACAULAY.

"Bath, Alfred House, March 28, 1778."

Letters from Elizabeth Montague.

MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGUE was daughter of Mr. Matthew Robinson, who had estates in Yorkshire, in Cambridgeshire, and in Kent. She was born in York in 1720. She passed some of her early years in Cambridge, the residence of Dr. Conyers Middleton, whom her grandmother had married as her second husband. She was a child of great beauty, and was endowed with a very vigorous understanding. Dr. Middleton took great pains to develop her talents, and even at a tender age engaged her in the learned conversations of the distinguished men who frequented his house. Her father, a man of large intellectual powers, was naturally proud of the interest which his daughter excited by her uncommon acquirements.

To Gilbert West and Lord Lyttelton, however, belonged the merit of instilling into her mind the steady principles which were always apparent in tempering the exuberance of her

genius. One of the highest compliments paid to her was conveyed in these words of Cowper, which he addressed to a correspondent :

“I no longer wonder that Mrs. Montague stands at the head of all that is called learned, and that every critic veils his bonnet to her superior judgment. The learning, the good sense, the sound judgment, and the wit displayed by her, fully justify, not only my compliment, but all compliments that either have been already paid to her talents, or shall be paid hereafter.”

These words were written after the poet had read Mrs. Montague's “Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare,” a wonderful performance, which received the approbation of all contemporary critics.

In 1742 Miss Robinson married Edward Montague of Denton Hall, Northumberland, and Sandlesford Priory, Berkshire; he was grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, and sat in several parliaments as member for Huntingdon. Mr. Montague died without issue in 1775, and left a very large fortune to his widow, who survived him twenty-five years. She had an early love for society,

and her large house in Portman-square was always open to all who were distinguished by their genius or position.

In her earlier years she was intimate with Pultney, Pope, Lyttelton, Beattie, Carter, and Oxford; and in her decline of life she entertained Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and Reynolds.

A sound understanding, and a lively wit not wanting in ballast, distinguished this gifted lady; she was not, however, without a dash of worldly wisdom in her composition, which those, whose art is to find fault, have attributed to her as a blemish. She died at her house in Portman-square in the eightieth year of her age.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montague to Viscountess Nuneham :—

“Sandleford, Oct. ye 16th, 1771.

“DEAR MADAM,—I cannot imagine by what accident your Ladyship’s letter has been fifteen days upon the road, but I did not receive it till last night. I was obliged, soon after my return to this place from Hagley, to go to London upon

business. I found the town extreamly empty & dismal, & hasten'd back as soon as I dispatch'd the errand upon which I went. My going to London at that time made me obliged to defer an engagement I had with Dr. Beattie, whose poem of 'The Minstrel' I know is a favorite with your Ladyship & Lord Nuneham, who have such an exquisite taste of noble & elegant sentiments, as well as of fine descriptions of inanimate objects.

"This Highland Bard had by following the Muses with too constant application, & too unwearied attention, very greatly impaired his health. To recover by dissipation & exercise the spirits he had exhausted by sedentary occupations, he was order'd by his Physicians to take a journey to south Brittain, & Dr. Gregory, who is a particular friend of mine, & knows my small talk is as good for an invalid as panada & barley water, gave him an order to make me a visit in Berkshire. As I esteem'd his talents, & respected the uses to which they were apply'd, I was very desirous to shew all regard to Dr. Beattie, & only trembled least your Ladyship should write me word that the most convenient time to you to see me at Nuneham would be during the residence of my Minstrel. This would have been the case if your letter had arrived at the time it should have done. However, on Dr. Beattie's departure I was determined to write to you to know when I should

wait on you, but alas! I got a cold which confined me to my fireside, &, since that, most impetuous winds & incessant rain prohibit undertaking a journey through our roads, which are but just passable in summer. I cannot express how mortifying this has been to me, who had been delighting my imagination with the prospects of Nuneham & its soft charms for the morning, & the elegant conversation I should enjoy by the fireside there in the evening. I looked upon the descending showers with as anxious & as sad an eye as the poor farmer does on the torrent which breaks into his field while his sheaves of ripe corn are standing there. I had with pleasure seen the seasons advance to bring my scheme to maturity, & thought myself at the eve of the happy harvest home, when the heavens poured this mischievous deluge upon us, & bore away the ripen'd wish at its day of completion.

“In this cup of evil there remains, however, hope at the bottom, but alas! it is hope defer'd to another summer. Your ladyship must then indulge me in making you a long visit, and it shall be the first I make, that the treacherous season may not again deceive me into disappointment. Tho' the time is so near for all good people to meet in London (for, after November begins, nothing but Wolves remain to growl in the wilderness), yet even this hope of seeing you

& Lord Nuneham does not console me quite. This summer concluding at Nuneham would have left a most agreeable impression, & have compleated my pastoral. I had been at Stow & at Hagley, & Nuneham would have made my summer delights compleat. At Hagley I had the pleasure of meeting your admirer, & my admired, Gen^l Paoli. We often indulged ourselves in talking of your Ladyship; Lady Temple & Lord Lyttelton were not silent upon such a subject, and considering we were all of the same mind, we held up the conversation with greater vivacity than is usual with any on which there is perfect unanimity.

“If it were possible to add to my regret at being deprived of the honour & pleasure of waiting on your Ladyship & Lord Nuneham, it would be knowing that Miss Fauquier & M^r. Jerningham are with you. It is impossible that such a society should want any addition, so that one cannot indulge a melancholy pride in thinking one’s absence is regretted.

“M^r. Jerningham will perhaps wish to know something of the character of his brother poet. He is directly his own Edwin, the poet of nature & sentiment; his manners have an elegant simplicity; his disposition seems harmonized by poetry & philosophy; his conversation is pleasing & instructive. I cannot say fortune has frown’d upon

him, for she has not done this bard the honour to take the least notice of him. The University of Aberdeen has conferr'd upon him a professorship that, for much toil & trouble, rewards his labours with an £100 a year. He has a large estate in Parnassus, for which the booksellers pay him a pepper-corn rent. On these incomes he maintains himself, a pretty wife, & a little family, & it will never occur to the great that he deserves any thing but oats & bread & spring water.

* * * * *

"Dr. Beattie read to me a 2^d part of 'The Minstrel,' which I think even better than the first; it is not quite finish'd.

"I was extreamly sorry to hear of Mr. Anson's ill health; when I was in Worcestershire it prevented my having the pleasure of making him a visit, & seeing his Athenean taste on buildings, &c. I hope he is well again, as I heard some time since that he was recovering. I beg of y^r Ladyship to return my thanks to Miss Fauquier for a fine collection of peacocks' feathers. I got a design for your robe which I intended bringing to Nuneham for your approbation. I am impatient for the silk upon which the trimming is to be embroider'd. The trimming on the sides must be set on strait & without puffing. Lady Temple has collected a great many Alaccons'^a feathers for

^a King-fishers.

me. I think with great pleasure of fitting them up for the wear of a person who will bring intrinsic worth to outward beauty, & add sweet notes to fine feathers. My best respects attend Lord Nuneham & also Miss Fauquier & Mr. Jerningham.

“I am, Dear Madam,

“your Ladyship’s

“most obed^t & faithfull

“H^{ble} Servant,

“ELIZ. MONTAGUE.”

Mrs. Elizabeth Montague to Viscount Nuneham :—

“MY LORD,—I have at last return’d the tale of pity & terror, after having often read it with all y^e emotions Melpomene would require. I wish, for the honour of womanhood & widowhood, a longer interval was to interpose between the death of the husband & the dire disaster. I shou’d believe Lady S——more would hardly think y^e story less natural for such an alteration. M^r. Walpole has a great tragick genius ; we had a terrible glimpse of it in the castle of Otranto, & here it appears with august majesty. I hope he will publish this tragedy, & dedicate it to his predecessor Shakespear, who, if I understand him (and I have taken a great deal of pains to do so), will be pleased with the compliment as he wanders in the Elysian Fields below.

“‘The Goatsbeard’ is incomparable, I will send it to some of my friends at Paris, where y^e women have beards political, atheistical, &c., and y^e men no beards at all. There is infinite witt, humour, & good sense in this poem; if so sharp a lance does not make folly bleed I have no hope the age can be cured. By the by it is good nature turned satyrist.

“For my life I dare not say how much I admire certain heroes^b who take wicked republican generals prisoners. It looks as if the Military hat cover’d more parts & valour than y^e cap of liberty. As I have been long jealous of M^{rs}. Macaulay, I am delighted to think she will no longer love the House of Harcourt, & then the House of Harcourt will not love her.

“I hope your Lordship & Lady Nuneham are to dine at y^e French Ambassador’s to-morrow. I flatter myself that my family has y^e honour of being much obliged to Lord Harcourt; favours however sweet acquire a perfume by passing through certain hands; as human nature is a paltry thing it is happy for it when its pride makes it more gratefull.

“I am y^r Lordship’s

“most Obed^t H^{ble} Serv^t,

“E. MONTAGUE.”

^b Alluding to Col. Harcourt’s having taken General Lee prisoner.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montague to Viscount Nuneham :—

“ Tunbridge Wells, ye 30 May, 1772.

“ Mrs. Montague presents her comp^{ts} & a thousand thanks to Lord Nuneham for his obliging attention to a troublesome & impertinent request. His Lordship’s note reach’d her at Tunbridge, to which place she repaired on the faith of the almanac maker, who says it is now May. The trees seem to shiver with an ague, the nightingales are ill of a hoarseness, even the babling cuckoo in this east wind dares not open his mouth to mock married men or warn batchelors, & through the unblossom’d hawthorn blows the cold wind. In such a situation Mrs. M. will not afflict Lord Nuneham with a long letter, tho’ her sense of his goodness to her cannot be comprized in a short one. She begs leave to present her best respects to Lady Nuneham.”

Mrs. Elizabeth Montague to Viscountess Nuneham :—

“ Friday morn, 19th Sept., 1777.

“ DEAR MADAM,—In your Ladyship’s & dear Lord Nuneham’s present situation perhaps the most sympathizing friend is the best comforter, which is y^e only consideration that can give me

hope of being of any use. Time's lenient hand will heal in some degree the wound, but you will both find your best comfort in what makes the principal joy of your lives, exerting your power of doing good. Providence has establish'd such equitable laws that whoever alleviates y^e sorrows of others cannot himself be left the prey of melancholly; so the tears you dry will at length dry up your own. I hope you will at present consider that however sad this event is to you both, that as Lord Harcourt had fulfilled every noble purpose of living, nothing of this could be to him untimely. Age, & infirmities the consequence of age, were not very distant. The philosopher who denied y^e epithet of happy to Cresus in his power & prosperity would now bestow it on him you lament.

"This evening I will wait on you & shall bring with me a heart that as long as it beats will truly feel every thing that can affect your Ladyship & Lord Nuneham.

"When I return'd from Lady Charlotte Finch's I heard M^r. Miller had been so good to call; alas! I had no apprehension of what he had to relate.

"I am, my dear Madam, with more unalterable sentiments, yours & your dear Lord's

"most affect^{te} obliged

"& faithfull h^{ble} Serv^t,

"E. MONTAGUE."

Mrs. Elizabeth Montague to Countess Harcourt :—

“ Sandleford, July ye 21st, 1785.

“DEAR MADAM,—I hope your Ladyship does not think my heart has been ungratefull, tho’ my pen has not express’d my thanks for the most obliging & most charming of letters which I had the honour to receive from you two days before the marriage of my nephew. On the 9th of July I had the pleasure of seeing those hands joined whose hearts were before united, &, as soon as the several vows were plighted, the happy pair accompanied me to Sandleford. The old aunt, tho’ less enraptured, was not less contented than the lovers.

“To see my adopted boy settled in a manner likely to form his happiness, & fix his virtue, was an object of great importance to me. It renders life more agreeable, & would make death less terrible to me ; I have now obtain’d my principal wish, which was to see my young man blessed by an amiable discreet wife, who will make domestick life agreeable, & less in danger from the allurements of pleasure, or the seductions of ambition. The true interests of the community, & the virtuous & elegant amusements of the mind, are endeared by family affections & interests. A Minister hunter, a Fox hunter (I mean in the literal

sense), or a gambler, are to me horrible characters, but the gay & lively spirit of youth in a single & unconnected state is apt to addict itself to some of these pursuits.

"I must do Montague the justice to say he did not shew any disposition to these errors and vices ; but the sirens of the world can adapt their song to every ear they find at leisure to listen to them, & may make impression on the mind which is unengaged. I am every day more charmed with my new niece, she has a very uncommon share of understanding highly cultivated, & is very ambitious of further improvement ; but what is more valuable than all the rest, she has a great deal of religion, good principles, & a sweet & obliging temper. At present, I thank God, I enjoy perfect health, but, should it alter, I shall not feel any anxieties for those I leave behind me, for I draw great comfort from the thought that my life is not now of importance to any one's welfare, then *qu'on sorte de la vie comme on sorte d'un banquet en remerciant son Hote, & faisant son paquet*, seems much one's duty.

"I pass'd some days at Hampton with Mrs. Garrick before our wedding, & we had the pleasure of breakfasting with Mr. Walpole at Strawberry Hill. Surely one never saw so charming & delightfull an habitation. It gives one the pleasures of the imagination as well as of taste. The same genius

which imagin'd the castle of Otranto could only have form'd & fashion'd it.

"A spirit of national vanity makes me hope Mad^{me} de Genlis had the honour of seeing Lady Harcourt before she left England.

"Your Ladyship is infinitely good in saying you wish to see me at Nuneham, & I could hardly flatter myself you were in earnest if I did not know that Lord Harcourt & you love to make every one happy. The confidence I have in that benevolent disposition might make me intrude myself for a day or two if I were disengaged. At present you would find me more dull than usual, for my spirits are much affected by the death of the Duchess of Portland, whom I loved & esteem'd in my earliest days, & my esteem could not but increase & strengthen daily for a character so excellent.

"I had the pleasure of receiving a very affectionate letter from M^{rs}. Alison last week. She tells me her little girl is very pretty, & I can believe it, for she was herself a very beautiful infant. I regret that she is settled at such a distance, but, as her residence in Northamptonshire will be convenient to M^r. Pulteney till his daughter is disposed of, one dare not wish her to live in any other part of the world, as he has promised to give M^r. Alison a benefice when one in his gift shall become vacant, &, in the mean time, gives

him a pension, & pensions & promises are things much in the present taste.

"The news papers, & they *always speak truth*, say your Ladyship is in Town; so on such respectable authority I shall direct my letter to Harcourt House.

"I hope Lady Vernon & Miss Vernons were in as perfect health, as I am sure they were in perfect happiness, when they were at Nuneham.

"My best compliments attend Lord Harcourt. Mr. Montague & Mrs. M. Montague are very ambitious to present theirs to your Ladyship & my Lord Harcourt.

"With the most perfect esteem I have the honour to be, dear madam,

"your Ladyship's most obliged

"& obed^t h^{ble} Servant,

"E. MONTAGUE."

Mrs. Elizabeth Montague to Earl Harcourt :—

"*Sandleford, Augt. ye 14.*

"MY LORD,—Will your Lordship pardon my taking the liberty to send you a turtle? To have presented to your table a poet, a philosopher, or a *bel esprit*, would have been more proper, but they grow so scarce it is difficult to catch them, & if any such exist they will be attracted by certain sympathies to Nuneham. I may plead in

excuse for what I have done that in these our days even the delicate & refined are more nice in the choice of their dishes than their guests, but I know elegance of every kind presides at your Lordship's table, & directs the cards of invitation as well as the bills of fare, & I must rely on your Lordship's & Lady Harcourt's indulgence for my pardon.

"Having heard a report last night that your Lordship was return'd to Nuneham, I dispatch'd a carefull servant this morning to Portman Square, to convey to you from thence the turtle, which was just arrived there, a present from M^r. Alison's brother, & I am assured in perfect good condition. I imagine it will arrive at Oxford before my letter. I understand by the news papers, for I have not any other means of information, that Lady Harcourt is still at Cheltenham, from whence she is to attend their Majesties to Nuneham. I beg that when her Ladyship arrives your Lordship would do me the honour to present my compliments to her. I hope one may confide in the good accounts of his Majesty's health; if the Cheltenham Well has perfectly establish'd it, I am sure it must be considered as the source of happiness to all his subjects. With the most perfect esteem

"I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obliged & obedient

"Humble Servant,

"E. MONTAGUE.

“The Turtle is to be sent by the Oxford stage, for he w^d be long on the road if he was to walk ; indeed he is almost y^e only creature who w^d not run to Nuneham if permitted.”

Verses addressed to the Hon. Miss Vernon (afterwards Viscountess Nuneham) by Mrs. Montague :—

“ALL smooth tongued flattery join in prizing,
The praise of sacred truth despising,
Strange as it seems the maxim’s sound
Scarce one exception e’er was found ;
For ’tis a truth which must be granted,
We value most what most is wanted.
He who enjoys Corinna’s wit
Her ugliness would soon forget,
Did she not claim it as his duty
To celebrate her face’s beauty.
Hint at the beauties of her mind—
There silence, silence is enjoin’d.
The graces which in Chloe shine
Pronounce her to the view divine ;
Praise Chloe’s breeding, ’twill appear
Rank irony to all but her.
Extoll her real charms, you’re told
Such stuff is common, vulgar, old.
To prove my first assertion right,
I’ll set it in another light ;
And crave, with Laura’s kind permission,
Her name to aid the proposition.

May I thy qualities define,
'Tis all I ask, in one short line ?
May I proclaim without offence
Thy lovely manners, beauty, sense ?
Laura all praises will disgust ;
Nor wonder then, for all are just."

Dean Marley to Mrs. Montague,
who had praised his Verses.

“FAR from the world my timid muse retir’d,
In secret sung, nor wished to be admir’d ;
Warm from the heart she pour’d her tender strain,
To tell her rapture or assuage her pain ;
To grots and shades obscure she chose to fly,
And fled with trembling step the public eye.
When Montague, whom all the nine proclaim
The first the brightest on the roll of fame,
When she, when Montague, with partial ear
Heard my weak notes and seemed well pleased to hear,
Her magic flatteries with prevailing art
Resistless stole on my unguarded heart.
Cease then, oh Montague, in pity cease,
Nor arm my pride a rebel to my peace.
Shall I my calmer, safer joys disclaim,
Yield to aspiring hope and pant for fame ?
Ah ! no, ambition cease, fell spirit rest,
Raise, raise no more, these tumults in my breast ;
No more shall Montague my peace destroy,
And swell with Syren breath the babble joy.
Come meek humility, be thou my guide,
O’er my frail heart with fostering care preside,
Guard me, in modest diffidence secure,
Unknown, unenvied, tranquil and obscure.”

Poems by Viscount Palmerston.

HENRY TEMPLE, Viscount Palmerston, succeeded his grandfather in 1757. He was Member of Parliament for Southampton, and a Lord of the Admiralty. In 1767 he married Frances, daughter of Sir John Pole, Bart., of Lewes, in Sussex. She died in 1769, leaving an only daughter. Lord Palmerston married secondly, in 1783, Mary, daughter of B. Mee, Esq., by whom he was father of the celebrated statesman, who succeeded him as Viscount Palmerston.

“Monday morning, 1766.

“LORD PALMERSTON presents his best Compliments to Lady Nuneham & Miss Poole, and recommends the inclosed to their indulgence, of which it stands in great need, on two accounts; first and principally, for being no better on such a subject, and secondly for not being produced sooner if at all. As to the last point, the case is that it was scratched out during his journey hither, very unlike what it is now, and thrown by as much too unworthy of its subject. Leisure & inclination

have now brought it out again and put it into its present form, in which, however, it hopes for nothing more than that the will may be taken for the deed.

“ON LEAVING SPAU.

“Inscribed to Lady Nuneham and to Miss Poole.

“YE scenes farewell, where health and sport
Maintain divided sway ;
And where from every clime resort
The idle, sick, and gay.

“Farewell ; yet from these motley walls
Reluctant I withdraw ;
And pleased remembrance oft recalls
The happier hours of Spau.

“Not that Hygeia still attends
Her salutary springs,
And, oft’ invoked, from Heaven descends
With healing on her wings.

“Not that amidst her vallies green,
Her woods, her streams, and meads,
On every sweetly varied scene
Enraptured fancy feeds :

“Not that still searching for delight
In crowds, the young and gay
With mirth unfelt beguile the night,
And dissipate the day.

“ But that by friendship’s magic power
My days contented flew ;
Such charms o’er every passing hour
The blest enchantress threw.

“ Her faithful mirror to my sight
Two female bosoms shew’d,
Where truth unalterably bright
And sacred honour glow’d ;

“ Each feeling, undisguised, and warm,
That dignifies the mind ;
And virtue more secure to charm
With grace and beauty join’d.

“ Candour, not blind to overlook,
But wishing to commend ;
Discernment just, that ne’er mistook
The flatterer for the friend :

“ True taste, whose undissembled choice
By nature’s guidance moves ;
And, careless of the general voice,
Must feel when it approves :

“ These can alone the willing heart
With lasting power engage ;
To youth new lustre they impart,
And dignity to age :

“ O’er life they shed that covering balm
Which can our griefs compose ;
Our passions’ turbulence they calm,
And steal us from our woes.

“Then, goddess, o’er thy suppliant’s days
Thy blissful charm prolong ;
Propitious smile ; and oft’ thy praise
Shall animate his song.”

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP,

BY VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

(Written after his second marriage.)

“COME friendship, come, propitious guest,
In mild attractive beauty drest,
My raptur’d bosom fire ;
With thy bright flame serenely strong
The poet’s heart, the poet’s song,
Celestial nymph, inspire.

“At thy approach despair and pain
And melancholy’s gloomy train
Their hated forms remove ;
Thy presence lightens every woe,
Thy smiles can every hope bestow,
And every bliss improve.

“E’en mighty love by thee refined
New transports to the amorous mind
And nobler joys imparts ;
To thee he owes his sweetest charm,
The tender wish, the soft alarm,
The sympathy of hearts.

“Unblest by thee his joys decay,
The bright delusions melt away
Like visions of the night ;
Disgust and hate alone remain,
And unremitted years of pain
For moments of delight.

“In sad affliction’s lonely hour,
When virtue sinks opprest by pow’r,
When hope itself is dead ;
’Tis thine the drooping soul to cheer,
’Tis thine to wipe the falling tear,
And raise the mourner’s head.

“Superior to the frowns of fate,
The menace of a tyrant’s hate,
The crowd’s tumultuous voice,
Thy firm resolves no fears can shake,
No hopes allure thee to forsake
The object of thy choice.

“Averse to envy, noise and strife,
Thou lov’st the private walks of life
By malice unpursued ;
Suspicion, jealousy, and hate,
That haunt the chambers of the great,
Thy modest worth exclude.

“ Mistaken fav’rite of the sky,
Unhappy greatness ! raised on high
Superior ills to bear :
Amidst the crowds that round thee bend
In vain thy bosom seeks a friend
Its joys, its griefs to share.

“ Ah ! friendship, what are Courts to thee ?
Thou hast not learned to bow the knee
Before Ambition’s shrine ;
Thou hast not learned the prudent art,
When honest virtue fires thy heart,
To quench the spark divine.

“ To thee belongs each sense humane,
The fear that flows for others’ pain
At pity’s tender call ;
The tongue that falsehood never knew,
The heart devoted to a few,
Benevolent to all.

“ Such once was thine lamented shade !
Whom friendly love in vain essay’d
To rescue from the tomb.
Such thine mine ever valued friend,
On whom my fervent hopes depend
For blissful years to come.

“And oh may Heaven’s indulgent care
Propitious to my ardent prayer
One humble suit allow !
Nor wealth nor grandeur I request,
No thirst of power inflames my breast
Or prompts th’ ambitious vow.

“Ye powers preserve the friends I love,
Their joys prolong, their griefs remove,
Since grief must come to all !
Preserve them tender, just, and kind,
Nor seldom in their soften’d mind
An absent friend recall.”

ON BEAUTY,

BY VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

“ENCHANTING nymph of heavenly birth,
Celestial beauty sent on earth,
To sooth our toils, our cares, our strife,
And gild the glooms that sadden life ;
Thine empire countless millions own,
And every clime reveres thy throne :
Whate’er pursuits mankind engage,
From frolick youth to serious age,
To thy resistless power they bow,
While nature prompts the artless vow :
Lured by the hopes thy smiles can give,
For thee the wretch endures to live ;

To give thy praise his valour's meed,
For thee the hero dares to bleed ;
Enticed by thee to happier dreams,
Ambition drops his airy schemes ;
To purchase thee from caverns deep,
The miser brings his treasured heap ;
The sage, with reason's boasted arms,
Awhile may combat beauty's charms,
But, soon, a bursting sigh will prove
That reason never conquered love.
If e'er I bow'd before thy shrine,
And hail'd thy power with rites divine,
O ! blest enchantress, deign to tell
In what consists thy magick spell ?
Is it an eye whose sparkling rays
Eclipse the diamond's fainter blaze,
A cheek that shames the vernal rose,
A breast that vies with mountain snows,
A mouth that smiles with matchless grace,
Like pearls within a ruby case,
A form like that which once was seen
On Ida, when the Cyprian Queen
Disclosed her charms to mortal eyes,
Contending for the golden prize ?
These may our warmest passions fire,
And kindle every fierce desire ;
But love, upheld by these alone,
Must soon resign his tottering throne,
And holds a poor precarious sway,
The short-lived tyrant of the day.

Or e'en, to form a nymph compleat,
If all the various charms could meet
That each divided bosom warm
And every throbbing pulse alarm,
When Johnson, Meynell, Pitt, advance,
And Wroughton joins the sprightly dance,
And lovely Spencer, mild and fair,
Comes blushing forth with Hebe's air.
Yet these were vain, unless to these
Was joined that secret power to please,
That nameless something undefined,
That soft effusion of the mind
That smiles so sweet in every face,
To every motion lends a grace,
And, when their beauty lends a dart,
Impells and guides it to the heart.
In vain the stealing hand of time
May pluck the blossoms in their prime,
Envy may talk of bloom decayed,
How lillies droop, and roses fade ;
But Constancy's unaltered truth,
Regardful of the vows of youth,
Affection, that recalls the past,
And bids the pleasing influence last,
Shall still preserve the lovers' flame
In every scene of life the same ;
And still with fond endearment blend
The wife, the mistress, and the friend."

ON LOVE,

BY VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

“OFTIMES in friendship’s semblance drest
Love unperceived assails the breast ;
Oftimes like anger is he seen,
With sterner brow and haughtier mien ;
Or now he melts in tender tears,
And pity’s angel-softness wears ;
Or trips like mirth across the plain,
Or borrows frowns from cold disdain.
But tho’, to cheat inquiring eyes,
A thousand shapes the Proteus tries ;
However changed in form and name,
The god within is still the same.”

Viscount Palmerston to Viscountess Nuneham :—

“ *Limerick, Sept. 20th, 1771.*

“DEAR LADY NUNEHAM,—I was extremely happy to receive your kind letter which reached me just as I left Dublin, and which gave me that sincere pleasure which I allways feel from every account of your welfare and every mark of your friendship and remembrance. I defer’d answering it till I had made some progress in my Irish tour, in hopes I might meet with something that might afford you some amusement. I fear I have not succeeded, however. Dull as a traveller’s journal may be, he can offer little else, and must perpetu-

ally be the little hero of his own tale. The time I was obliged to stay at Dublin would have been insupportably tiresome had I not been so lucky as to have several of my old friends who have houses in the neighbourhood. As to the town itself, it joined the emptiness of summer to the dirt of winter. It is, however, in an improving and an enlarging state, & there are many good houses built, as well as some new streets, since I was there last. Many of the publick buildings have long been magnificent, but still the general air of the town and its inhabitants is such that it seems as if some of the handsomest buildings in London were scatter'd about in St. Giles's.

“In my way from Dublin I pass'd four days very pleasantly with Lord & Lady Jocelyn, who live in a comfortable place about 40 miles from Dublin. They are mighty worthy agreeable people, and Lord Jocelyn is one of the pleasantest men I ever met with. My next stop was at Cork, where Lord Townshend had recommended me to a friend of his, a principal merchant, who was mighty civil, and turned out a sensible good sort of man. He has a wife and several daughters, who are exceeding fine ladies at Cork, and as affected as one's heart could wish. They are, however, great philosophers, for they have the misfortune to be mighty ugly, but do not seem to be the least dejected about it.

“Cork is a better & larger town than I expected to find, and the sailing from thence down to the harbour’s mouth, for about 12 miles, delightful. There is a place belonging to a M^r. Rogers, one of the sweetest things I ever saw. From hence we went to Killarney, where we intended staying three days, and staid six, from whence you may infer we were pleased with it. I must reserve a particular account of it till I have the pleasure of seeing you. In general I think that after much has been deducted from the pompous descriptions I have seen of this lake, and many extravagant encomiums struck off, there still remains merit enough to make it a lovely place in fine weather. This is, however, a very scarce thing, and we thought ourselves in high luck to have one perfect day and four tolerable ones out of the six.

“There is a house and garden upon the edge of the lake, belonging to a M^r. Herbert, called Mucruss, which I should envy exceedingly if it was in a more accessible part of the world. You may easily imagine that in a place of this sort you are carried to see a hundred things as wonders that are not worth looking at; and in my opinion the chief merit of the place is felt in rowing about among the islands of the lower lake, which present an endless variety of the sweetest points of view imaginable. The large islands are finely wooded, and there is an old castle converted into

a barrack which rises up above the woods of the largest of them, and being seen from all parts adds much to the dignity of the lakes. Here we found Col. Vaughan, L^d Lisburne's brother, quarter'd with part of his regiment and a good band of musick, which was no small circumstance of pleasure to us.

"The small islands are, in general, rocks, very singular in their forms, and cover'd with a variety of shrubs and small trees, among which the arbutus holds the principal place. The most beautiful thing in the lake is an island called Innisfallen, with very fine woods and little pastures intermixed. There is a walk quite round the edge of it, about a mile in length, & exactly such an one as Mr. Brown would have made, and from it you have all the pleasant views the lake & the other islands can afford. It is the continual resort of parties of pleasure to dine in a room which is part of the remains of an old abbey, and which has been repair'd by Lord Kenmare, to whom it belongs.

"We were agreeably surprised to find a great many very well-behaved good sort of people in the town of Killarney, who were mighty kind to us, & gave us dinners and assemblies with much good humour & no form, and in return, we carried them out and gave them a cold dinner and a dance upon the grass at Innisfallen, and I assure

you our ladies were as much beyond the Cork misses in beauty as they fell short of them in affectation. It really surprised us to find in so exceeding wild and remote a corner, & among people who had never been out of it, a stile of behaviour which you scarce ever meet with in the country in England, and to say the truth not extremely often where you would most expect it, in the capital. We were now among the old Milesians in the center of the *Mais* and the *Os*, & I should divert you if I was to tell you some of the names of our beauties ; but I must defer that, as I have not near room left on my paper to hold them. Were I to attempt to describe the country thro' which we have lately pass'd it would be such a description of dirt & wretchedness as would rather disgust than amuse. Even this town of Limerick is, I think, the nastiest place I ever was in. From hence I go to Sligo, and so into the north of Ireland, where I expect to meet different scenes, & from thence shall return by Scotland.

“ Pray remember me affectionately to your Lord, and congratulate him upon his rural taste, which, however, I think he may fairly drop when the trees do their leaves, and satisfy himself during the winter with the garden at Leicester House ; & if he cannot live without his rustick friend^a he

^a Walter Clark, the Nuneham gardener.

may bring him up now & then, tho' not for long times that he may not be corrupted.

"Adieu, dear Lady Nuneham, believe me ever, with the most affectionate attachment, y^{rs}

"PALMERSTON."

Frances Pole (Viscountess Palmerston) to
Viscount Nuneham :—

"Lewes, Octbr. ye 14th, 1767.

"I DO not wonder that you should have been under some difficulty as to how you were to address me, but notwithstanding the impatience of the news paper writers, their intimate friend 'Miss Fanny' had no right to any other title till Wednesday last. I foresaw their familiar manner would give you great offence, for no one ever felt so much for the dignity of their friends ; & to have a Plantagenet so miscalled, & so mistreated, must appear in its worst colours to one who, after some thought, & much difficulty, placed the poor pedigree Man in the window seat. You see, my Lord, I have not lost any of my sauciness, therefore you who know *its value* may venture to come to me without fear of *ennui*.

"I have been longer than usual without answering your last letter, tho' it was not from expecting another ; therefore, I beg you to observe that I am so well convinced of having your good wishes,

that I have not waited for a formal assurance of them. Indeed, those of my friends who know my Lord Palmerston, must be sensible of my good fortune; for if to be united to a man of sense & honour can ensure a woman's happiness, I have undoubtedly the fairest prospect for mine; and I must say his noble & disinterested conduct towards me would claim my utmost gratitude, was not that secured to him by feelings of a more tender kind; & which I may venture to own, as they have not been easily kindled. The truth is, mere advantageous establishment never was my object. I was happy in my situation at home, loved my liberty, & never would have given my person where I could not give my whole heart. This little account of myself I think I owe to your kind friendship, tho' I confess I find it the subject in the world the most difficult to talk upon.

"If you return to town so soon as you mentioned in your last, I fancy you will be there some time before we shall. My Lord desires to be remember'd to you as one who has a real esteem & regard for you. I shall say nothing of mine, as I must strangely have acquitted myself if you have not long since been convinced of it, therefore no regular assurance can be necessary, even at the end of a letter. Adieu.

"F. P."

Frances Pole (Viscountess Palmerston) to
Viscount Nuneham :—

“ *Novbr. ye 2d, 1767.*

“ *En verité Mon cher Vicomte vous écrivez très agréablement*, & my having suffered such a letter as your last to remain above a week unanswered must make me appear very ungrateful, especially as I cannot plead so good an excuse as the having employed my time in tormenting my good cousins. Indeed the occasion was so favourable that it rather shews a want of spirit to have let it slip; but the truth is, I am so well content with reflecting on my own happiness, that it has left me but little inclination to interrupt theirs. I have not even seen any of them except Mr. P., who I one day met in a very dirty lane where he could not pass by without being very handsomely bespattered. But to return to the cause of my not having writ to you before, which was indeed no other than the having had a bad cold.

“ Lord Palmerston did not require my assistance at Southampton, tho’ he has had a little shadow of an opposition from an enterprizing Mr. Macquire, which obliged him to go there for a few days last week, from whence he also is returned with a bad cold.

“ Your description of the echoing hall & all the good company assembled in it, amused me exceedingly; but I must ask why you would not follow

the advice I have so often given you, of decamping in due time, & then you would not have destroyed the effects of so many days' angelic behaviour. Indeed I regret extremely that there was no such place at Sudbury as an infirmary for the reception of us good folks of modern refinement; you would have been secured from the jovial & the noisy, tho' had it been upon Addison's plan you might chance to have met my good Lady on those days in which she had been assiduous in the study of her black books; & in that case it might be a curious question to determine whether you would have chosen to remain there, or returned again to the echoing hall, had the hour been ever so early; tho' seriously from the account you give I do not wonder that L^y Nuneham & you should not be sorry to return to the quiet of Cavendish Square. It may not be long before I may have it in my power to make you a sladering visit there, for we now talk of leaving this place a week or ten days before the meeting of the parliament. I shall have much femal business on my arrival in town, as this mourning is come very *mal à propos*, & I have not as yet thought of providing any thing for it. My Lord always desires to be very particularly remembered to you. Pray give my love to Lady Nuneham, & do not criticize this abominable scrawl. Adieu.

"F. P."

Frances Pole (Viscountess Palmerston) to
Viscount Nuneham :—

“Saturday.

“MY DEAR LORD,—Before I set out for our french chateau I must just thank you for your kind letter, & still kinder desire of being troubled with us at Nuneham. It must be unnecessary to assure you how glad I should be to be with you, tho’ it must be deferred till some little time hence, for my Lord is not only obliged to go to look after his various business at Broadlands, but he is also desired (by my oracle Sr John Pringle) to bathe, & drink the sea water, both of which he can do either from Broadlands or from Lewes, but, unfortunately, not from Nuneham ; therefore we must give up all hopes of being with you till after your return from Astrop^b, where I hope you will not fail to go.

“I am really ashamed that you should have had the trouble of asking me so often for what, God knows, will not be worth having when you have got it. It never could have been very valuable, tho’ probably something better ten or twelve years ago ; however, such as it is, you certainly shall have it ; & I should hope, if it is done time enough to have the honour of a place in your room next winter, that will suffice. Certain it is,

^b A village near Bicester, which was formerly frequented for its chalybeate springs.

I have not been with Falconet yet, but really, my dear Lord, I have of late found so much business to do, having left every thing undone from the miserable inactive state I was in all winter, that I have not had one morning at command; therefore, I hope you will excuse me, & tell me in your next how you would chuse to have me attired, for as I should never think of sitting for my picture^c as my own amusement, I beg to have it in all respects just to your fancy.

"I hope for your sake the stories are pretty well exhausted, but with regard to mine, they would be no incumbrance at all, for I am not possessed with the power of much attention for things I could wish to hear, & as for things in the *hum drum* way, God has given me the grace never to know or hear anything about them, even at the very time they are going forward: therefore they are no evil to me, any further than the shortening my days considerably, for all the time so employed is absolute doze & sleep to me, as you have often, I believe, been an eye witness to.

"As you say nothing of your health I hope you have at present no reason to complain. My kind love always attends Lady Nuneham. I am just going to dress. Adieu, Adieu.

"F. P."

^c This charming little picture still hangs in a place of honour at Nuneham.

An Ode by General Burgoyne,
ON THE MARRIAGE OF VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

“WHILE, Palmerston, the public voice
Displays, in comments on thy choice,
Praise, censure, or surprize ;
Blames thy disinterested part,
Or int'rest finds in worth of heart,
Where Fanny's treasure lies.

“Fain would my muse (tho' rude sincere)
One humble artless wreath prepare,
To bind her lovely brow ;
With thee would hail the auspicious morn,
Attend the Bride she can't adorn,
And Bless the nuptial vow.

“Let the dull claims of due esteem
To lukewarm crowds be claims supreme,
I found pretensions higher ;
For know the heart, now taught to beat
With friendship's sacred pulses sweet,
Has once been try'd by fire.

“'Twas mine to see each opening charm,
New graces rise, new beauties warm,
'Twas mine to feel their power ;
Nature, and morals just and pure,
For thee have made the fruit mature,
Since I adored the flower.

“After hard conflict, passion cool’d,
Discretion, reason, honor, rul’d
O’er the subsiding flame ;
Till Charlotte to my vacant breast,
With kindred charms and virtues blest,
A sweet successor came.

“Long years of Love we’ve number’d o’er,
And oh to many many more
May heaven the term extend ;
To try with thee the pleasing strife
Who boasts the most deserving wife,
Who proves the truest Friend.”

Letter from T. Heming.

THE following curious letter from T. Heming, the King's Goldsmith, is inserted to show what singular arrangements obtained when an Ambassador's outfit of plate was provided from the public chest.

Lord Harcourt was on the eve of setting out for Paris when he received this letter :—

“ MY LORD,

“ Business calling me out of town part of last week, was the reason of my defering this explanation till now——

“——For the last Letter your Lordship was pleas'd to honor me with, confirms my Opinion that great pains has been taken to misrepresent the affair between us——

“——I therefore once more intreat your Lordship's indulgence to permit me the freedom more fully to explain myself, & if I am wrong I do with all Humility ask your Lordship's pardon——

“——And First—I have always understood when an Ambassador or other Officers of State are appointed, that warrants are Isue'd & address'd to the master of His Majesty's Jewell office, for him to give orders to the King's Goldsmith, to

make such Plate as was necessary, conformable to the limited weight of such warrants——

“——And formerly they always took it out in such plate as could be afforded at the office price, & it was the Duty of every officer in the Jewell Office to see there was full weight, & finish'd in a proper manner——

“——But I believe it was never understood that when the King had appointed his Goldsmith to make such plate as was deliver'd at his expence, that it shou'd be in the breast of that Nobleman or Gentleman to employ their own without the acquiescence of the King's Goldsmith——

“——Who indeed at one time, he not being brought up to the Business, therefore consented, provided he pay'd that Goldsmith as far as the Office price allow'd, he finding the Bullion——

“If Otherwise, the King's Goldsmith is merely a convenient Cypher, of no other use but to Raise money for the advantage of other shops——

“——And indeed it must be very displeasing to be appointed to an Office, & to see another publishing to the world that they do the Business & Reap the Profits of it——when every one knows it was my Province to make it, & I have since Learnt that the King was much surpriz'd I was not employ'd——

“But I presume your Lordship will say I have no Room for complaint, when I am allow'd a com-

pensation for Raising the money to pay them, tho' at the same time the King's Goldsmith never undertook to furnish his Majesty's ministers with money——

“My Lord, I beg leave to answer, you can make me no compensation adequate to the Injury done me——For, First, it is the Interest of that Goldsmith to Insinuate I was not thought equal to the task, or that I could not make it on as good terms, or 20 other Reasons to me more prejudicial——Though at the same time they are conscious that I was Regularly brought up to the Business, & have every advantage to conduct trade upon the most reasonable terms, & I believe I may safely venture to say that I can undertake to prove to a Demonstration that your Lordship is at least £10 p^r Cent a loser by not employing me——

“——I come now my Lord to that heavy charge of your Lordship's, namely, of making exorbitant & unreasonable demands, which many People your Lordship is pleased to say have of late complain'd of——

“In answer to which, if your Lordship will point out the person so Impos'd on, I will restore him Fourfold, & make ev'ry concession you can wish——

“——For, first, I do not remember any person that has had plate of me that has ever shown the least discontent, & those few that have desir'd to commute it & take cash have always requested

it directly, after their being appointed, I am sure I never wish'd or Recommended any to take cash, I coul'd not be so much my own Enemy, for on the King's appointing me His Goldsmith, & by His direction, I bring up both my sons to the Business, contracted with a number of the best hands for a constancy whether there was work or not, Built Large workshops, keep a very Large stock to answer the emergencies of the Office, & put my self to every other expence that might expedite business & do Honor to my Great Master, because I fancy'd my self the King's Goldsmith——

“Whereas, if the work is to go into another Channel, I must bring up my sons to some other Business, sell my Bullion again, & be at considerable loss to employ those hands upon things not wanted——

“The Duke of Richmond, indeed, when he was appointed seem'd prejudiced against me, & I presume was told that he wou'd save money by having his plate of his own Goldsmith ; & accordingly went & bespoke a good deal, but the same day he had the precaution to come to me & examine strictly into the matter, acknowledg'd himself misled, & after that order'd all his plate of me, & has employ'd me ever since ; & was so kind as to send me a letter on the occasion, wherein he owns he intended me his displeasure, but, sensible of having

things misrepresented, promis'd me his future Favor, & which if I have the Honor of seeing your Lordship I will beg your perusal——

“——I therefore hope your Lordship will inform me to whom I have been unreasonable, that I may have an opportunity of vindicating myself, for by my character I have hitherto succeeded in life, tho' I am not so vain as to expect I shou'd please every body——

“For—Supposing on an Ambassador being appointed he says he has plate sufficient of his own, & consequently does not want any more, & therefore desires to commute it, & I Pay him . £2400 or somewhat more or less, in proportion to the Price Bullion is at that time. I likewise pay in fees about . . . 200
Which money I Borrow for 12 months, which upon an average is about the time that I lay out of my money ; & it was once my case the Government owing me at that time near £10,000 pounds I accordingly borrow'd for 12 months £2800 for which I paid interest . 140
And as all might not Centre upon one life I thought it advizeable to insure this, which I cou'd not get done under . . . 140
£2880

“——I should be glad to know what benefit all this negociation was to me. Why indeed I had

the consolation of laying my self under obligations to my friends, to give up half my time in attending the Jewell Office & making up the accounts, & soliciting the treasury & Exchequer to be Repay'd, & at the same time get the good name your Lordship is pleas'd to confer on me——

“For your Lordship is pleas'd to say you shall speak of it without scruple, & I am fearful not to my advantage, yet I believe every officer in the Jewell Office will allow they was never so well served——

“And I flatter myself, after the Impartial perusal of these lines, your Lordship will not see me in the light you did before, For, I trust I shall be so happy as to remove your Lordship's displeasure——

“The King's Goldsmith, as I Before observed, was not brought up in the trade, & I suppose finding himself in Difficulties as to Designs & Patterns, he not keeping any plate by him, it suited him to commute it & employ another Goldsmith, & this I presume was the reason of calculating upon an Average for 12 or 15 months' Credit, tho' at one time the Government was 9 Quarters in arrear, & the family of the late Goldsmith in a memorial set forth to his Present Majesty that they were sufferers by the Deaths of Preceding Reigns to the amount of £12,000 pound, & the King was pleas'd to take Compassion & ap-

point him a Salary ; which negociation Mr. Jenkinson is acquainted with, & was one reason why I took the freedom of mentioning his name, & another was that I knew he was your Lordship's friend, & I shou'd wish the scale to turn in your Favor——

“——But as your Lordship is pleas'd to stay until I Receive the money, which probably now might not be long on account of the India money being appropriated to the Discharge of the Civil List, in that case I shall leave it to your Lordship's Honor——

“Your Lordship excusing my having taken up so much of your time will be esteem'd a Singular Obligation confer'd on

“Your very obedient

“Hble. Serv^t,

“THO. HEMING.

“*The Earl of Harcourt, Octbr. 4, 1769.*”

The above paper is inserted somewhat out of its proper order, having been previously overlooked.

Letters from Mrs. Clive.

CATHERINE RAFTER was born in 1711, and displayed an early genius for the stage. Cibber was the first to introduce her to the public, having engaged her at a very small salary. Her performance as Nell, in "The Devil to pay," in 1731, fixed her reputation as the greatest performer of the day in that line of character; and she remained without a rival for thirty years.

In 1732 she married Mr. George Clive, a barrister. The union did not prove a suitable one, and the newly-married pair soon agreed to separate. Mrs. Clive's private life was most exemplary; she continued to delight the public till the year 1769, when she followed the example of her great friend Mrs. Pritchard, and retired from the stage, taking refuge in a small house near Strawberry Hill, which Horace Walpole called Clive-den. Here she passed the remainder of her life, amidst a circle of friends, in easy

competency. She died after a short illness, universally respected and beloved, in 1785.

Mrs. Clive had a strong and pleasing voice with a correct ear. Her mirth was so genuine that, whether in the suppressed smile or the downright burst of laughter, she always carried her audience with her. Her figure was commanding, and her movements graceful. Many attempts were made to induce her to reconsider her determination to abandon the stage, but she always continued resolute in her resolve.

Copy of a letter from Mrs. Clive to one of her friends on the report of her being again to appear on the stage, 1774 :—

“*Nouv.* 17th, 1774.

“MY dear M^{rs}. — need not give herself the trouble of sending for places on my account, as I am not going to tell any *White Lyes* in M^r. Coleman’s new comedy. There is a common saying, they will not let people rest in their graves, but our present news writers go beyond that, for last year they buried me before I was dead, & now they are making me more alive than I chuse to be. I am not quite sure, but I believe I am

something of a philosopher, for I am so perfectly contented with my present happy quiet, that I think I would not enter into a scene of anxiety again even for the enormous sum of a thousand pounds. I am extremely well in health, in mighty good spirits, & perhaps as conceited as ever; but I am so totally out of that assurance that is absolutely necessary for an actress, that I believe if I was to go on the stage again, I should drop with the fright. Then I should be so much afraid of being worried with those dreadful epigrams, some praising, others censuring me; besides I must tell you, I retain such a reverence for the public, who were always so good to me, who flatter'd me so charmingly the last time we were together, that I would not run the risque of abating their esteem for me upon any consideration. I know you will call this vanity; it may be so perhaps, but I am sure it is of the right sort."

Mrs. Clive to Viscount Nuneham :—

"Twickenham, June ye 4th, 1774.

"MY LORD,—I have been in so much distress for these two or three months past that I have not had spirit to write; indeed I am ashamed that I have not before this time thank'd your Lordship for your obliging *charming letter*, but I hope you will forgive me. I know, my Lord, you would not like me so well in tragedy as

comedy, and if I had wrote before, my epistle wou'd have been very *deep*; at present it will only be *dull*. I shall take the liberty of refering your Lordship for the particulars of my calamities to the history of Noah's flood (I suppose your Lordship has read in the bible). I do not recollect there is a full and true account of Mrs. Noah's behavior in the ark, but I question if she had much more patience than I had. We were shut up for near two months, without a possibility of any body coming near us in a carridge. The trades people cou'd wade or come in boats, so we were not in want of provisions; but the floods were so prodigious, and the thieves upon the water were so allarming, for they came in their boats over the tops of hedges to the doors of the houses, and carri'd of every thing they cou'd reach, that I was under such apprehensions I was forc'd to fly for it, and beg to be taken in at a neighbour's where I stay'd five days.

* * * * *

"We *gentrey* that have given ourselves airs about our Villas on the banks of the Thames, are mightly humbled, at least I can speak for myself; the horrid appearance it made while it was in its grining convultions, will allways be present to me; and tho' it now appears with its usual smiles and dimples, I cannot help thinking it has a mallitious look.

"I hope Lady Nuneham and your Lordship are perfectly well, and that you left your friends and admirers in Dublin breaking their hearts after you, for it is allways pleasant to know people grieve for our absence (tho' we do not return the Compliments).

"I am sure your Lordship found your flower garden in its full beauty, and tho' the *bells cou'd not ring*, the birds all sung at your arrival.

"I beg my respects to dear Lady Nuneham. I shall have the greatest pleasure in seeing her Ladyship before your return to Oxfordshire. I must beg the favor of your Lordship, when you see Mr. Whitehead, to make my compliments to him. He was so very obliging to send me his works, and I am sure he must think me very ill bread and ungratefull not to thank him, but I really did not know how to derict to him. I was very much entertain'd, and proud to see my name in his Drama, and I believe your Lordship thinks it time to see it *hear*.

"I am your Lordship's most obedient,

"C. CLIVE.

"My B. and S. begs their respects."

Mrs. Clive to Earl Harcourt :—

"*Twickenham, Dec. ye 7th, 1777.*

".... AND now, my Lord, I shall hope for a promise that Lord and Lady Harcourt will do

me the honor (before they go to Nuneham) to eat their pastoral dinner at Clive-den, where they will be sure to meet with the usual delicacies, and the desert will be charming, for I shall beg your Lordship will invite Mr. Mason, my dear Mr. Whitehead, and Miss Fauquire, to be of your party, which will supply us with wit and humour; then there will be the Pivy^a to talk nonsense, and I hope the Walpole to find fault with me. I shall get the false hay to thro' over the meddow that every thing may look PRETY.

"Our little bit of countrey London here is at present very lively; every thing in the highest *ton*; morning consorts, with fine hands sent for from London and Bath; balls, with suppers (every thing in jelly); card parties without number; indeed we seem to be here (with the rest of the world) in the high road to ruin.

* * * * *

"I have one comfort, I have been told we was ruin'd ever since I was born, so perhaps it may not be true.

"Lady Anne Connelly did me the honor to call on me yesterday morning, and was telling me how noblly Lord and Lady Harcourt had acted by the Dalawar famaly. I was not surpris'd. . . ."

^a "The Pivy" was a name by which some of her intimates called Mrs. Clive.

Mrs. Clive to Earl Harcourt :—

“Twickenham, Feb. ye 12th, 1781.

“MY LORD,—I give your Lordship a thousand thanks for your charming delightfull letter, repleat with sentiment, wit, humour, & fancy; in short cram’d with ideas; is it possible that the noble being that cou’d write that letter, shou’d in that letter confess that he was growing sick of the world; that he very seldome saw any company; that he was sometimes meaney days together without speaking to a creature except Lady Harcourt, and that his only companions and favorites were a barking dog and a squalling Cornish chough; and that he found this disposition grow upon him? For God’s sake, my Lord, cut it down as fast as it comes up, for it is a wretched bad weed; depend upon it, my Lord, that the foolish and the vulgar (for your Lordship knows there is the great vulgar) are never half such disagreeable company to us as we are to ourselves, when we get into those melancholy “tricks;” and really if your Lordship shou’d persist in that temper, I shall be afraid you have been like Alexander to pay a visit to Diogeness, who will try to coax and flatter you into his clutches’s till you will set about biulding tubs instead of palaces; indeed Sir you had much better be acquainted with the laughing gentelman (I don’t know his name).

“I speak by experiance, for when I first retir’d to my ‘pastoral solitude’ I was, as Lady Fancifull says, ‘strangly nice,’ I shook my head, and shrug’d my shoulders at my neighbours; they wou’d not do for me by a pretty deel, but I found that I must in a short time grow mightly tired of a grunting sister, and philosophic brother, and therefore must sometimes change the scean; and if I cou’d not laugh with my neighbours, I cou’d certainly laugh at them, which wou’d be just the same thing.

“That resolution has succeeded to a merical, and I now give it out that we are the first and most agreeable neighbourhood in the county of Middlesex; tho’ perhaps in reallity there never was such a set of drivilers. But I am delighted with them (’tis no matter which way), and if I am ever so happy to pay a vissit to Harcourt House, and have not lost my faculty of makeing my friends laugh, I shall give a few sketches that I am sure will entertain your Lordship and Lady Harcourt; for I shall allways remember with the greatest gratitude that I never laught so truly from my heart as I have done with your Lordship, with any other person in the world; nay I even laught at your calling me ‘a vile tory’ till my tears wet the paper, tho’ at the same time I don’t know what the word means.

“Now, my Lord, I must be serious, and thank

your Lordship for the kind concern you was so good to express for me ; indeed I was in a dreadful dangerous situation for menney years, without knowing any thing of the matter ; on the contrary, I was taught to believe that I must have a third part of Mr. Clive's fortune at the time of his death, let it be what it wou'd, and this by one of the greatest lawyars in the world, Mr. Wedderborn. Poor Mr. Clive is gon, and I think made but a bad exit, he promis'd me all his goods and chattles and has given me none ; but, thank God, I am quite happy and contented, and don't feel the least mallice to his memory. I have fortune enough to purchas every thing I *cannot* do without ; and as for bagatales I am their humble servant.

"I beg your Lordship will give my best respects to my dear Lady Harcourt, I hope her Ladyship will forgive me for having been so free with her Lord.

"I am, my Lord,

"your Lordship's most obeident Servant,

"C. CLIVE.

"My brother and sister beg their Respects to your Lordship and Lady Harcourt."

Mrs. Clive to Earl Harcourt :—

"*Twickenham, August ye 12th, 1783.*

"MY LORD,—I give your Lordship a thousand thanks for your excelent venison, I never tasted

I think any so fine. It was perfectly sweet, and as fat and tender as an ortalan. I wou'd not suffer any body that was not the *ton* to partake of it; your friend Mr. Walpole was one of the company, and I think I never saw him eat so heartily, nor seem more pleas'd; we wanted Lady Harcourt, your Lordship, and the rest of your party to make us compleatly happy.

"Drinking healths it seems is quite left off except in the city, where it wou'd have been announc'd,—'Come, hear is to the founder'—'and the confounders'—if such a health had been propos'd, I suppose Mr. Walpole wou'd have been under the table, except I had acted a city lady, and given it in fun, then nobody wou'd have laught more than himself.

"My heart feels greatly for my dear friend Mr. Whitehead, who indulges such a malancholy suspicion least the fame of his dear departed friend Mrs. Pritchard shou'd be sulli'd by the pranks of a detestable prostitute; who I suppose gives out she was related to Mrs. Pritchard, to give her self an air of haveing vertue in her family, tho' she had none of her own; but he may make himself perfectly easey, for there is not the least consanguinity between Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Willson. Her true history is—that she is daughter of a half sister of Mr. Palmer who marri'd Miss Pritchard. I remember her and her

mother when I was in Dublin twenty years ago ;
the mother was I believe an honest woman, tho'
a wretched actress ; the girl was then nine or ten
years old, very bold and impudent, but seem'd to
have some genius for the stage, but I believe
much more for the profession she now follows.

* * * * *

"Miss Pope has just left me, she is charming.

* * * * *

"Adieu, my dear Lord. I am & ever shall be
your great admirer and obliged,

"PIVY CLIVE."

Mrs. Clive to Earl Harcourt. Written
three weeks before her death in 1785 :—

"MY LORD,—I ought before this time to have
thank'd your Lordship for your fine venison, but
at the time I receiv'd it I heard that Nuneham
was crowded with royal and noble visitors, and
at such a time the poor Pivy's letter wou'd have
been toss'd about, and perhaps not have been
read ; that I shou'd not have liked, for I have
not as yet found out that my letters are dull
and insipid. I am easely check'd, for I am as
proud as any body wou'd wish me to be ; and
pray then, if that is the case, what may make
me write now—why really and truely, my Lord,
because I heard you was ill, and I wanted to

know how you did, for I shall allways remember that I loved Lord & Lady Harcourt, and unless I shou'd live to loose my gratitude I shall allways continue to do so. But I have got into a sort of tragedy letter—pray can Mrs. Siddons write comical letters, if she can I am quite ruin'd; she is a charming woman to be sure, but she has no business to be clever.

“I find we are to have a young Siddons soon, and I hear the whole world is to stand God fathers and God mothers.

* * * * *

“I don't love to mention coming to town, I have so often intended it, and so often been disappointed; but if I should, I shall certainly pay my respects at Harcourt House. I am next Saturday to have a card party, when I expect the whole county of Middlesex. I think I had better make them all pay for coming in, it wou'd help to defray my expences in town.

“I hope my dear Lady Harcourt is well, and beg your Lordship wou'd give my best respects to her Ladyship.

“I am, my Lord,

“Your Lordship's most humble Serv^t,

“C. CLIVE.”

Letter from Miss Hay.

MISS HAY to Viscount Nuneham :—

“ Glynbourn, Febr'y. ye 16th, 1776.

“ I CONGRATULATE your Lordship & Lady Nuneham on being at length settled in the possession of Harcourt House, which tho' it may not at this time be quite agreeable & commodious, I have not the least doubt will soon become so.

* * * * *

“ And now my Lord permit me to thank you for the interest you do us the honour to take in my brother's health, & his being free from the danger of being sent to America. I readily acknowledge the truth of your observations on that subject, and most sincerely wish he had sufficiently recovered his health to attend his duty in Parliament^a; but he really could not at present without the greatest risque, and that to no purpose, as the numbers on every division show. If on this American business they had ever been near on an equality, I am very sure of what he would do; and I do assure your Lordship that, in that case, it would be a point of conscience with me, not only not to say any thing, but not even to wish against this risque.

* * * * *

^a He was member for Lewes.

“The pamphlet which your Lordship mention’d my brother has just got, & is now reading it. If I may judge from the little glympse I had of it, it agrees so much with the notions entertained here, that it cannot fail to be liked. Indeed, we of all people need not be told with what sort of justice our distant colonies have been governed. Your Lordship knows the cruel manner in which I lost a brother in the confusions in Bengal ; but you could not know that that brother had a generous & benevolent heart which glow’d warmly with the love of liberty & truth, while it was his hard lot to dwell in the midst of rapine, fraud, & tyranny.

“He had quitted his native country with all the cheerful hopes of youth about him, & few of the hopes of youth are so well founded as his then appeared ; for he was going to the most flourishing settlement in India, where he was indeed sent in the way that young lads of his age most commonly were ; but then he had advantages not quite common ; he had a father who had spared neither thought nor expense to qualify him for his destination ; he was recommended to the care of the principal people where he was going, by their nearest connections & those on whom they most depended ; he had in my father a watchfull guardian at home, and the little fortune he was to have was sent out with him. But a few years

changed this smiling prospect ; he lost my father, & my eldest brother (who might have come the nearest towards the supplying of his place) was, by being in the army, in Scotland, in France, & Germany, and every where, far enough from knowing what was going on at the India House, or in Bengal, where the rapacious avarice which caused such havoc, still grew upon the gratification of it. Not content with the plunder of the natives, it would wrest from our own people certain privileges in trade which had before been enjoy'd amongst them in common.

“My poor brother, who by the old long established, but comparatively slow, method, was by that time got into the council, kept struggling against innovations, & what he thought oppression, and resisted temptations which by many were found too strong to be resisted. In the mean time his family remained in profound ignorance of what was going on ; their fears were twice allarm'd by hearing of violent revolutions, but they were told all would go on well afterwards ; and this lethargy was not broke by now & then a letter from poor William, because he did not write to us on these affairs, & we were content with hearing of his health, & seeing by his stile that he remained with the same turn of mind that from his infancy had grown up with him. To show what this was I will quote a pas-

sage from the last letter I ever rec'd from him. 'In one of your letters you desire me to give you my sentiments with regard to returning to England, &c., which I shall give you with the greatest pleasure & with the utmost freedom. As I never imagined that happiness depended on great riches, so have my desires always been bounded by a middling & easy fortune, and such I esteem that to be which puts me on a level with my friends in that respect, tho' should my fortune prove much less I could be content. As to India, tho' I have not found it very disagreeable, further than as it is distant from the persons with whom I have proposed to myself to spend my happiest days; yet it is (without the consideration of particular connections) in my opinion much inferior to England, owing not to the country or climate itself, but to the people who inhabit it.'

"Such were the sentiments of a young man of eight & twenty, who has been accused in England of carrying on a illicit trade, tho' that trade was free by the words of the original grant of their settlement. It was indeed just at one time forbid by the directors here, tho' their then governor, and those most favoured by them, were more largely engaged in it than any body; and they soon after grew powerfull enough to make a monopoly of it. My brother, during the short time he was chief of the factory at Patna, had a very advantageous

part of this monopoly offered him by the wretch whom the Governor & some others had put at the head of the province, & who at that time so much wanted to gain my brother that he would not only have made this grant to him, but he sent him a present of a considerable sum of money, without any conditions annex'd. My brother immediately returned the last, & declining the first, sent an account of it to the Governor & council; giving it as his opinion that it was unfit for a private man, & ought to belong to the company.

“But this is but a small instance of his disinterestedness when compared to his voluntarily putting himself into the power of this very monster as an hostage, in order to obtain the release of a man whom he thought more capable of being usefull to his countrymen. The dreadfull catastrophe is known, and this is a subject on which I could never open my mind but to my incomparable friend ^b. We were soon afterwards trembling for another brother's life, which was attacked by a most dangerous illness, from the effects of which he has never intirely recovered, and I dared not speak the feelings of my own breast for fear of other fatal consequences. But she, who during a dreadfull suspense of more than three months, had (in the midst of scenes of gaiety & disipation) been unwearied in her endeavours to get

^b Lady Palmerston, formerly Miss Pole.

intelligence that could give relief, as soon as the fatal truth was known, left the place where she was pleased, & sure to please, to come & shut herself up with me, & hear my gloomy thoughts, and see the dismal countenances of all. Nor did she come as if she was performing a duty which might be thought owing to a long intimacy; but she came with a heart full of sympathy, & a mind awake to every thing that could give a moment's ease.

“Sensible of the justness of my affliction, she partook of it, & never breathed one word of blame, till long, very long after, when she used to condemn me for searching for papers & publications, with which she alone knew how I tormented myself. Then, how many things did her good sense suggest, aided by her almost irresistable manners, as she tried to give my mind a softer turn. I have more than once answered her with roughness, and it is not long since I found a letter of hers in answer to one where I had said my mind was then in such a state I could hear of her death without emotion. This could not abate her kindness, she only answers me, ‘Believe me, my dear Miss Hay, what you say about me *is madness*,’ and she takes occasion from it to show the absolute necessity of getting my thoughts into some other channel, & of practising more submission to the will of Heaven. Since I have lost her

these thoughts have been confined within my own breast, by the fears of further sufferings to my family; and these fears have prevailed so much that I have never ventured to mention my desire of imploying a certain £500 left me by my brother in putting up a marble to the memory of my father & the two brothers I have now no more. Now I have mention'd this, I ought to say that before my brother set out on that fatal deputation from which he never return'd, he made his will, in which he disposed of the very moderate sum he had acquired by a 12 years' residence in that ill-fated country.

“He with great judgement & justice left something more than half of it to my brother, the rest to be divided between my sister & myself; part in present, & part after my mother's death. Nor were some poor natives of that country forgotten. Three of them he particularly names; and notwithstanding the vile character that has been given to that race of people, he calls them old & faithful servants. But to return, tho' his love to his sisters & just desire to have them equal appeared, yet he seem'd desirous to show that the longer acquaintance which my age gave me was remembered by him, & added to me the £500 which I have ever intended & shall keep sacred to the purpose I have mention'd.

“Judge, my Lord, of my opinion of your humanity when I can send you such a letter as this?”

Letter from Mrs. Canning.

THE father of George Canning had ventured to make a marriage of affection with a woman, whose letter, here given, shews her to have been gifted with rare endowments, although money and birth were wanting. This marriage brought down upon him a parental vengeance under which he succumbed ; not, however, before he had left, in his son, a legacy to his country far richer than any of that wealth, the want of which had been visited so heavily upon him. His youngest brother, father of the distinguished diplomatist, whose loss at a patriarchal age England has lately had so much reason to deplore, nobly stood by him, and shared in the displeasure of their father. The second brother, however, purchased what cannot but be considered an ignominious favour, by consenting to the unjust treatment of his other brothers.

How little did the senior Canning dream of the lustre that was to be shed upon his name by the descendants of those whom he so cruelly treated.

Mrs. Canning (mother of George Canning) to Viscountess Nuneham (written when she went upon the stage to pay for her son's education at Eton):—

“London, January 24th, 1774.

“MADAM,—I have great pleasure in the obligations I find myself under to your Ladyship, as they are probably the only means that wou'd have honoured me with an introduction to you. Indeed my misfortunes, however grievous in themselves, have abounded with consequences the most flattering. Attracted by them, the Duchess of Ancaster became my friend, and attach'd by their continuance she still remains so. Scarcely can I restrain my gratefull heart from pouring its tribute to her goodness, from saying what comfort, what consolation, what self consequence I derive from it. But your Ladyship knows her, and all eulogium is as needless as this digression may seem foreign to the business of your letter to her Grace.

“Accept, Madam, my most gratefull thanks for all the good offices you have done and mean to do me; tho', in justice as well as gratitude to your Ladyship, I must confess, that from any application to my father-in-law I cannot hope that success which alone cou'd compensate for the trouble

you wou'd take, & honor you wou'd confer on me in the trial. My fear is founded upon long experience of his inflexible severity, not only in my case, but that of his own children. In order to justify his conduct to them he has always pleaded some offence on their parts ; to justify his conduct towards me he lays nothing to my charge but not having brought his son any fortune. How he will support the charges against his children a day far distant must prove, & particularly against his eldest son, whose universally acknowledged merit was all the jointure he left me, all the possession he had to bequeath to his orphan boys, and yet, proud even in the midst of poverty, no other cou'd have been more estimable.

“The charge against me is just, and, therefore, to his mercy only have I appealed, but his mercy was not to be obtain'd. Your Ladyship desires me to be particular, and however painful and humiliating the recital, I obey. Upon the death of Mr. Canning his father wrote to me, informing me that he was acquainted with that event, and with his having left a son, and declaring that it was his intention to give me forty pounds a year, not more, and that in England, not in Ireland. Circumstanced as I then was, the faculties of mind and body almost absorbed in a lethargy of sorrow, it is not surprising that I did not consider the subject very accurately. I wrote to him, thanked him,

& said little more. This, however, was so far of service that it rous'd my mind, and restored in some measure the power of thinking. My dear boy, just beginning to talk of that father he had for ever lost, & another infant expecting to be born, called upon me to plead their cause; I did so, but without success, I remonstrated, solicited, tried every effort to touch his heart, or to alarm his pride, yet so as to lay no claim in my own right, but theirs; nay, even for them, rather to beg than demand. He replied, but it was to tell me that I had nothing to expect from him. Again I tried, and still I tried in vain. He reason'd upon the justice of refusing me support because I had not brought his son a portion.

“At last he condescended to write to me to apologize for some expressions of his which had given me unnecessary pain; and then, of his own free will, promised to increase my allowance (or rather my children's, for he repeated his resolution of doing nothing for me) five pounds in the half year. However, on account of my lying in, which I expected to be in October, he said he would pay it me in that month instead of November. I have an heart that delights in being grateful; I thanked him for this consideration as if it had been an adequate provision, yet, tho' I blush for him whilst I write it, justice compels me to add that I never received a line nor a shilling

from him from the time of that promise in August till the January following, and that was in return to a notification which I sent him of the birth of my youngest son, almost nine months after the death of his father. And here I must offer up my gratefull adoration to that divine power who alone cou'd foresee this cruelty, and who in the very month of October, when I was so treated by him, raised me up those friends through whose intercession I became an object of the royal bounty, and, from the humanity of the parent of her people, received a supply to save me from the consequences which might have attended his unexpected breach of promise ; nor did they leave me there, but, by their unceasing goodness, have rais'd me from despair, & supported me under the formidable trial which has established me a publick character.

“ Encouraged by their continued countenance & protection, I hope the best consequences from my present undertaking, and I believe it will be prudent in me to hope at least to rely only on my own industry for myself. As to my children, to them I trust his justice will be exerted ; they are his own innocent unoffending posterity, and being capable of no crime are liable to no punishment. This I wou'd fain hope, but shou'd I be deceived, shou'd injury be offer'd them, I have the firmest confidence in the Father of the fatherless, & the friend of the widow, and in those kind substitutes

of Heaven who have undertaken the pious trust of guardianship over them. If my sons have rights, justice will make good their claims ; if they have not, they will at least have the knowledge of their situation ascertain'd ; and I, in bringing it to a trial, will have the satisfaction of knowing that I have done a widow'd mother's duty. With this view have I made the great sacrifice of a private to a publick life, that I might keep my children in the face of the world in opposition to every effort that has been made to plunge them in an obscurity where friendship herself might forget & leave them.

"Still, I own, it wou'd give me pleasure to live upon the most friendly terms with all the relations of an husband so deservedly dear as him whose loss I shall ever mourn. His father nor his mother I have ever seen, the latter never corresponded with me. His brothers are both well known to me ; the elder, now in Ireland, has I believe always, on every occasion, so conducted himself as to keep well with his father. I sometimes hear from him, and the most affectionate letter I ever had from him was the last, written avowedly for the purpose of congratulating me upon my success upon the stage. As to him^a your Ladyship mentions as having lost his father's favor by his late marriage, he is a most amiable

^a The youngest brother, father of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

young man indeed, beloved by every body who ever knew him, and however unfortunate in being an object of that severity which never softens, must surely be under the protection of heaven, & entitled to the reward promis'd to piety like his. From the moment I became a Widow, he has by every kind and tender attention endeavour'd to soften the horrors of my situation, and to supply the blessing I had lost ; to my children he has ever shewn the fondness of a parent ; and the blessings of the widow & fatherless which hourly fall upon him, will, I trust in God, be effectual to procure him long uninterrupted happiness.

“Nothing, Madam, but your commands cou'd excuse the length of this letter, I am honor'd with those for my apology & shall not offer any other. Unentertaining as a narration of this sort must necessarily be, it has truth for its ornament & you have humanity to feel entertain'd whilst you pity. I mean not this as commonplace civility, for tho' I have not the honor of being personally acquainted with you, from the manner in which the Duchess of Ancaster mentions Lady Nuneham I am convinced of her being such a character as I wish all those to be to whom I think myself so particularly obliged. I have the honor to be your Ladyship's most obedient.

“M. A. CANNING.”

Letters from Jane Pope.

THE friend of Siddons, of Pritchard, and of Clive, Jane Pope was one of those laughter-loving, mirth-inspiring daughters of the stage, who charmed the playgoers at the end of the last century. When not professionally engaged she was a welcome guest at the houses of those who cultivated literature and the fine arts. It is a common saying that public taste regulates the tone of the theatre, that where the one is debased the other must of necessity be so also; but it is at least as true that the high-toned actor schools the taste of the public; and in this respect, with one or two noted exceptions, we in these days lie under marked disadvantage as compared with our ancestors.

Miss Jane Pope to Earl Harcourt :—

“Astrop-Wells, July 9, 1798.

“MY LORD,—I presume your Lordship did not mean the dinner you gave us should be a secret, if you did you shou’d not have trusted three

women whose tongues have talk'd on nothing else since.

* * * * *

"You treated us with so much elegance, ease, & hospitality, that we could not chuse but be happy with you & all your agreeable inmates. I hope my exuberant spirits did not run away with me; but that you consider'd me on the whole a pretty behav'd gentlewoman.

"I perceive your Lordship has gone through your evolutions at Oxford with great *éclat*, & as aid-de-camp to your martial maid^a have come off with great celebrity. Indeed her Ladyship's speech is admirable! I hear it was delivered with great effect; and that notwithstanding the area was large, it was distinctly heard. They are quite the gentlemen those soldiers, & when I saw them performing their exercise they fired for their King & country with all the energy of the heros of Homer & Virgil together.

"By this time you have Miss Fauquier with you, & then you certainly have not an every day woman added to *la belle assemblée*. I see her seated on her favorite bench in the midst of the *champs élysées*, and in view of all the towers & turrets of Oxenforde, as Sheldon's maps would say. You do well not to have those said maps publicly

^a Lady Harcourt made a speech to the Oxfordshire militia, on presenting colours to the regiment.

view'd, for they would be greatly coveted to make a figure at the Radcliffe & Bodleian libraries^b.

"Will your Lordship have the goodness to give the enclos'd to my Lady Harcourt, & to permit my little party to join their thanks with mine for the honor you did us & the treat you gave us in shewing a place, as Ma^{dme} de Maintenon says, *ou l'on pense avec tant de raison, ou l'on badine avec tant de grace*. I am, my Lord, with great respect,

"Your most hum^{ble} Sert,

"JANE POPE."

Miss Jane Pope to Earl Harcourt :—

"Feb. 19, 1800.

"MY LORD,—How shall I thank your Lordship sufficiently for the trouble you have taken about my little self, &, as an Irishman wou'd say, 'and my concerns.' When I have read your letter an hundred times *l'amour propre* will certainly assist me, & I shall at length believe all you say, but beware of making me too proud !

"What you observe of silly fancies is inimitable ! M^{rs}. Pritchard possess'd herself with the same idea on seeing M^{rs}. Porter perform L^y Macbeth, & declar'd the world shou'd not get her to make so

^b These maps were, through a misconception of his rights over entailed property, given by Mr. G. Harcourt to the Museum at York ; where they cannot be of the same interest as they were in the county which they portrayed.

unsuccessful an attempt. But as she was an actress *comme il y'en a peu* your Lordship remembers how that succeeded. However, as there will always be candidates for the stage, how fortunate that every period produces its phenomena. So there are Clives & Pritchards for every day.

"If aught shou'd be repeated respecting the 'command' I hope you will plead for me, & get that charming advocate her R.H. the Princess Elizabeth on your side. In every cause as a pleader she must be invaluable, for her animated countenance is certainly an index of every thing that is irresistible!

* * * * *

"I must beg leave again to repeat my sense of the obligations I owe your Lordship, and am,

"Y^r most obedient

"Humble Ser^t,

"JANE POPE.

"P.S. I am delighted their majesties have commanded the clandestine marriage, though I unfortunately have no share in't, because they have made M^{rs}. King, our very clever veteran, supremely happy!"

Letters from Henry Hamilton.

THE Hon. Henry Hamilton was third son of Gustavus Hamilton, Viscount Boyne. He was a clever and accomplished man, and much in favour with Lord Harcourt.

Hon. Henry Hamilton, to Simon, Earl Harcourt :—

“MY LORD,—Your Excellency’s condescension encourages me to hazard writing a long letter from this remote quarter, tho’ I ought not to suppose that any information I can give will be either satisfactory or entertaining.

* * * * *

“I feel that I owe it to your Lordship’s interposition my being appointed to this government, and I hope to prove myself worthy of your Excellency’s favours.

“Since my arrival at this place my time has been employed chiefly in attending to the savages and repairing the fort ; the former of these occupations is the most troublesome, but I find it has its advantages. There is an astonishing degree

of acuteness in these people, who are vigilant for their common interests, while they pursue with the greatest keenness their private advantage. They are consummate in the art of War, as far as it can be practiced in a country almost entirely covered with woods, and inaccessible to a force which would act after a different manner from themselves; for which reason I really believe no people, however disciplined, can with equal numbers have a chance of subduing them by arms. Their intercourse with Europeans will effect such a change in the course of even a few years as may render the reduction of them an easy matter, supposing that an unwarrantable ambition should tempt to the experiment.

“They are become almost entirely dependant on us for the necessaries of life; and what may be called ‘luxury’ with them is making hasty strides towards their ruin. Many of them are exceedingly enervated, tho’ effeminacy does not shew itself. Strong liquors destroy them, and in this particular the avarice of traders must defeat its own designs. Many instances of the excessive passion these poor people have for rum point out the humanity as well as policy of restraining the sale of it; as to any tax on spirits to lessen the quantity to be disposed of, I believe it would be ineffectual, for since my coming here that poison has been sold at 32 shillings the gal-

lon, which was bought for 2 shillings, supplies of every kind being cut off (till lately) with Canada. The savages would pledge their arms, their ornaments, I believe their wives, for rum, but the traders are strictly forbid to accept those pledges. I have asked savages why they, who shew so great command of their passions in many instances, cannot restrain themselves in the article of rum ; their answer amounts to this, that it seduces their reason before they drink it, as it overpowers it afterwards. What is peculiarly distressing at such a time particularly as this is, that, unless they be gratified in this particular, they would fly to those who would buy them from themselves with it.

“There is a great difference in the manners and dispositions of the several Indian nations, some being far more tractable, less fickle, and less treacherous, than others. As far as I can find, it is not true, tho’ generally thought to be the case, that the most civilized are the most vicious ; this is, however, fact, that the lessons of Christianity they listen to from the indefatigable Jesuit Missionaries have not *rooted* out national vices. I must not say vices natural to them, tho’ some appear to be as inherent as fierceness to a tyger, or mischief to a monkey. The utmost attention, and the threats of quitting them on misbehaviour, cannot effect a change when the warlike spirit is once roused. Carnage and cruelty are then too

attractive for all the oratory of the priest; and after having conformed to the most solemn rites of the Romish Church, they will sometimes sacrifice a dog, the usual victim of the Warriors, consult some little Household Gods, sing their War Song, dance their War Dance, and then set out on the most horrid schemes for glutting their thirst of blood. They have, however, this attention for their priests, that they perform these orgies as secretly as possible. I have had the satisfaction hitherto of finding the Indians very manageable, at the same time frequent instances of their fickleness & treachery on former occasions prevent my laying too great stress on their professions, or even their actions.

* * * * *

“The country possessed by the western Indians is by all accounts equal for various advantages to any other part of the World, but as we have few, if any, faithfull maps of the interior part of this vast country, so, I am persuaded, we have few faithfull accounts. This is not to surprize us: very few people have had opportunity of exploring without running risques which, to my own knowledge, are sufficient to damp such a curiosity as mine. The less a country has been explored, the greater field a traveller has to describe *ad libitum*, and of this advantage the American travellers have availed themselves, from Baron de Hontan

down to Major Rogers. Even father Charlevoix, who, in general, is allowed to be pretty authentic, is taxed by some people for being frequently ingenious where he should have been ingenuous; he has not confined the marvellous to church miracles.

“This particular place has many advantages from its situation; and, many people imagine, will increase considerably, being almost the only part of North America, from the Gulph of St. Lawrence to Florida, that has not felt some shock from the late commotions. Numbers and industry are at present wanting to make the most of what the soil, climate, and other natural advantages would yield to a diligent and industrious set of people; but should some of the Kentish farmers from Pennsylvania fly to this place from the tyranny which we hear is exercised by the congress and their adherents, the settlement will soon wear a different aspect. The Canadians owe much of their present comfortable situation to the English who have resided here since the cession of Canada. Ships have been built, black cattle and sheep bred, husbandry improved, and trade encreased. Indeed the superior skill and spirit of enterprize which distinguishes the new settlers from the first inhabitants, will, in course of time, render the Canadians subservient. The furr trade is nearly engrossed at this present by the English traders,

and in every undertaking they outstrip the French people. The French never sowed winter corn till the practice of the English shewed them the advantage of it. They had no Craft above the size of *Batteaux* till the arrival of the English here ; at this present there are ten sail of topsail Vessels belonging to this place of different burthens up to a hundred and ten tons. The finest timber for ship building is fallen in these woods, red cedar, white cedar, and oaks of a vast size. There are for other uses, pine, walnut, cherry, ash, hickory, maple, alder, white & black mulberries, beech, platanus, birch, elm, sassafras, and many other sorts ; medicinal and aromatic plants, dying stuffs, &c., to swell the botanical dictionary considerably. The soil is extremely fertile, producing maiz, wheat, oats, barley, tobacco, buck Wheat, pease, & in general all sorts of pulse, roots & herbs. The English introduce good kinds, & the Canadians begin to improve by their example, and enlarge their kitchen gardens.

“Orchards are easily brought to great perfection, but the people are too ignorant as yet to turn them to the account that a Herefordshire or Devonshire farmer would. In general, necessities of life are so easily procured at this place that indolence is rather encouraged than industry exerted. Fish, fowl, and venison, are had for the amusement of taking them, and a good sports-

man might easily support a large family all the year round. The inhabitants amount at present to about 1500; when the English came among them there were few horned cattle to be seen, and no sheep; there are now about 3,000 head of the former, and 2,000 of the latter. There are some tolerable artificers among the English, but no manufacture is carried on; they have not even attempted curing fish, tho' there is an astonishing variety of excellent kinds, some very large, and which might be dried or pickled. There are salt springs at no great distance, with convenience of fuel, and water carriage, yet nothing worth mentioning has been attempted yet towards making salt, which necessary article has this winter been sold at two shillings and four pence sterling the pound.

“My Lord, in this little detail I perhaps have not mentioned any thing with which your Excellency has not been already acquainted. I was, however, willing to shew, by my account, that I have all the reason in the world to be satisfied with my situation; tho' it had not been what it is my gratefull sense of my obligations to your Lordship would have been the same as they are. I hope the memory of it will prompt me to act in a manner to deserve, in some measure, the continuance of your Lordship's good opinion. I hope your Lordship has before this time received ac-

counts from this Country of Colonel Harcourt's welfare. Permit me to assure your Lordship that my wishes are most sincere for the honor, safety, and prosperity of persons so near to you as Lord Nuneham and Colonel Harcourt.

"I have the honor to be with the most profound respect,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most devoted and

"most obliged humble servant,

"HENRY HAMILTON.

"*Detroit, Octr. 6th, 1776.*"

Hon. Henry Hamilton, now become Governor of the Bermuda Islands, to Countess Harcourt :—

"*St. George's, Bermuda, June 12th, 1791.*

"MADAM,—The master of the 'Nonpareille,' of Bermuda, has in charge to deliver into the hands of Mr. Brickwood, merchant, Lime Street, London, a cage containing a pair of birds for your Ladyship, which I hope may be found worthy to parade the walks at Nuneham, I am not sure if they would not attract notice on the terrace at Windsor. They have been used to a country life ; to eat eggs for breakfast, and sometimes a chicken for dinner. I have considered this as too gross a

stile of living for birds of their feather and fashion, and have endeavoured to reconcile them to sago, millet, maiz, or bread. This regimen agrees very well with them, if I am to judge by the brightness of their eyes, which are of the Bunbury color.

“I take them to be the pheasant of the Spanish main; they were brought hither from the bay of Honduras, and are, as I believe, what the bird authors call Curassoa, cock & hen.

“There are persons in the world who condescend to look with complacency on a trifle when offered as a proof of grateful attachment, and would accept a baskett of flowers from a coarse hand accompanied with plain language, as kindly as if Lady Templeton’s fingers had twined them into a garland, & the D. of L. or E. of I. had presented it. Your Ladyship has long taught me to hold this opinion. I must not allow my pen the liberty he sometimes presumes to take, of passing from the 1st to the 3rd, and sometimes to the 13th page, but limit his career for the present. With most respectful compliments to Lord Harcourt, I have the honor to be,

“Madam,

“your Ladyship’s most faithful

“and devoted humble Servant,

“HENRY HAMILTON.”

Hon. Henry Hamilton to George Simon,
Earl Harcourt :—

“ St. George’s, Bermuda, Octr. 25th, 1791.

“MY LORD,—My judgement has proved a just one. It was that persons of a noble mind can set a value on trifles and accept them with kindness as compensation for valuable favors. Diomedes’ iron was accepted as sterling. Lady Harcourt has written me a charming letter in payment of two fowls.

“It depends on me to make my advantage of this easyness of disposition or generosity of character by sending coops full of poultry of different kinds ; but it is prudent not to overstock the market. You must be informed I have a design upon your Lordship, and I don’t know but there is lurking an insidious design upon your purse ; you shall however be judge in this case, and your purse have time to recover any alarm that such an intimation may create. Your Lordship may have heard that the most excellent prelate Berkeley had formed a project for the establishment of a university in these islands ; his view is to promote the education of youth for the church, and especially for that of Missionaries to convert the poor Indians of North America. That office is now undertaken by the executive powers of the 15 States, who by

dint of powder and ball are hastening the salvation of the poor savages, and depriving them as fast as possible of those lands and that property which no doubt they consider the *irritamenta malarum*, the bird lime which prevents Indian souls winging their way to the Realms of bliss. The Bermuda islands are in a far different condition from that in which the Bishop understood them to be, and the late discovery of their natural advantages is so important^a to Great Britain that I will briefly state them. They possess ports and harbors of various extent and depth of water. Frigates may be carreen'd, fleets of the first rate ride secure, and in time of war his Majesty's cruisers and the privateers of the island ruin the trade of any adverse power trading to the West India islands, the Spanish main, or the southern ports of North America.

"In the last American rebellion an individual, by his spirited exertions, from this country made a very affluent fortune, and unquestionably occasioned a loss of half a million sterling to the enemies of Great Britain, by taking prizes and disturbing their commerce; his name is Goodrich. Many of the islanders are capable of being pilots to most parts of the W. Indies and continent of America. The salubrity of the air, the excellence

^a Of course the discovery of steam has modified all these conditions.

of the water, the fish, vegetables, and acid fruits, are well known, and no doubt would prove a great relief to ships whose crews were afflicted with the sea scurvy. The arrival of Troops has lately been announc'd, the fortifications have been repaired, and tho' all have not been put in condition by the engineer, yet the country is, in comparison of its late state, very defensible. A station for a light house has been fixed on by the engineers, which will prove the salvation of numbers, should Government adopt the measure.

“At the distance of eight miles from the great island is a plate of rock 200 yards in length, 70 in breadth, dry at low water; some pinnacles, of the height of 10 and 15 feet, shew themselves at a great distance to navigators who are alarmed at the foaming breakers which range here with great violence; this is no doubt what in some maps is lay'd down as the false Bermuda. This table of Rock has a great base sloping gradually from the surface. Between this and another breaker is a wide channel to a safe and still bason, but the apprehensions of danger have, till lately, prevented these points being ascertained.

“A Naval officer of experience has been two years employed on a survey, taking soundings, &c.; his opinion is that the maritime advantages of these islands are superlative, in which he is now joined by the inhabitants, who have hitherto

been unacquainted with them. Another light house is proposed to be erected on the main island, on an eminence called the wreck hill. These two lights, with the proper directions, will render the access to these islands as secure as it has formerly been deemed dangerous. So many harbors as these islands boast have induced the inhabitants to build their habitations in a very scatter'd irregular manner, expecting to build ships and carry on trade independant of assistance from their neighbours ; this delusion has been maintained for many years ; at length they see their error, and have attempted to concentrate the trade by building a town near the middle of the island, in Pembroke bay ; it is begun, and, under the sanction of the legislature, may in time produce the desired effect. The engineer, captain Durnford, has lay'd it out on a convenient scale & regular plan. The quay is, by law, never to be encroach'd on by permanent buildings ; it is about 1,200 yards long, and 80 feet wide. The streets are 50 feet wide, lay'd out at right angles.

"Nothing can be more pleasing to the view than the site of this place, which they honor me by calling after the present governor. Opposite to the town are hills cover'd with wood, interspersed with houses, mostly white, being built of the stone of the island. The water is clear as christal, and a number of wooded islands vary

the scene. It happens that the wreck hill, at the distance of about 9 miles, forms exactly the termination of the view from the head of the harbor; it is of the form of Vesuvius in miniature, but at present nearly cloathed with wood. The Bermudians now build annually about 11,000 tonns of shipping, which sells at an average for £7 currency the Tonn. Berm. Curr^y to English as 12 to 8. This is the principal staple of the island, and by which chiefly, & being carriers between America and the W. Indies, they pay their taxes and obtain the goods and provisions purchased from foreigners. Till lately the ship builders built without drafting their vessels or employing the scientific rules of naval architecture.

“This, my Lord, is but a hasty, therefore an imperfect, sketch of the state of these islands with regard to maritime matters. I come now to the mention of my design.

“Having in my letters to Lord Grenville stated these matters at length, I ventured to mention to his Lordship the advantages which in my humble opinion would be gained by the establishment of an Academy where astronomy, navigation, designing, geography, naval architecture, surveying, &c., might be taught, emulation inspired, and the youth of this country, & of the West Indies, be educated at a cheap rate, in a healthy climate, far from vice

& dissipation, and the poisonous principles of American Seminaries. The people of these islands are estimated at 14,000, almost every male, black or white, is seaman, pilot, or fisherman; the lands, tho' the most productive that can well be imagined, lye neglected; yet coffee, cotton, indigo, tobacco, sugar canes, and many valuable medicinal plants, grow well; also sarsaparilla, aloes, ipecacuanha (wild), squills, rhubarb (wild), all sorts of pulse, herbs, and roots, and several kinds of grain: but the predilection for the sea makes them in general adverse from cultivation, and the dollars they gain at the salt quays & by navigation go chiefly to America to purchase flour, salt, provisions, indian corn, lumber, and live stock. There is not an acre per head for them to cultivate, yet three fifths of the island are under timber or totally neglected.

“Those who do not go to sea, the lower class, are helpless, indolent, proud, too proud to work, & are sunk in gross habits of dirt & sloth. Education will inspire pride; the youth who are raised by it above the level of their miserable parents will never suffer their offspring to languish in inactivity. The Bermudian traders are active and acute, and those who have served as officers in the King's ships have been remarked for activity, intelligence, & spirit in the service. Upon these grounds I have solicited Lord Grenville and

others of the Lords of the Privy Council to procure his Majesty's sanction, parliamentary aid, and private contributions, for the erection of buildings, for a foundation with Professor and assistants, for the purchase of mathematical instruments, books, &c.; and in this ends my threat at the contents of your Lordship's purse, should the scheme meet with approbation.

"With respectful compliments to Lady Harcourt, I have the honor to be your Lordship's most faithful and most humble Servant,

"HENRY HAMILTON."

Letters from Mr. Boothby.

THE intermarriages between the Vernons and the Boothbys were numerous. The writer of these letters was second cousin to Lady Nuneham.

Brooke Boothby, Esqr. to Viscount Nuneham :—

“Spa, Augt. 10th, 1777.

“IF, my dear Lord, you have never been under the absolute dominion of the spirit of laziness, you will hardly conceive it possible to pass six months in wishing to write to a person that you love very much & to whom you have something that you are sure will be very agreeable to say ; & yet this has literally been my case with respect to your Lordship.

“Our divine philosopher^a received the portrait with the utmost seeming pleasure, & mentioned in the strongest terms his regard for the original. He hung it up immediately, & when I went the next day he had removed it over his harpsichord, because he said he wished to place it where it would be the most constantly in his view. In a word he spoke of you *d'un ton très animé*, & I

^a Rousseau.

believe there is little reason to doubt his sincerity upon these points. I left him in January & found him again in June extremely well in health, & his mind more composed than ever I expected to have seen it. I fear, however, that he is much straightened in his circumstances. He has left off copying music, & his whole income amounts to only 1,100 livres a year, which I should think at Paris, for two people & a maid servant, that they are obliged to have on account of M^{de}. R.'s ill health, could not be sufficient to procure common necessities.

"I wish to God the pension from England had been continued to him, & I cannot forgive my Lord Rochford for being the cause that it was not. The history of this fact, which I have from himself, is as follows. When he found the pension was to be continued to him at Paris he was both surprized & much pleased ; however, his delicacy felt that there was some reparation due to a country that he was to owe so much to, for his abrupt manner of quitting it, & for any thing that in the moments of *aigreur* he might have said or even thought against it. In the fullness of his heart he addressed himself to L^d R., who was then Ambassador at Paris, only humbly requesting that it might be signified to him that his peace-offering was accepted with favour. The best one can say for L^d R., & that I think does

no great honour to his feelings, is that the letter was unintelligible to him. Poor R. waited three months *le cœur serré* for an answer. He then thought he could not with honour continue to receive the pension, & he signified his resolution & the reasons for it to L^d R. in terms full of gratitude & respect for the King, & there the affair ended. I have no doubt but that, upon this history, he would be pronounced a madman in all the learned & polite circles in Europe, *car on ne peut concevoir qu'un homme qui n'a pas perdu l'esprit doit sacrifier presque tout son bien a un delicatessse de sentiment !*

“During the six weeks that I was last at Paris I passed much of my time with this ‘divine man,’ & my love & respect are grown into absolute adoration. I think your Lordship’s enthusiasm is little less than my own, & it is upon that chiefly that I venture to found the request I am going to make. You know I am in possession of one of his manuscripts which I thought safest to leave behind me in England. He is now very desirous that the translation of it into English should be finished forthwith, & he even makes it the terms upon which he promises to deliver me the other volumes. Is it not too monstrous a request to ask you to allow me to have the original manuscript sent to you, in order that you should cause a copy to be taken of it and transmitted to me?

I really am afraid it is ; I shall, however, order the MS. to be sent to you, because I think it cannot be anywhere so properly deposited as in your hands. If you consider the necessary precautions of secrecy, &c., would render the having it copied difficult or inconvenient, I earnestly request that you will think no more of it. I should propose that the copy when finished should be sent to Mr. Eden, with my name upon it, and with a request that he should transmit it to Mr. Elliot, minister at Berlin—Mr. E.'s address is, you know, in L^d Suffolk's office.

"I passed the rest of the winter very quietly, or perhaps one might say stupidly, at Montpellier. I had the pleasure of finding Mr^s. Meynell^b at Paris in the beginning of June—we came together to Brussels, & there, after having delivered me up her son, as a most precious deposit, we divided, she for England, & me for Germany. God send I may restore him safe into her hands !

"I was much delighted with the manner of Colonel Harcourt's carrying off a General from the head of his army, it is quite like the adventure of one of the ancient heroes.

"I beg the favour of your Lordship to present my very affectionate regards to Lady Nuneham ; assure her that I can never pass by the *lion verd* without a little involuntary sigh. It was, I think,

^b A mutual cousin of Lady Nuneham's and Mr. Boothby's.

at this place that I had first the pleasure of being acquainted with your Lordship, & it is the only circumstance that keeps me in any tolerable good humour with it, for I think the whole *ton* & stile of it beyond measure detestable.

"I fear your Lordship has begun to wish that my lazy fit had continued. This is indeed an unconscionable letter.

"I am, my dear Lord,

"your very faithful

"& affectionate servant,

"BROOKE BOOTHBY."

Brooke Boothby, Esq. to Earl Harcourt:—

"Marseilles, Dec. 14, 1777.

"MY DEAR LORD,—The first place I stoped at after I had received the honour of your Lordship's letter was Frankfort, & I had written to you from thence when I heard the melancholy account of the death of Lord Harcourt; at such a moment I did not venture to intrude upon your sorrow.

"I have been here about a month, & have been confined almost the whole time with an aguish fever that has tormented me exceedingly; at present I hope it has left me.

"From the general idea that I have formed of the french I am not at all surprized with the behaviour of your guest. Take them out of their

procedes & exteriour forms, & I think they are essentially ill-bred. They are totally unacquainted with that delicate attention to avoid giving pain which after all is the only true politeness; the rest is nothing but grimace & *simagrée*. When I saw Rousseau last I mentioned to him the circumstance of your Lordship having placed his bust in your *Elisée*, & something of the inscription; R. seemed to be pleased with what I told.

* * * * *

"I am afraid you never have received the manuscript, & still more afraid of the trouble you may have given yourself in case it has been sent to you.

* * * * *

"Now I am upon the subject of this manuscript, I beg you will recollect that in case I should die abroad it is my earnest desire that you may be put in possession of it, & that you will acquaint the author with your having it.

"Did I mention to you that when I talked to him about his pension from England, I thought I perceived that it might be offered to him in a way that he would accept it? In my way thro' Lausanne I saw Mr. Brydone who travels with L^d North's sons; I told him the history of the letter to L^d Rochford, &c. He said he had more than once heard L^d North express a wish that he had continued to receive his pension, & that he could venture to say that it would be paid to him

when ever he pleased. If Lord North would carry this charitable disposition a little farther, & consider the weakness of a poor old man, who, from cruel usage & excessive sensibility, has had his intellect a little shaken, so as to write him a letter founded upon what Rousseau wrote to L^d Rochford (which I think I mentioned to your Lordship at length), & offering him the continuation of his pension, it would surely be a glorious action. But perhaps this is too much to hope for, & I rather think our friend would not accept it upon any terms but some acknowledgement of that letter to L^d Rochford. I know not whether I explain myself clearly ; as to dwelling so long upon this head I am sure I need make no apology for that to your Lordship.

* * * * *

“I beg the favour of you to present my affectionate regards to Lady Harcourt ; assure her that I felt very sincerely for your late misfortune. I fear it would be a cruel shock to poor Lady Vernon !

* * * * *

“The uncertain & contradictory accounts that we have of what passes in America are very tormenting. Surely this is the deepest game we ever played.

“I am with the truest regard your Lordship’s very faithful, humble servant,

“BR. BOOTHBY.”

Brooke Boothby, Esq. to Earl Harcourt :—

“*Lichfield, 12 June, 1778.*”

“MY DEAR LORD,—I received the honour of your Lordship’s letter yesterday on my return from a second week’s expedition on horseback, undertaken chiefly on account of my health. As you imagine, I have had no *signe de vie* from R. It seems certain that either my letters or his answers must have been stopped; as there can be no doubt but that he would have taken some notice of the matter mine contained. At present I have thought it best to send him Lord North’s letter, which, tho’ it is not exactly what we wanted, may I think effect its purpose. I have endeavoured, without resting too much upon your Lordship’s aversion to ministers, for fear of calling out his own feelings upon the same subject, to clear you explicitly of being the object of the Premier’s love-letter. I always thought Rousseau had received some payments of his pension before he left England.

“If I was well I could be extremely well reconciled to my present way of life. I reckon it a happiness to be at a distance from the wretched prospect of public affairs, & in a station where it is allowable to wait quietly for the event. . . .”

Brooke Boothby, Esq. to Earl Harcourt :—

“Matlock, Bath, July 23, 1778.

“I RECEIVED your Lordship’s letter yesterday, & am much obliged to you for this kind mark of attention. Your last had already alarmed me, when I saw the account in the newspapers strengthened with many probable circumstances ; however, I had still some hope which is now changed into very miserable certainty.

“Your Lordship will I think acquit me of affectation when I tell you that this event afflicts me out of measure. To a person whose passions are awake to few objects the loss of one is heavily felt, & indeed I believe all that remained in me of enthusiasm was directed to this one point. Well had I hoped to drink wisdom & delight at this living fountain for many years to come. The contemplation of that mind so infinitely more beautiful than any other I ever met with was always capable of raising mine to a pitch far above its own ; but this brightest part of my future prospect is now closed in darkness for ever. You too, my Lord, I am sure feel much on this occasion, & I will not offer you any consolation.

“I must beg of you to convey the enclosed to poor Madame Rousseau ; I fear she may be in immediate necessity, & I want some directions from her in regard to disposing of the manuscript

for her advantage. I send the letter unsealed that you may see what is said of endeavouring to obtain a continuation of the pension. The letter is written in bad French, without care, & just as it came, but if I am understood it is all I want.

"Within about a month Europe has lost the only two really great men of this age, & both of them worthy of the best times. You will not suspect that I mean Voltaire for one, for he was *bien de son siècle*.

"Adieu, my dear Lord, believe me with very sincere regard & esteem your

"faithful humble Servant,

"BROOKE BOOTHBY."

Brooke Boothby, Esq. to Earl Harcourt :—

"*Lichfield, Sepr. 14, 1778.*

"MY DEAR LORD,—. . . Upon the whole I fear you will not be much satisfied with the success of my enquiries after the 'precious remains.' M^r. Davenport, from whom we had the greatest expectation, says his uncle destroyed all M. Rousseau's letters; a circumstance that can only be exceeded in incredibility by what I believe to be a fact, which is, that he has the papers, & would be ashamed to have them made public. This I collect from his letter enclosed, his shuffling manner when I talked with him on the sub-

ject, & most of all by something that M^{rs}. Davenport let fall in a conversation with Miss Vernon. I have sent M^{rs}. Horton (Miss Davenport) an extract from Monsieur de Girardin's letter in his own strong terms ; which, if she does not choose to restore the music, she must digest as well as she can.

"I knew the M^{qs} de Girardin a little in Italy, where he travelled on foot with his son, a youth about fourteen, and I once met him afterwards in Monsieur Rousseau's apartment. I recollect that Rousseau received him *un peu brusquement*, so that I fear he was driven rather from necessity than choice to seek his last refuge at Ermenonville. However, there seems to be a noble warmth both in his admiration of that wonderful man, & his activity to fulfil his last intentions.

"It gives me very sensible pleasure that you should think me capable of writing the life of that 'divine man.' What a noble and useful work would be the history of such virtue, and the analysis of such an understanding ! But there must be a Plato to write the life of a Socrates.

"S^r John Lambert has sent me back the last packet I sent to Rousseau containing L^d North's letter, &c., &c., which by some unaccountable fatality was more than six weeks upon the road. I have not had the courage to open it. . . .

"Your very obedient Servant,

"BROOKE BOOTHBY."

Brooke Boothby, Esq. to Earl Harcourt :—

“New Burlington Street, May 5, 1796.

“I VENTURE, my dear Lord, to send you the reverie of some sleepless nights. I figure to myself a monument in the flower-garden at Nuneham, something like the enclosed, with an inscription to this purport,—

GEORGE SIMON, EARL OF HARCOURT,

CONSECRATES

THIS CENOTAPH

TO THE MEMORY

OF

HIS FRIEND

WILLIAM MASON.

And the following verses inscribed on the wall over the monument, as indicated in the drawing,—

“ODE.

“THESE roseate bowers, these sun-bright glades,

A poet's eye design'd ;

Bade yon dark paths, through tufted shades,

In leafy labyrinths wind.

He found undrest the rustic child,

Of lovely form, neglected, wild,

And modest weeds well suited gave,

No art conceals her genuine face,

Her airy step, her simple grace,

No pedant rules enslave.

“ Here the gay warbler swells his throat,
Rejoicing in the spring,
Tunes to his mate the love-taught note,
Or woos on transient wing ;
Here, Queen of nature’s fairest reign ^a,
Pleased Flora leads the laughing train,
Fresh from the dewy lap of May,
Or wrap’d in fragrant slumber lies,
Or, waking spreads her golden eyes,
To drink the orient ray.

“ With all the pride of summer crown’d,
This little Eden glows,
And memory o’er the hallow’d ground
A mellower lustre throws ;
Friends, who to weep his loss remain,
And youths enamour’d of his strain,
To Mason’s shrine by fancy led,
Oft in yon shawdowy cave are seen,
Oft pacing slow these allies green,
With soft and pensive tread.

“ Oft at high noon, the listening ear,
While stillness breathes around,
Aerial harpings seems to hear,
Of more than mortal sound ;
When evening sheds her grateful gloom,
To bend upon this vacant tomb

^a Regnum vegetabile.

Sweet melancholy steals along,
Sighs to the breeze in murmurs low,
Or pours a deeper note of woe
O'er Philomel's sad song.

"Blest poet of a happier age!
Though mute thy tuneful lay,
Long shall survive thy sacred page
Beyond life's little day;
Smote by rude time, in tangles torn
When these forsaken groves shall mourn,
No more responsive to thy praise,
Thy moral pure, thy lofty strain,
Shall o'er the maddening passions reign,
The soul to virtue raise.

"I returned to town yesterday something better
in health, and ever your Lordship's sincerely

"affectionate Servant,

"BROOKE BOOTHBY."

Letter from the
Marquis de Gerardin.

THE Marquis de Gerardin to Earl Harcourt :—

“ *Paris, 26th June, 1781.*

“MY LORD,—travels and uneasiness have hindered me from some time to write to your Lordship, but since the favour of your last I hope you have received Rosseau’s worcks but now published ; having been answered from Geneva that they have been directed to Peter Elmsly, Bookseller in the Strand.

“I think you have Lickewise received the collection of songs, and the subscribers have been satisfyed for the print of thire work. M. Benou sends to me just now a translation by your Lordship, but it must be considered as an original itself, and the best of all which have been made on this dear sujet ; but the epitaph to which relate your verses is not mine ; this was the first I had made in Rymes ;

“ *Entre ces peupliers, dans ce simple tombeau
Qu’entourent ces ondes paisibles,
Sont les restes mortels de Jean Jacques Rousseau,
Mais c’est dans tous les cœurs sensibles,
Que cet homme divin, qui fut tout sentiment,
De son âme a fondé l’éternel monument.*

It was but some time afterwas that M. Ducis of the french academy published the following.

*“ Entre ces Peupliers paisibles
Repose Jean Jacques Rousseau ;
Approches cœurs droits et sensibles
Votre ami dort dans le tombeau.*

But neither this, neither any other in rymes, has been written on the tomb, because it seems to me a monument must never divert the attention from the celebrated man, on the celebrating as a poetick, accordingly, is written only on the stone,

*“ Icy repose
L’homme de la nature, et de la Vérité.*

Only on a bench called the bench of family mothers, and placed on the banck of the water facing the island, I ventured to write those lines to the author of Emile.

*“ De la mère à l’enfant il rendit les tendresses,
De l’enfant à la mère il rendit les caresses ;
De l’homme à sa naissance, il fut bienfaiteur,
Et le rendit plus libre, a fin qu’il fut meilleur.*

By the first occasion I shall send to your Lordship a cut one has published of this monument, which is quite of a form antique as his genius, and as plain as the manners of this excellent man, whom too much few feeling men as your Lordship value as he deserves to be.

“ M^{de} Gerardin is very much sensible and thancks

your Lordship for his kind remembrance ; we both beg leave to assure Lady Harcourt of our respect, and yourself, my Lord, of our sincere and perfect regard.

“ R. GERARDIN.

“ POSTSCRIPT.

*Icy sous ces ombres paisibles,
Pour les restes mortels de Jean Jacques Rousseau,
L'amitié posa ce tombeau :
Mais c'est dans tous les cœurs sensibles,
Que cet homme divin qui fut tout-sentiment,
De son âme a fondé l'éternel monument.*

Cy Git

L'homme de la nature et de la Vérité.

*Jean Jacques Rousseau né à Geneve Le 4 juillet, 1712,
Mort à Ermenouville Le 2 juillet, 1778.*

For my part I prefer the last as more simple and convenient to his character.

“ P.S. The Suit a Law for Songé, being but just now deferred to the Privy Council, and the execution of the engraving being, till judgement, suspended ; it is more and more necessary to publish the above in your publick pages, to engage the public to pity, and not to blame, the poor unhappy distress'd widow, being yet the victim of the flaming rage of the ennemys of the truth.”

Letter from Charles Jenkinson.

CHARLES JENKINSON was the eldest son of Colonel Charles Jenkinson, who was younger son of Sir Robertson Jenkinson, the first baronet of that name. He was born in 1727. His education was conducted at Charter House and University College, Oxford. He graduated in 1752, and on subsequently going to London, he was introduced by Simon, Earl Harcourt, to the king; and afterwards, by Lord Harcourt's good offices, he obtained the post of private secretary to Lord Bute.

In 1761 he was brought into Parliament, as the representative of Cockermouth. In 1763 and 1764 he was Secretary of the Treasury; in 1766 he was made a Lord of the Admiralty; in 1767 he became a Lord of the Treasury, which post he occupied for six years. In 1772 he was made by Lord Harcourt (the then Lord Lieutenant) Vice-Treasurer of Ireland and a Privy Councillor.

In 1778 he took the office of Secretary at War; and when Lord North's administration came to an end, he was appointed by Mr. Pitt to the Board of Trade. In 1786 Mr. Jenkinson was raised to the peerage as Baron Hawksbury, and in the same year he became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which office he held till 1803. In 1796 he was advanced to the Earldom of Liverpool; and died in December, 1808. He was succeeded by his eldest son, who became subsequently First Lord of the Treasury.

The first Lord Liverpool was a man of great cultivation, and an author of no mean merit. International law and the principles of commerce he had studied deeply, and he was allowed to have deserved the great recompenses he had received in rank and fortune. He possessed the special confidence of the king, and attached himself politically to Lord Bute and Mr. Pitt, with whose views he was in perfect harmony.

C. Jenkinson, Esq. to George Simon, Earl Harcourt :—

“ Parlt. Street, Decr. 29, 1777.

“MY DEAR LORD,—I should be very happy to serve M^{rs}. John Harcourt in the way she desires if it was in my power ; I was so fortunate as to obtain some provision for her father in his old age, & I have since been of some use to her family ; but at present I have not interest sufficient to obtain for her what she asks, an addition to her income.

“The world are so obliging as to give me the credit of much more influence than I really have, & when I deny it I have seldom the good fortune to be believed. In the management of publick affairs it is true that I sometimes have a share. I am always ready to give any assistance I am able, but never intrude it, & to say the truth, it is never called for but in emergencies, when they cannot do without me. But, in the disposal of offices, I have had no concern since the administration of Lord Bute. Since the year 1761 I have never solicited an office for myself, though I have passed through many. I have often solicited for others, but generally without success ; &, considering my situation, no one has, I believe, provided for so few friends as I have done. Out of respect to your father’s memory, &, allow me

to add, out of personal regard to your Lordship, I shall always be ready to give your Lordship every proof of my friendship & esteem.

“The transaction to which you allude at the end of your letter has long been blotted from my mind. From a sense of my own failings & the knowledge I have of mankind, I have learnt to remember only the good that has been done me. The many proofs I have received of your Lordship’s goodwill & affection I am sure I ought never to forget. Permit me therefore to assure you that I am with the greatest respect & regard,

“My dear Lord,

“your faithfull

“humble Servant,

“C. JENKINSON.”

Letters from Lady Anne Lindsay.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY was daughter of James, fifth Earl of Balcarras, by Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple. Lady Anne Lindsay had two younger sisters, Margaret, who in 1770 married A. Fordyce, Esq., and Elizabeth, who in 1782 married C. Yorke, Esq., nephew and heir of the Earl of Hardwicke; Lady Anne was married somewhat later to Mr. Barnard. Her father died in 1768, leaving six sons and three daughters. Lady Anne was endowed with much liveliness and talent, and was a general favorite in the circle in which she moved.

Lady Anne Lindsay to Viscountess Nuneham :—

“Brighthelmstone, Tuesday, 24th September, 1777.

“IN being silent to you this week past, my dearest Lady Nuneham, believe me I have every day check'd the emotions of my heart which has tenderly felt for you and for Lord Nuneham.

Even now perhaps my letter may be a too early intruder, but it wou'd cost me more to suppress any longer the sympathy I feel for you, than it can cost you to read a few lines.

"I do not pretend to preach to you a philosophy which on such an occasion as this I wou'd not wish you to possess; nor to offer to your affectionate mind any of those trite consolations which people affect to be comforted by, as an apology for not being hurt. At first nature shou'd have her own way, the tears we shed for the loss of an estimable friend are not bitter: they even carry a balm along with them, for their source is amiable & makes us love ourselves. I wou'd only recommend to you to be as little by yourself as possible, & to amuse your mind as much as you can from the gloomy recollections that may sometimes recur. I shall not be easy about the state of your nerves till I hear from you. I sincerely hope Miss Fauquier will remain with you, & pray make your sisters come also & stay, till by their care & society you get a little firmer than you are perhaps at present.

"How much we regretted that we had left London the very day you arrived, if we had not, possibly this place might not have seen us so soon. You wou'd, may be, have let us come & sit our evenings with you while you remained, &, when you returned to the country, wou'd you have

thought me very officious if I had slipped myself into some spare place in the corner of your coach, to have assisted in nursing you, & to have proved that henceforth I shall be equally interested in Nuneham whether it is gay or whether it is melancholy? 'Tis from knowing people well that this interest grows; a month ago I liked you, & I esteemed you, though I wou'd not have said so much; but a month of a little circle (intirely to oneself) introduces one to the hearts & tempers, and those that suit make friends of each other.

"We are here among a great many others; but this misfortune of your family overtook me so quickly after our arrival, that, in spite of my resolution to be happy, it not only shock'd and stunn'd me, but it has ever since spoiled my amusement, by taking away the spirits that give a relish for it: next week, however, I hope to send you some little account of ourselves. Perhaps you will not thank me for giving you many pages to read thro'; but I do not mind at present what is agreeable to you, I think of what is good for you, & I am sure my letters wou'd not wish to do you harm. Marg^t sends her love, & I believe will write to-morrow or next day. Tell Lord Nuneham,—but words on paper are not to be translated—take his hand, give it a little squeeze for me, & that is all; I shou'd do it to you both just now if I were beside you.

"I have this moment a letter from Miss Fauquier; she tells me she is with Lady Elizabeth Lee, I trust she will soon return to you. Adieu, & my best wishes attend you.

"Your affect.

"A. LINDSAY."

Lady Anne Lindsay to Countess Harcourt :—

"Brighthelmstone, Sunday, October 12th, 1777.

"... This place is better than London at present, to be sure, but we do not find it charming. There are a few women that we live in Society with, & a few men we curtsy to; but, as I have not rapidity of attachment enough in me to make every woman my friend who I lean upon, or who sometimes leans upon me up the rooms, & have not enough of the Miss in me to flirt with the nameless masters this place abounds with, upon the old principle of 'any thing being better than nothing,' I am amused in a quiet way, but not transported. We get a few hearty laughs at home when we eat our eggs & spinage, but are people of much propriety in publick.

* * * * *

"I think I heard you both say that Lady Pool was a favorite, so I have got acquainted with her, & think she wou'd be to me, were I a man, a very

interesting woman. Did I write to Miss Fauquier of the *coup de soleil*—or, as the Misses call it, *the coup d'œil*—which the poor Duke of Manchester got from the sun riding along the sea side a fortnight ago? it turned his *pericranium* topsy turvy, & gave him a delirious fever, in which his life was despaired of; but now he is quite well, &, tho' he is not equally liable every day to a *coup de soleil* from any sun or *son*, he meets with many *coup d'œils* from people's daughters, & is just now flirting with Miss Wade, the little Mistress of the ceremonies. Mr. Wade says that to fill his office properly there is no science a man must not be master of; particularly he must know the human heart, & be a master of mankind. I think the court kalender wou'd be the best master of the ceremonies in the world.

“The Dss. of Devonshire really arrives to-morrow; the Essexes & St. Johns on tuesday. I am glad of the first, & rather sorry for the last; I wished to know the Dss. under the happy auspices of nature & good humour, but I fear the fashionables will get possession of her. I'll try. You like her, & that is a motive for us. The clock strikes one. I cannot say with Young ‘we take no note of time but by its loss,’ when I am writing to thee, oh thou best of all possible women, but I believe I shou'd conclude, else I sleep so long in the morning that morning visitors at

twelve find the rolls untouched upon the table,
& spread our evil fame in the gates of Gaza.
Adieu.

“POSTSCRIPT.

“Tell your dear that, as a friend, I advise him to wean his affections from Marg^t & place them upon me. She will vex his heart out of him next winter—for y^r pretty married women are the duce—but that I am a sure card, nor can any change that happens to me be productive of harm to him; advise him upon this point, you that are his friend. Before I write the last scratch I must beg you to tell me how all your spirits are since you went to the country. I dare say you feel better than you expected, for to what evil will not that sovereign good custom reconcile us? you was very right to return immediately to Nuneham.

“Adieu again, & bless you all.

“Yours,

“A. L.”

Lady Anne Lindsay to Countess Harcourt : —

“*Rockton, Sunday, Dec. 27, 1777.*

“THIS is not paper where upon to adress the most noble Countess of Harcourt, but necessity has no law, & every family has a something in which it is either splendid or defficient. Writing

does not seem to flourish here at present, for every body is too busy to do right things, and too much amused to do any different sorts of agreeable things than those put in their way.

“After all possible sorts of accidents & difficultys, such as sticking in holes by moonlight, stopping in the middle of hills in the dark, we arrived here, and found a tolerably extensive family; if not exactly composed of individuals one wou’d have gone a hundred miles to be acquainted with, at least such a frame of mind & good humour was spread over the whole that one did not repent having done what was now past remedy. Ten days spent pleasantly is always worth one’s money, &, to do all justice, they are very good humoured, and as to the little laughable circumstances which one may sometimes discover, it is against my principles ever to whisper a good story of any person out of their own house.

“We arrived here on tuesday, & were received with all the cordiality which people of little ceremony naturally pay in the country. I am not surprized all the men like this house, & I may say the women too, there is such a perfect ease reigns from the garret to the cellar. Nobody is behaving themselves—the furniture cannot be spoiled—the french cook is a good one—every body has something to do, either in rehearsing, or listening, or playing whist. The actors take

themselves always away to the theatre, so we are not plagued with speeches, but are kept in the dark till the great day of execution.

“There are here Sir Charles & my Lady Buck, the first a perfect original—sings a monstrous good song of his own composition—has a face worth any money in the telling of a story, & is an incomparable Sir Bashful Constant. My Lady you have probably seen ; I expected to have found her a younger woman ; I dare say she may be amusing to the men in her own stile, but tho’ we are very good friends we are not entirely suited to each other. Miss Bertie I like extremely, she seems very sensible, extremely good humoured, & gay without flippancy ; her looks are quite good enough to accompany ten thousand pounds, but charming with poverty. Were I a man she wou’d please me better for a wife than Miss Hobart, who is much more the men’s favorite, tho’ they don’t pay her half so much attention ; for you know, my dear Countess, they are a nasty sett of creatures, and bow to the mistress of a certain number of guineas whether they hope ever to benefit by them or not. Miss Hobart seems really a sweet tempered girl, but insipidity is a veil which to me obscures half any body’s perfections who possesses it ; & yet it is a good thing, in the country it suits very well with the rural scenes, & in London for a young woman it is a

treasure which shou'd be always carried into publick. Mr. Gammon & Miss Lucy Jeffreys (who is much pleasanter in the country than in town), are also here ; & a Mr. Oyslead, rather akward & vulgar, but of large expectations. I tired sadly of him every day at dinner & supper, sitting between him & Lady Buck, till happily we fell t'other night into a sentimental conversation upon love & matrimony ; the last he said he fully comprehended the propriety of, but the first he realy cou'd neither understand nor believe in at all ; that the ladys wou'd look cross to be sure if he were to say so in general, but, as I was superior to that nonsense, he frankly confessed he cou'd conceive no motive for marriage but that of prudence. Hum, said I to myself, this is like telling a man who must live by making of shoes that it is a folly to wear any thing but boots ; so next night I resign'd my stupid seat, & left him rather surprized at the manœuvre.

“There is a very agreeable Mr. Money here, a soldier (not of fortune) but ‘a soldier of fortune,’ who seems an adorer of Miss Hobart’s, but by his ideas of what is necessary for comfort, which he has told me, I shou'd suppose it won’t do. Charles Monson you probably know ; he is the Adonis of my adoration. Scarecrows are to me uncomfortable Birds, but he is handsome, pleasant, & is so like Baleanes, and puts

me so much in mind of him that I am partial. There is too a grave Mr. Fury, who they say has a deal of dry humour, but it is so very dry that I have scarcely yet heard the sound of his voice. A Miss Oyslead, sister to the brother; a Miss Williams, *d'une certain age*, who is one of the actors; a Mr., Mrs., & Miss Dashwood; a stupid Mr. King; with the well bred master, & the good humoured mistress of this large mansion, which is a very large old house, & the surrounding grounds remarkably ugly. O, by the bye (and I did not mean it for a Jest), I have forgot Mr. Berkley, who is really extremely entertaining and pleasant; and good honest Lady Vere Bertie, who I like much; Sir Francis Molyneux and Lady Ann Howard come to-day, and to-morrow is to be the first regular play.

* * * * *

"Margt is in good Health, but that fickle Jade Fortune has sent her a swell'd mouth, which you may suppose is not very agreeable to her at present.

* * * * *

"One very great pleasure and perfection reigns here for which I admire it, altho' the society of men & women is so very large, there is no idol in the sett to which the rest bend. Every woman is attended to—handsome—old—young—ugly—and all are said good-natured civil things to by

the men, none of — but the post is going, I shall lose it if I don't immediately conclude. . . .”

Lady Anne Lindsay to Countess Harcourt :—

“WHAT *fêtes* ! what magnificence ! how many *bon mots* from Majesty ! what actions of royal benevolence ! what traits of Divinity from the Lord's anointed—don't you expect to hear of from this my humble pen ? ? ?—? ? ?—you shall hear—(at least all that *we* have heard) for verily and in truth we were not of the party. We sett out from London on Saturday, &, that they might know we were in the country, called on the Amhersts in passing. A huge Waggon & eight fat horses, who seemed each to enjoy (like Lord George G——^a) a good place under Government for turning tail to what they did not chuse to attack in front, had drawn along her Majesty's dressing case—carpets were hammering down in all corners of the house ; pleasure danced in Lord Amherst's face, transcendant happiness in my Lady's ; she looked and talked like a fair pea hen, and assured me, upon her honor, that the King had (as yet) never been a bit uncivil, in spite of the intimacy in which they lived (remember I talk wide, but it amounted to that). I flattered her by saying things wou'd come round. In the

^a Germaine.

course of conversation we found that not a soul was to be at Montreal, but the master & mistress of the mansion. The second rank of neighbours, who had never been at court, were asked to have tea and coffee at the lodge and see the King & Queen, but I am happy to say we were not of that number. One of the party, however, gave me an account of the proceedings, which must have been very laughable.

“Behold assembled at the porter’s lodge all those good natured folks drawn up by Lord Amherst to make their curtseys; but no sooner did their Majestys wheel in than Lord A. carried the royal heads to the wrong side of the chaise, by placing himself to the near wing instead of to the right: bad generalship in a generalissimo, by which means none of the mobility cou’d get a peep. Lord Amherst then proceeded on to the house at the head of a regiment of Seven-oakes school boys with gilded caps & a cracked drum; twenty Pyoniers marching before, to shew his Majesty the military ardor of his smallest subjects. As the Queen is immoderately large I think the compliment must have been paid to Hans in Keldar, as the size of the troops render it much more applicable to it than to his Majesty. The company were then requested to proceed on to the walls of the house where there was to be some music; accordingly they (looking very second

best) did so, expecting some of the best performers in every stile; but oh! it was to hear an Ode composed by my Lord Amherst sung to the tune of 'God save the King' by the Chaunters of our country church!—Further the deponent sayeth not, but must drop a curtain over the rest, as I have heard nothing more. I wish the Queen had not gone—if she had staid at home the Prince of Wales was to have been allowed to go, but her Majesty was selfish, & so the poor little fellow was disapointed.

"I wish, my dearest, that I had had a better stock of materials for your perusal; but I can't help it that these Amhersts did not do the proper thing and invite us Noblesse; I think their Majestys might have been the better, & cou'd not have been the worse for our coming.

"Say much from me to your dear Lord, I love that man—but he is ungratefull. Marg^t is in very tolerable health & sends hers to both; to your sisters present my kind remembrance, & believe me most affectionately

"Yours,

"A. L."

Lady Anne Lindsay to Countess Harcourt:—

"AH! then dear Countess, for thou art very dear to us, have I realy permitted a month to

elapse without writing one scratch to thee ; it is too true, for what is two letters begun, and unfinished—nothing at all—for nobody ever believes any body upon this subject ; 'tis the same in apologies as in poetry, a poetical license for lying is both given and taken ; so, that being the case, my truth will only pass for a very well told fib, and you will hate me for it in the character of my friend, while, in the character of the countess of fashion, you will, like a woman of the world, wink at a falsehood that is civilly meant,—and now to business.

“All the news I am possess'd of you shall receive, my dear woman, and so arm yourself against the fatigue of a long letter. The idea of you sitting on the sofa & desiring to hear from me is at this moment before my eyes. Ere you had departed this life a week I took up my pen in the full intention of writing you a long letter, but something came across me. I am the slave of impressions. I found a *quelque chose* that opposed the inclination I felt to make it a very very long, affectionate, and perhaps a tiresome one from its egotism. It was a motive of delicacy, of propriety, of generosity to others, that stopp'd my pen ; but it was not any want of affection to you whom I love. Weeks and days have elapsed since, and still I have been silent ; but now you shall hear how they have been spent. After you

left us London grew every day more and more desolate ; it seemed to me that the town thin'd itself still earlier than usual. We were not, however, particularly to be pitied, as there still remain'd a great many of our most intimate friends. In this stile—each day robbing us of a face we knew—we remained for a month, when we received a renewal of some pressing instances of Mrs. Hampden's to visit her at Coxheath, where she has a house, not upon the heath indeed, but very near it. Accordingly we consented to the measure. I did all I cou'd to make myself an agreeable companion in a post chaise, & to put myself in spirits for the occasion, as I presented myself with two new riding habits.

“A certain great philosopher says, nothing conspires so much to good humour as being always perfectly well dress'd : he is very right ; a suit of cloaths frame of mind is as different from a *polonese* as both are from a french night cap temper : but woe unto her who has her ideas ill pin'd & badly powdered ; a shabby half dress'd cap which pretends to what it well knows it has no right, always produces a stile of conversation neither assuredly fine nor settledly vulgar, but something between the two, that leaves the opponent at a loss in what manner to judge of the whole.

“Paint to yourself a little summer house on the top of a rock at the side of the high road, where

we lived & eat all day long, from which the fair mistress of the chateau & the dame Marguerite ogled up all the unfortunate passengers with the fascination of their eyes, while I, like a good soul (whose talent for coquetry has for some time lain dormant), painted away in the summer house & let them gossip from the stair case. In this summer house I passed all my mornings, while they walked in the garden, &c., and, if you wish to know amongst all the men in the camp who makes the best *tête a tête*, I can tell you, or answer any (proper) questions, as in that spot I generally had a succession of scarlet coats, with a few civilians mixed *par parenthes*.

“ Before eight we drove up to the camp, where we listen’d to the music on the parade & flirted with ten thousand men, in which we were aided by the Dutchess of Beaufort ; (ancient) Mrs. Guerin, General Pierson’s old sister, who they say was married about five hundred years ago, but I know it must be a mistake, as she was meant for an ape’s wife. Mrs. Danby—Mrs. Dashwood—Mrs. Frazer, &c., Lady Mary Grenville, and Lady Clarges.

“ Our own particular beaus consisted of the three generals, Pierson, Moriss, & Frazer, Lord Rivers, Mr. Pitt, Lord Hinton, Lord Westmorland, Lord Althorpe, Sir Horace Mann, Duke of Dorset, Col. Hipplesley, Col. Cox, Mr. Grenville, Lord Bamf, & a few more accidental people ; but

these in general were our standing dish ; tho' I should scarce mention the Duke of Dorset in that way, as thanks to the gods, we had spirit and delicacy enough to let him find out, for once in his life, that the Duke of Dorset debauching all the married women who came in his way, cou'd be overlooked for men of less importance & better character. Of course he did not like any of us at all, found himself cut, and went away. There is a paper in the 'Spectator' that mentions the joys of demolishing a prude ; but the joy of demolishing a male coquet is, I think, far more transcendent.

"We had two sad bustles in the camp, one about poor Lord Vaughan, whose head has not been very sound for some time past, but who went quite mad at camp. He was invited to meet us at Gen. Pierson's to dinner,—he dress'd, & put a brace of loaded pistols in his pocket ; what his intentions were I know not, but he changed his mind by the way, and turned back. Next day he challenged & knocked down Lord Hinton, but by that time his frenzy was so plain that he was taken up and secured ; poor soul, what a dismal prospect it is at five and twenty. No sooner was he gone than Lord Orford arrived, but he behaved pretty well.

"Our second bustle was about the Spy who was taken up on suspicion (being a french man)

of carrying on clandestine correspondings with our enemys about the state of our army. He was a very pretty young man, but it soon appeared that he was only one of cupid's doves who had flown to pay a private visit to a certain fair & benevolent Venus who resides with Colonel Cox. The Generals after examining the fond pair found them innocent of all mischief, saving a little gallantry ; but were a little surprized to find in Monsieur de Berges' pockets a list of his debts, in which six hundred pound lent him by — was one, & some letters from the —, & other young men of fashion along with it ; all, however, is made up, & he has flown back to France.

“We spent a night at Tunbridge which is quite deserted, as is Brighthelmstone. The fear of the French, & the certainty that every body has of their own poverty, leaves them neither inclination nor power of amusing themselves near the sea. The only news I hear is that Miss Cumberland is to be married to a Mr. Hasford, a natural son of Lord Bathmore's, who if we don't lose America, & if he does not lose his law suit, will have 27 thousand a year, & a hundred thous^d of ready money, but there are two Great 'ifs' between him & it.

“But my eyes grow together ; it is past two, & I have been accustomed to early hours of late. Marg^t is in good health, & we have got home the

swain Colin^b with us, which is charming. My Mother and Balcarras are gone to Scotland. We mean to go for Scarborough.

"Tell me I pray (and direct to Harley Street) how you all are, and give my love to your Lord.

"Adieu. God Bless you, & give you as good a nap as I am about to have.

"Yours ever sincerely,

"A. LINDSAY.

"*London, Thursday.*"

Lady Anne Lindsay to Countess Harcourt :—

"*Brussels, Octr. 10, 1784.*

"MARGARET has wrote to me how good you have been to her; it was the sort of intelligence which cou'd not surprize tho' it pleased me; and, as I know you have an equal affection for distant friends, I sit down with pleasure, not to tell you what you already know, where I am, & with whom I have travelled, together with all the arguments *pro* & *con* till I took my resolution, but to say what I have seen since I left you, & to give you an account of the lions on the continent. Altho' I have been extremely continent myself, well behaved, and correct, yet I have been very well amused. Altho' I have lived with princes

^b Her brother.

and great people, still do I find myself untired by my tour, and more satisfy'd than *ennui'd* by their company. As to Spa, I say little. I ought to have liked it, perhaps, as people in general agree that 'tis a charming place; but, as the chief object which caried me there, that of getting a little french, was defeated by the society being intirely English, I did not feel in charity after my disappointment; indeed I found that it was reckoned a very bad reason by every body, which was some consolation. A report that a certain great personage meant to visit it, tempted us to leave it sooner than we shou'd have done, & go into Holland. Here again I found the folly of friendly prophecys. 'You will be torn to pieces by the Dutch, you will tire to death of the Hague; pray do not think of going, my dear Lady Anne, you will never lose the stink of the canals in your nostrils all your life if you go at this season of the year.'

"Mark the event, my dear Countess, the inhabitants of the Hague, begining with the prince & princess of Orange, & ending with my shoemaker, seem'd to vye with one another in the degree of kindness & attention bestow'd on us,—three times a week we spent the evening & supp'd with the P. & Princess, who is, tho' a cold manner'd woman in general, a very sensible and clever one. The Prince of Orange delights in talking English, and

has, I see, a warm heart to our nation, tho' the politics of the faction at the Hague force him into the arms of France. He is charmed when he is told that he has a family resemblance to the King, to whom, I cou'd see, he is much attached. He regreted much to me that he had never found it practicable to visit England, as he felt himself half intitled to call himself an Englishman; but this he said in a whisper, as the governing party, I find, are desperately jealous of us, & he is reckoned an Angloman.

"The Princess Louisa & the two boys are really charming little people; there is something pleasing & prominent in her countenance; & I have reason to know it, as I did her picture & that of the hereditary prince for a snuff box, & 'tis really very like. After spending six weeks very agreeably, we came here the day before yesterday. You have been here, my dr Countess, so I need not say how splendid one part of the town is, & how shabby the other. To-day I dined with the Archduke & Dutchess; she is sister you know to the Emperor & Queen of France, she must have been a charming woman some years ago! such spirit in her countenance, a beautiful hand and arm, & a countenance not very different from the Dss. of Gloucester's. There was no form, no state. She bid Lady Torrington tell me that on our account she dined in company to-day as she went to the

country to-morrow, and was pleased to shew us any attention in her power. The Prince & Princess de Lyn, the Imperial Minister, & the Pope's Nuncio, was all the company, besides Lord & Lady Torrington & I; M^{rs}. Fritz being confined at home. Upon my word 'tis a jolly Nuncio! a very pa pa bit of the Church I do assure you! making his jests as if they was a part of his calling; but as he is really a fine fat fellow, I cou'd not help forgiving him.

"Apropos to jests, my french is not a whit better than it was, & I have only acquired a greater degree of facility in saying 'terrible things.' I told a fine man t'other day, who beg'd leave to visit me of a morning often at Paris, that I thought he was right, for it was always agreeable *de faire enfant dans une famille—une enfant de famille* I am sure I have often heard used as a phraze, yet on this occasion, by his answer, I had soon reason to know that I had given him a very extensive office. I certainly shall apply to French while I stay at Brussels, tho' I am convinced people like me better while I talk like a fool than they will do when I speak common sense. I fear, my dear Countess, that there is no chance of seeing you at Paris. The Queen must reap too much pleasure from such a friend to permit you to leave her if she can prevent you. Pray tell her Majesty that we are extremely obliged

to her for keeping her handsome son at home, & pray that no change of plan may take place till our return. Margaret wrote me of your royal visit, & of the delight they had in seeing your gardens, which, she says, are now (with the grounds) divine.

“My dear Lord I kiss you at this distance—’tis a Scotch custom, therefore forgive me, or if you dislike it, return me my kiss by Lady Harcourt.

“Adieu, my dear Countess, you know that I am yours,

“A. L.

“If you are so good as to write to me, you will find me here till the first of Nov^r, and even then, if I stay no longer, my letters will be taken good care of.”

Lady Anne Barnard to Countess Harcourt :—

“Paradise, Cape of Good Hope, Decr. 31st, 1798.

“I THINK I see you smiling, my dear Lady Harcourt, at the date of my letter. Paradise! you say, is she gone mad to call her country house at the Cape so, or is she doing it in derision?—neither, my dear Lady H. In the second place (which is begining in an Irish way), I never deride any thing, and, in the first place, the only proof of madness that the John Bulls find in me is my

being contented with every thing as I find it, and with this name amongst other things, which we do not think of changing for *Barnard cottage*.

“What song is it which describes the Lady Barnard looking over her castle wall, and spying from thence a courteous Knight? I forget; but I have a castle, & a wall with battlements, fortifications, & cannon, over which I look, & an observatory on the roof of my wall, from whence I may on the parade see many dozens of very courteous scarlet coats. I cannot say my last sight which I saw from this room was pleasant, tho’ it was noble; it was the sight of a midnight fire which burnt down the military stables & five store houses belonging to government and to the East India Company. What a living blaze it made! one clear volume of transparent flame, which was render’d so by the cordage, tar, pitch, rum, &c., which was there lodged, & the effect of the rum & brandy casks taking fire was that they went off like cannons. Mr. Barnard, as soon as he saw it, ran off to do all the good he cou’d, & had the satisfaction of saving one man’s life and two horses, but one hundred & fifty of the last were burnt, & the dammage, I find, is estimated to Government at £150,000; but then I hope we shall be able to do without some of the things which have been consumed, & they perhaps need not soon be replaced.

“I begin my letter vilely upon the broad side of every thing. Let me, before I go on, tell you, my dearest Lady Harcourt, that, altho’ a thousand avocations, some of them unavoidable, few of them matters of choice, have prevented me from having given you some account of myself sooner, that there exists not in Europe a heart more kindly gratefull to you for all past goodness to me than the one I have in Africa. I never thought to have carried mine here, but I find difference of latitude & longitude makes no difference in sentiments of affection to friends dearly loved at a distance; indeed it is in the distance to them that I find the only ill in being in this country; for, as to London, its amusements & dissipation, I wou’d not give a rush for them, having tasted, tried, and found that tho’ they are all very well if conveniently enjoy’d (for I despise none of them), yet that they are no way necessary to one’s happiness.

“It is a little creed of mine, my dear L^y Harcourt, that occupation is (take it all in all) the thing most conducive to preserving the human mind in a good state of health, the sworn foe of *Ennui*. If our occupations are not always exactly to our taste, still we are never tempted to hang ourselves from apathy, as idle satiety does. Since my arrival here, on my own principle I have had no reason to tire, for I have had

more to do than I cou'd well perform, and have often regreted that in the distribution of time so little cou'd be given to my little tastes & fancys ; which, cou'd I promote, wou'd be far more entertaining to me than those household cares which often make a Martha of a person who cou'd be a little above it if conveniency permitted. I cannot say that I have any one sphere here, being a sort of Ladyship Jack of all trades, a house-keeper, botanist, collector, paintress, upholsterer, Lady Bountifull, cook, dairy maid, every thing but politician, and in that I do not meddle, nor with the carriages & horses, which are the department of *mon mari*.

"The news papers, I find, gave me a splendid sett at some races here a twelve month ago ; races much against the good will of our dear Governor, & equally so against Mr. Barnard's. Tho' possessed of a very good sett & the best post chaise in the colony, so little did I regard the ostentation of the matter, & so anxious was I to shew myself willing to live on the most friendly terms with the natives, that I went in a Dutchman's carriage, with his wife & family, & not in our own.

* * * * *

"One of the pleasantest months that I have spent here was the month of May in 1798, when we made a little tour into the interior of the coun-

try, to see what sort of people the Dutch were who lived at a distance from the petty trafficking of the sea coast; the said trafficking makes them still more grasping & illiberal than nature made them, which certainly gave to their dispositions a considerable tendency that way. I liked the farmers much better than the people of the Cape; they are very hospitable, & bestow largely of whatever their farms raise.

“This class of people have, according to the Dutch policy, been allways as much oppress’d as possible by those in power, & a distinction between them & the nobles of Cape town is kept up which is almost as great as between them and their slaves. They do not ask them to sit down in their presence, or, if they do, it is a high honor. The good people were surprized at our civility, & gratefull. I made a point of inviting to the castle every person at whose house I received civilitys; the invitation pleased them, but I saw they regarded it as they wou’d a french *politesse*, which sounded well & meant nothing further. Our companion on the tour, a Dutch man, told them that they ought to go to the castle to see the *Secretarius* and his *Vrou*. They said they durst not. ‘What, when you were invited?’ True, but that was in the country, at the castle the great folks are proud. He brought them in groups, with their hats off, & eyes thrown down; never saw I such frighten’d

souls. As I am allways at home at the hour they generally come at, which is between six & seven in the morning, I have soon put them at ease; when the husband finds himself wellcome, & a dram given him, he instantly runs off to fetch his wife, & she brings her large self, her sheriden (children), & all her slaves—Hottentots & dogs. It wou'd make you smile if you cou'd see me sitting at breakfast with some of these people, the men with their hats on, the women dress'd in their short linnen bed gowns, worsted petticoats, Manchester shawls, handkerchiefs, and mob caps, with beef & the brandy bottle before me, the children & slaves all eating in one corner of the room. The dogs are often of the party, but as subordination descends all over the world when strength & capacity lord it over weakness, so the Hottentot's dog, or slave's dog, does not presume to expect the crumbs which fall from his master's table till he has dined. I tried a little dog with a piece of savoury buck, but he look'd in the slave's face & did not presume to touch it till he had his authority.

“I believe the Dutch ‘quality’ think me a little vulgar for spoiling ‘such creatures,’ by treating them with civility. I shall not tell them that I think they are quite as good as themselves. The Hottentots are a mild race, indolent, gentle, obedient, & very gay; a large part of them are

now converted to Christianity by the Moravian missionarys sent here from Germany ; these people are detested by the Dutch, as they teach the natives to be independant of service, a very very little industry being sufficient to raise food enough for all their small wants. Several Hottentots declined remaining here in the gardens of M^r. Barrow working for him, as they said they cou'd not hear every day 'God's Word.' When he stated to them that they wou'd make some money & be able to procure many necessarys for themselves, they said, 'Yes, but that they were contented without them, as they did not regard what they had in this life when they were sure of a better one if they were good & listen'd daily to the Word of God.'

"This argument of the Hottentots, running counter to some people's views, creates a pause about the propriety of sending more missionarys to the more distant parts of the country ; but I think the point of view which wou'd stop it so paultry when compared to the principle which wou'd render so many people happy & contented Christians, that I am a zealous advocate for extending Christianity, & with it good order, hope and happiness. The Boshe and Caffre men have been reckon'd both cruel sorts of people, but they are very necessitous, & kept poor by themselves, being at constant war with each other & with the Hottentots,

to seize what perhaps raging hunger demands. Lord Macartney, with great wisdom, thought to remedy this ill by giving to each his district, & his property; putting it in the power of each nation to live by industry; and he sent to each a stock of cattle, sheep, & such things as were most necessary. The good effects of this I have already heard narrated by the person employed to settle the boundaries & deliver the cattle; the people profess themselves happy and obliged, and humbly request that they may also have a missionary sent them 'to teach them God.' I had as much interesting & pleasant conversation with this man as the want of language cou'd permit. He was the best looking Dutch Man I had seen in the colony, & exactly like Doricourt, or Dorival, the priest in 'the Simple Story.' His interpreter, a Hottentot, was with him, who translates between him & the Boshe men—an intelligent savage—ugly enough. I ask'd him if he was married—he said, 'O plenty of wives' (in Dutch). I reply'd that this was *Nacqued*, for that he shou'd have one wife only; he said he had not wanted more, but that the others were fond of him & wou'd come.

"Jan. 1, 1799. A good new year to you, my dear L^y Harcourt! many of them and all happy. You have begun it with a tiny bit of good luck (if my vanity may permit me to flatter myself that your affection will reckon it so), and I'll tell you

what it is : a ship sails for St. Helena to-day which carries my letters, a very large packet of which I trusted *Mon Mari* to carry to Cape town at 7 miles' distance ; my letter to you was not finish'd, & I told him it shou'd go in the evening by another conveyance ; he put all my epistles in his pocket book, & this moment I find that he has lost it out of his pocket, & a hundred dollars, which I chiefly regret, as it will be the means of my letters being all destroy'd.

"This being the first day of the year all slaves are free from this morning at 8 o'clock till to-morrow morning at that hour ; three were here from a neighbour bringing me some flowers, some green almonds, & a couple of ostrich eggs ; they followed Mr. Barnard's curicle down the hill, & I have not a doubt pick'd up the pocket book ; on opening it the hundred dollars wou'd pay for the entertainment they were going on to, there being slave dances & all sorts of merrymen to-day. But my poor letters ! you may judge by your own that I do not write short ones to those I love, & from such a place as this I think it scarce fair to send off an empty sheet, while so many things may be put into it in some degree interesting because uncommon. I dare say they will all be torn in pieces, & a week's work lost, with a quantity of little anecdotes & historys that I cannot have courage to begin over again. Glad I am that this has not

shared the same fate, & that it may still reach your hand. . . .

“Your affectionate friend,

“ANNE BARNARD.”

Lady Anne Lindsay to Lord William Gordon. Touching the praises bestowed upon, and the love he was making to a handsome married woman, to whom he was not really attached :—

“CEASE, Gordon, cease—nor longer plead a cause,
Where all thou dar’st to hope for is applause ;
Why would’st thou wish Melvina’s heart to prove
The transient smiles—but lasting woes—of love ?
For better uses by unerring Heav’n
Those powers persuasive to my friend were given ;
Talk not of love—that Belial’s tongue, I fear,
May teach thy heart to feel itself sincere :
Oft have I seen the Orator elate
Inspire himself, and grow in the debate ;
He speaks—and feeling—thinks his theme evinced,
Convincing others, is himself convinced.
The pleasing forms, by lively fancy dressed,
May steal their way into the reas’ners breast ;
And there, like pelicans, unnat’ral brood,
Prey on the fostering heart that gives them food.
Ah ! stop thy verse, nor sing that cheek, where grows
The modest lilly and the blooming rose,

Lest the sweet lilly to the rose give place,
And blushes overspread her lovely face :
Ah, stop—avoid the hapless Sculptur's art,
Who taught his hand to desolate his heart ;
Nor thou, like him, impatient of controul,
Indulge thy genius to enslave thy soul.
Ah, stop thy verse, nor wish her heart to prove
The transient smiles—though lasting woes of love."

Letter from Mr. Brown.

LANCELOT BROWN was born in Northumberland in 1715. He was by profession a landscape gardener, and he created a revolution in that art by adapting his views to nature, rather than by endeavouring to make nature subservient to his own. He obtained the sobriquet of "Capability" Brown, from the frequent use he made of that word in describing his operations. Stowe, Blenheim, Richmond, Nuneham, Wimbledon, and innumerable other places, received the marks of his genius.

He was the welcome guest and associate of those whose properties he beautified; and he realised a large fortune in his profession. He served as High Sheriff for Huntingdon and Cambridge in the year 1770. He died suddenly in the year 1783, being at that time in charge of the gardens at Hampton Court.

Lancelot Brown, Esq. to Earl Harcourt :—

“ Burghley, August the 27th, 1778.

“ MY LORD,—I fully intended to have had the honor of waiting on your Lordship before this time ; but I was prevented by two causes, one was that of illness, & being with that, and business, and the addition of hot weather, totally exhausted ; the other was that I had not a man to spare at that time to have put in execution any thing we might determine. I am now at Lord Exeter's, on my way to the north, from which journey I mean to make Nuneham my road home again.

“ This is a great place, where I have had twenty-five years' pleasure in restoring the monument of a great minister of a great Queen. I wish we had looked at the history of her time before we had begun so unfortunate and disgracefull a War as we have been engaged in. I shall ever wish happiness to my King & country and remain, my Lord,

“ Your Lordship's

“ most obliged & most

“ obedient Ser^t,

“ LANCELOT BROWN.

“ P.S. A line directed for me to Hampton Court will always find me.”

Letter from Sir Joshua Reynolds.

TO write an account of Sir Joshua Reynolds would, of course, be superfluous ; he was born at Plympton in Devonshire, in 1723 ; the son of a clergyman, who gave him every encouragement to cultivate the art for which he shewed such an early inclination. At the age of eight young Reynolds had studied the " Jesuit's Perspective," and he continued more or less assiduously to devote himself to the pursuit of painting till, in 1746, the portrait of Captain Hamilton, father of the future Marquis of Abercorn, brought him into public notice.

Captain (afterwards Lord) Keppel then took him by the hand, and gave him the opportunity of visiting Rome. Reynolds returned to London in 1752, and soon rose to the head of his profession. On his return from abroad he formed the acquaintance of Johnson, and furnished three papers to the " Idler." His manners were polished and

agreeable, and he was blessed with a constant flow of spirits ; ever ready to be amused, he was always, from his varied knowledge and his pleasure in imparting it, a constant source of amusement to those who had the good fortune to be amongst his intimates. He died in the year 1792.

I shall here, however, only concern myself with Sir Joshua in relation to Nuneham. The earliest of his pictures there is one of himself by himself, done in crayons, at the age of seventeen, and presented to George Simon, Lord Harcourt, by Sir Joshua's niece, the Marchioness of Thomond. The same lady also presented Lord Harcourt with several of her uncle's pen-and-ink sketches for his large pictures, which are valuable chiefly as authentic productions of the great master. Drawing was not Sir Joshua's *forte*, and he was generally very careful to destroy all his first ideas on paper. The next pictures in point of date are two, of Simon Earl Harcourt and of George Simon Viscount Nuneham, kit-cat size ; for these two pictures the painter

received twenty-four pounds ten shillings; they were painted in 1755. Next comes a picture of the Duke of Dorset, presented to Lord Nuneham by Lady Cecilia West: this picture is much faded, and was apparently painted at the period when Sir Joshua was trying the experiment of mixing wax with his colours—as a consequence, when it became necessary to clean the painting, the heat employed in the process melted the wax, and spoiled the picture. About the same time another picture of Lord Nuneham was painted, which is also much faded.

Next comes a beautiful picture of Maria, Duchess of Gloucester, which is also, unfortunately, somewhat faded; and then a large family group, of Lord and Lady Harcourt and the Hon. W. Harcourt; this picture is pronounced by many competent judges to be the finest-finished picture which Sir Joshua ever painted. The list finishes with a large picture of Mary Countess Harcourt, and a small full-length picture of the Duchess of Gloucester. Sir Joshua was a frequent visitor

at Nuneham, and assisted in the restoration of some of the pictures there.

Sir Joshua Reynolds to Earl Harcourt :—

“London, Sep. 18, 1778.

“MY LORD,—I am endeavouring to settle my affairs, working hard and postponing as much business as will enable me to take three more days of pleasure, tho’ I thought my holydays were over for this summer, but Nuneham is so pleasant both indoors and outdoors that it is irresistible.

“My nieces desire their most respectfull compliments, are extremely happy with the thoughts of seeing Nuneham, and extremely proud of the honour of waiting on Lady Harcourt. We propose setting out on Tuesday next, unless I hear to the contrary, and hope to get to Nuneham by dinner time. I mention Tuesday only for the sake of fixing some day; any other would be equally convenient.

“I am with the greatest respect

“your Lordship’s

“most humble and

“obedient Servant,

“JOSHUA REYNOLDS.”

Letter from the Earl of Abingdon.

WILLOUGHBY BERTIE, Earl of Abingdon, was born in 1740; he succeeded his father in 1760. Whilst he was an undergraduate at Oxford he recited congratulatory verses in Latin to Lord Westmoreland, on his installation as Chancellor of the University, in the Sheldonian Theatre. The performance gained him much credit. Lord Abingdon was elected High Steward of Abingdon in 1761; and married, in 1768, Miss Charlotte Warren.

Earl of Abingdon to Earl Harcourt:—

“MY DEAR LORD,—Permit me to express my obligations to you for the manner in which you accepted the Venison I took the liberty to send you. I had not sent it if I had not respected your character, and esteemed your truly to be admired conduct. On your acceptance of it, therefore, the favour was conferred on me. Not so with the great Duke^a; but methinks I wou’d not quit a right though he were the great King.

^a Referring to the claim which Lord Harcourt made, as Lord of the Manor of Stanton Harcourt, on the Duke of Marlborough, as possessor of Blenheim, for venison from the Royal Forest.

My bucks I wou'd have, and there is no better claim than that of *prescription*, which your Lordship has. When right is with us we have only to face such men, and their coward hearts fail them.

"You ask what is to become of us? Read the following account I have just received from London, and then give the answer to your own question.

"‘An Express, with three officers, Sr John Rockby, Col. Paterson, and Major Crew, is just arrived from New York, the news terrible, though not more than your Lordship knows I had anticipated; Clinton, in his march from Philadelphia through the Jerseys to New York, was exceedingly harassed, and at length attacked in his rear; the conflict was bloody, and the victory with the Americans; several hundreds were slain. Col. Monckton, Col. Trelawney, & many other field officers were killed. The remainder of the army got into New York; but here commences the dismal tale: on their arrival they found L^d Howe with all his fleet compleatly blocked up by D’Estaing’s squadron; Washington with thirty thousand men investing New York, and but ten weeks’ provisions left in the town. The Admiral and General have sent for succours from this country, and say that if they are not speedily relieved they must be forced to surrender prisoners of war

both navy and army, consisting of twenty thousand seamen and as many souldiers. This country you know can send them no succours. The tragedy is drawing to a conclusion ; I can assure it to you for a fact that Mons^r De Sartine has pledged himself to the French Court to land forty thousand men in England in the course of this summer. The Brest fleet, consisting of 38 ships of the line, is at sea.

* * * * *

"Such is my account, and which I leave with you for your reflections upon. Lady Abingdon unites with me in respect to you & Lady Harcourt, & I remain, my dear Lord, with the greatest regard,

"Yours sincerely,

"ABINGDON.

"*Rycot, Wednesday morn, 1778.*"

Letters from Lady Mount-Edgcumbe.

LADY MOUNT-EDGCUMBE was only daughter of Dr. John Gilbert, Archbishop of York ; she married in August, 1761, George Edgcumbe, who had succeeded his brother in the Barony of Mount-Edgcumbe in the previous month of May. Lord Mount-Edgcumbe was created a Viscount in February, 1781, and an Earl in August, 1789. Their son Richard was born in September, 1764, and married in February, 1789, Sophia, daughter of the Earl of Buckinghamshire.

Lady Mount-Edgcumbe to Countess Harcourt :—

" Mount-Edgcumbe, Sunday, Augt. 2nd, 1778.

" A THOUSAND thanks to you, my dearest Lady, for your kind letter. If I had not received it, I shou'd equally have wrote to-day to acquaint you of the important event of the return of our noble fleet, which now at this moment, all but the ships

themselves, are in our house. Admirals, Captains, & Secretaries, make it their *rendez-vous*, & A^l Keppel his lodging, till they re-embark; therefore, you may depend upon it that I know the truth, & you may depend upon it that I tell it.

“Know then that it was on Fryday sennight at eight, the 24th of July, that our fleet just came so near the enemy as to make preparation for action, but unluckily for us the wind was then against us, so as to put us into such a situation that the junction must of necessity depend upon the French, which was the case for four days; & so long it was never made on their part; but on Monday morning last, the wind changing, A^l Keppel with all haste advanced towards them, & an engagement follow’d, in which our commanders proved their own extreme bravery, running through the whole fire of the French fleet, some of our ships having four & five of the French firing upon them at a time, without being able to keep any regular order of battle. The French were anxious only to disable our ships that they might secure their own retreat; they therefore directed all their fire at the masts & rigging of our vessels, & then by degrees retired, & when night came on they took the opportunity to make their escape. *Vive la bravoure française!* Mon^r de Chartres never came into action at all.

“If they had not thus disabled our shipping

(which was their point), most certainly we should have gain'd a very compleat victory. As it is the French are much damaged & have lost many lives. The superior excellence of our officers has been fully proved, & they will be all out again in a week at farthest, but I doubt the French will never give them an opportunity to finish the blow ; for the case undoubtedly has been that they believed us much less strong than we are, & upon that faith came out, & finding so great & so noble a fleet they avoided us as long as possible, & when they cou'd do it no longer, they tried to get off as soon & as cheap as they cou'd ; by which they are certainly extremely dishonest, tho' it has saved their total destruction.

"A¹ Keppel is in great spirits, so perfectly happy with his ships, officers, & men, that he will take no addition at all. A ninety gun ship is here ready to join him, but he refuses it, & says it is impossible there shou'd be a more perfect fleet than he has already. Now this is fact, & very comfortable fact, & I beg you will take comfort from it yourself as I do, & tell it to whoever will like to hear it. I do assure you the account of the heroic deeds of our men, which are not at all lessen'd from the inevitable circumstances which prevented their bringing home the trophies they deserved, fills me with intense admiration of them all (there is not one exception) ;

and I am delighted to think that, for as long as it takes to make the ships ready to go out again, I shall be called upon to attend I suppose at least upon twenty of these noble creatures; & I absolutely feel proud to be sutler to the fleet.

“This place is thrown open & a table ready for them every day, &, if the last blade of grass wou’d comfort the lowest of their men, he wou’d have it. I am not quite equal to all the warmth I feel towards them, having not been well in the old way, & being weak, but the spirit is so willing that while I have one leg left I shall hop upon it to attend them. I wish with all my soul you was here at this moment; you have no idea what a most amazing sight it is: thirty sail of the line now lying under a terrace of shrubbs, as if only to ornament our park; &, besides, such millions of cutters, boats, & vessels of every shape & size, moving about to carry to them all they want, that it really is the most wonderful scene I ever saw. If the French had had one grain of spirit and come out to fight, a number of their ships wou’d have been added to our fleet. *Mais Violà précisément ce que sont les français*, bragg, boast, presumption, & when it comes to the time which requires true courage & sober resolution, then they fail; carrying *l’esprit national* along with them. I dare say at this moment they are bragging of a compleat victory over us, & singing *Te Deum* for the

wonderful deliverance of Mon^r de Chartres, who never was in action after the first two shott.

* * * * *

"Whenever our fleet sails again I shall remain upon my knees as long as they are in sight in prayers for their success, & trust in God they may yet be bless'd with victory.

* * * * *

"Adieu, my dearest Lady, my Gentlemen are coming, & I wou'd leave the whole world to attend them. My dear Richard arrived in perfect health yesterday, & I am glad he is here to be animated by such a scene, & lifted above the dull walk of mere common life. God only knows what scenes he may be call'd forth to; this is just a time to make young folks brave, & old ones resign'd. Once more Adieu, my dear Lady; write to me pray; give my love to L^d Harcourt, & beg his pardon for the trouble of enclosing this^a, but I cou'd as soon hold the winds as L^d Edgcumbe. What he is now it is quite impossible to tell you, with all these men about him, whom, as his fellow officers he respects, as particulars he loves, as our national hope he looks up to, & from his combined situation of sea & land he is devoted to. He has not a thought or step employ'd but in their service. In short,

^a Directed under cover to Lord Harcourt, as she could not at the moment obtain a frank from Lord Mount-Edgcumbe.

our house is a ship. I go to dinner & supper by a whistle, & I believe all that discomposes me is that I am afloat & not ashore, & am sea-sick without knowing it. I don't like to leave off talking about them any more than I ever do to leave you, *mais il le faut absolument*.

"Once more then Adieu, my dearest Lady, & be assur'd that, if I go a volunteer in the fleet (which I think possible), I shall always be sensible to what I leave while you are ashore, & to the affection with which I am ever yours,

"E. EDGCUMBE."

Viscountess Mount-Edgcumbe to Countess Harcourt :—

"Mount-Edgcumbe, July 4th, 1789.

".... ON our way from London we were so fortunate as to be upon the same road one day as their Majesties, & to have the happiness to see the joy & delight that was spread through all the places they pass'd, & indeed upon every step of the way. When we came to Salisbury we heard they were expected there the next morning at nine o'clock. As they were not to change horses at the inn we were at, we thought we shou'd have a better opportunity to make our bow at some other place, but resolved not to go on without having that honor ; we, therefore, pre-

ceded them some hours from Salisbury, & passed through a road lined with every human creature of every rank & every age, in chariots, coaches, carts, on horseback, upon asses, old men & maidens, young men & children, all come to see, & hollow, & scream their true loyalty & joy. We shared it most earnestly; every field & every hedge was rob'd of every flower to wreath the garlands & crowns; every village paid its rural homage, & every town its best devotion.

"At Blandford we stood foremost at the inn-door to make our bow; the notice their Majesties took of us, & the gratitude we express'd for it were totally lost in the shouts & acclamations of the crowd, & I verily believe from the general language that if the king pleases to advance to the westward, the applause & gratulation will only increase. Get but out of the reach of party, & honest nature speaks aloud, & exerts its utmost power to testify its most faithful duty & respect.

* * * * * *

"The King & Queen look'd perfectly well & perfectly happy; the Princesses I did not see, for, being nearly thrown down by the multitude who were passing behind me, I grew very much frighten'd, & was with difficulty dragg'd out of the crowd.

* * * * * *

"Lord E's figget cannot be express'd; the bed

is not come ; the plate by sea is not arriv'd ; the wind is contrary ; the glasses are not come for the library ; not a moment's peace will he have, nor sit still a minute, as if for him to keep in perpetual motion wou'd hasten the waggon or alter the wind. Nor shall any of us be much more at rest till the best we can pretend to do is done.

* * * * *

"The Queen, the Princesses, & all the Ladies, wore riding coats of the Windsor uniform, which is a new dress taken up this year.

* * * * *

"Adieu, my dearest Lady, I shall hope to hear from you soon. The best respects of this house most sincerely attend upon Nuneham.

"I am ever most gratefully & affectionately yours,

"E. MT.-EDGCUMBE."

Countess Mount-Edgcumbe to Countess Harcourt :—

"Mount-Edgcumbe, Thursday, Augt. 27th^b, 1789.

"I KNOW not how to begin the most flattering, the most interesting, the most memorable history of our lives, my dearest Lady, but by dating it

^b Lord Mount-Edgcumbe had been made an Earl nine days previously.

from the first moment of their Majesties' arrival at Saltram on Saturday, Aug^t 15th, at three o'clock. On Sunday the 16th Lord M^t-E. & myself, & Lord & Lady Valletort, went over after the hour of chapel, & had then the honor to see their Majesties; & myself & Lord & Lady V., who had not been presented, had that honor. Lord M^t-E. had been at Weymouth & was presented there. We were all received with gracious goodness, condescension, & most distinguish'd favor. We remain'd at Plymouth dock on Sunday night, to be ready to pay our duty to their Majesties & be seen the next morning.

“When they came with the three Princesses to see the dock it was a charming sight, consisting of many boats attending their Majesties, & hundreds to see them; the river was literally cover'd with boats, & once for all I will tell you that as often as the King mov'd upon the water his boat was preceded by that of the Admiral with his blue flagg hoisted, the Admiralty with their red one, & then the Royal Standard in the King's boat; every time they appear'd they were saluted with twenty-one guns by every ship, every fort, and every battery; the sound was most tremendous, and the show sublime. Their Majesties saw the docks; went on board the Admiral's ship; return'd to take some refreshments at the Commissioner's house; & went home by water

with the same parade & the same salutations. Hundreds of boats followed, & one, that always kept close, was row'd by six women, & steer'd by a seventh, all dress'd in white, & a sash over their shoulders, with 'God save the Queen,' which I think was a pretty idea. The acclamations were always as loud pretty near as the firings.

"Tuesday the 18th was the day on which their Majesties went on board the 'Southampton,' & went out to see the manœuvres of the fleet, with which they were much pleased. The Royal family are all such sailors, & so delighted with the sea, that no weather affects them. All the three Ladies Courtown & Waldegrave suffer so much, that they are kindly indulg'd & permitted to decline the sea. Their return from the fleet was the finest sight I ever saw, a repetition of their advent.

"On Thursday the Queen rested all day, & the King went alone to the cittadel, & the gun wharf, & came over to see the fortifications on our side, where we all met his Majesty at his first step of landing. Lord E. said he was very proud to have the honor of seeing his Majesty on this side the water, but he was so kind & so good natur'd as to say, 'I am not on this side the water & will shutt my eyes;' knowing that we were to have the honor to pay our duty to him the next day at Mount Edgcumbe, & that we shou'd wish the

place might not be forestall'd. The next day, Fryday the 21st, was the great day of our lives, when we were to expect the honor of receiving their Majesties here at ten o'clock. Judge what was our misery when, after some days of the finest bright clear sun that ever was seen, this morning in particular at 7 o'clock it was so hazy and foggy that it was long doubtful whether it shou'd rain; thank God it mended, tho' not to the degree of brightness that cou'd satisfye us, & at ten, exactly in the same order of boats and with the same salutations, their Majesties & the three Princesses came by water from Saltram to Mount Edgcumbe. It being very low water, there was a stage of considerable length covered with green baize carry'd out to meet the boat, so that their Majesties step'd out upon it, & from thence ascended a landing place cover'd with baize which brought them upon the lawn.

"Immediately on their landing, our battery saluted with twenty-one guns, a band of music under the trees struck up God save the King, & twelve little girls, all newly dress'd in white, with garter blue sashes, straw hats bound with the same blue, & the motto round them, & each having a straw basket trimm'd & tyed with blue, strew'd flowers before their Majesties till they came to the ascent of the avenue. There open carriages & the horses & servants all with blue

cockades attended to bring them up to the house. His Majesty drove the Queen in a little cabriolet with two ponies ; the Princess Royal order'd me to attend her in another with one horse ; the Princess Augusta & Lady Courtown were in another, Lady Elizth Waldegrave drove the Pss. Elizth in another, & Lady Caroline with the Gentlemen walk'd. 25 steps leading to a pavement before the house were carpeted, as also the pavement.

“The Duke of Richmond’s band, immediately on their Majesties’ entrance to the house, began ‘God save the King.’ After walking about the old rooms, their Majesties again set out in their cabriolet, and all the rest in their former order, to drive over the place. Their Majesties drove till they came to a zigzag too narrow for a carriage, & then they walk’d the whole walk down to the sea. In the course of it is a little corner call’d M^{rs}. Damer’s corner, in which are some fine myrtles, & there the Queen display’d the kindness of her heart, & her delicacy in shewing it. She gather’d a bit of myrtle & said, ‘I will carry this home, & plant it myself in a pot ; I will send it home, & always have it, & always keep it.’ What an Angel’s mind, always thinking of what is to make happy ! On the return from this walk, & long loitering in a seat at the bottom of it, their Majesties got

again into their carriage & were carry'd to another alighting place, from whence they walk'd gently to the house, honoring me in the way with a visit to my flower garden, which they were pleased to approve. From thence they set out afresh to take another drive round an amphitheatre of wood, which we reckon a capital feature, & from thence return'd to the house. We had dinner at four. Their Majesties were seated in two damask elbow chairs on one side of the table in the hall, in front of the great door; the three princesses in three smaller damask chairs without arms; & when they were pleased to order Lady Courtown, the two Lady Waldegraves, Lord M^t E. & myself to sit down, we had stools brought in. Lord E. sat alone at one end of the table, next the King. I sat at the other end nearest the Queen.

“After dinner Lord E. & I presented to the K. & Q. a small table with a glass of water & napkins; they did not sit long after dinner, at which, thank God, they appear'd to eat with good appetites, but went up to the bed chamber & dressing rooms, which we had furnish'd & prepared in case it shou'd have suited their Majesties' convenience to condescend to lodge with us. Coming down stairs again, they went into the library & the attics over it, & then left the house. They got again into their carriages between six & seven,

& went down to the orangeries, & from thence drove round the battery to the place of embarkation. This was a beautiful sight; the river was cover'd with boats, I suppose not less than two hundred, with uplifted oars looking like a wood. The shores resounded with acclamations, the battery fired, a band of music played, in short nothing cou'd be equal to the situation to us, honor'd, flatter'd, & made happy by every instance of goodness, kindness, & condescension. I do not know how we shall ever learn to be common mortals again, for sure I am that our royal guests were heavenly & were framed to bless mankind; thus their Majesties have left an immortal stamp of glory on this name & place which no time can ever efface. Richard will never rest till he has fix'd the memory of it indelibly on a triumphal arch, durable & handsome, recording to his family for ever the great event of their Majesties' presence. . . .

“Ever affectionately yours,

“E. MOUNT-EDGCUMBE.”

Letter from the Duchess of Devonshire.

GEORGINA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, was daughter of John, Earl Spencer, and wife of William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire. She was born in 1757, and married in 1774.

Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, to
Countess Harcourt :—

“ November 21st, 1778.

“ MY DEAREST MADAM,—I cannot resist writing to you to tell you how much delighted and touch’d I am with the charming verses you sent my Mother. You are so good to me in them, that I dare not say how much I like them.

“ Though rude my thoughts in wayward numbers move,
 Though wild in artless accents they pursue
The uncouth lays, yet still I must approve,
 Since they call’d forth so sweet a strain from you.

“ Thus through the vale perchance a current flows,
 Unknown it trickles through its narrow bound ;
Yet on its bank the scented vi’let grows,
 And, as it runs, it wakes new fragrance round.

"I hope, my dearest Madam, to have soon the pleasure of meeting you in town.

"I am ever affect^y yours,

"G. DEVONSHIRE."

Letter from Mr. Miller.

O. MILLER, Gentleman-in-Waiting to the Duke of Gloucester, to Earl Harcourt :—

“ Wednesday, June 7th, 1780.

“ MY DEAR LORD,—I conclude you are anxious to hear some accounts of our riotous mobs; they increase hourly, & their lawless cruelties become every day more shocking. On Monday they were employed in pulling down houses in Moor Fields, and setting them on fire; on Tuesday morning they gutted the house of S^r G. Saville; after which a party of guards were placed to prevent further mischief; at three o'clock on the same day the House of Peers met; the few who came were not a little frighten'd I assure you, notwithstanding the streets were lined with soldiers, light horse, &c., for their protection. I should except, however, some among those few who were less terrified than others; among the latter I have the pleasure to mention my master, who, I can assure you, was not the least discomposed.

“ L^d Sandwich in attempting to come to the House had his horses' reins cut, was wounded in the face, and, by the vigilance of the military, narrowly escaped being torn to pieces. The House

of Lords soon adjourned without entering on any business whatever. We afterwards went to the House of Commons, which seemed to be in a state of the utmost confusion; twenty people attempting to speak at the same time, each differing from the other, except in this point that the House of Commons refused to enter on the business of the petition till all tumults had subsided, and till the members could have free access & regress from the House without molestation.

“Sr G. Osborn brought in a message from the mob, who informed him they were ready to repel the military force as soon as it should think proper to attack them. L^d G. Gordon appeared in his blue Cockade, and pass’d but an unpleasant hour during their debates. Mr. Fox was very great, and spoke in favor of liberty of conscience. Col^l Herbert and a few others prevented L^d G. Gordon from going to the mob till the House broke up: the members I believe most of them got in safety to their own houses in the evening. The mob partly destroyed L^d Mansfield’s house (I mean every thing but the walls) in spite of the military force, who shot six of the rioters and one woman; they were lying dead this morning in Bloomsbury Square. They have broke open Newgate; set all the prisoners of every denomination at liberty, and destroyed every thing they could find. Many of the ministers’ houses are

threatened; 'tis supposed Lord Stormont's will be destroyed to-night, and L^y Archer's, as a protectress of French players. Caen Wood was destroyed this morning by a party of three thousand Canaille. I am now preparing to go to the House with the Duke, & am yours till the evening.

"I am just returned from G. House; in our way to the House of Lords we were informed that the Lords were adjourned till Monday next. The King's Bench is on fire, and the new prison, and all the prisoners at liberty; twenty thousand men are now employed in destroying these prisons. A Proclamation was issued to-day desiring all his Majesty's peaceable subjects to keep within doors as measures of a very different nature were to be put in execution. It is most certain the military are to act at discretion without the magistrates to-night. I dread the event, for the mob in the evening will be heated with liquor, and the consequence must be serious. Every moment brings an account of some fresh disaster. I am now informed they have seized many arms & military stores from the artillery ground, and it is their object to give (as they call'd it) the guards a dressing.

"The Herts & Hants militia are encamped to-day in Hyde Park. Six regiments are making speedy marches hither; the rioters also declare on their part that the Scotch & Welsh are march-

ing up to their assistance. It is my firm opinion by to-morrow we shall hear of much blood shed, and I should rather hope that some decisive stroke may be struck, for to be at the mercy of a deluded Mob is not a very eligible situation; but whatever it may prove, whilst I think I can be of any service to the Duke, I certainly will not quit my post. The instant the tumults cease, you may be assured, my Lord, where my pleasure & happiness are so much concerned I shall be extremely anxious to turn my steps. Believe me, with my love to Lady H., your ever faithfull & affectionate,

“O. MILLER.

“My Mother begs her respects, and desires me to inform you she is your frighten'd humble servant.

“At this moment I hear the mob in Portland Place.

“My servant tells me fifty of the Mob lie dead round the King's Bench, and it is supposed that they mean to pillage the Bank. I will write to-morrow.”

Letter from Lord de Ferrars.

GEORGE, LORD DE FERRARS, was born in 1753. His father was George, fourth Viscount Townshend ; his mother was Charlotte, only daughter of the Earl of Northampton, and, in right of her mother, Baroness Ferrars of Chartley ; she died in 1770, when her son became Lord de Ferrars, who in 1784 was also created Earl of Leicestershire. His father, who succeeded Simon, Earl Harcourt, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1777, was created Marquis of Townshend in 1787. After his father's second marriage Lord de Ferrars no longer found a home at Raynham.

Lord de Ferrars to Earl Harcourt :—

“ Wimpole Street, Saturday, June 17th, 1780.

“MY DEAR LORD,—I ought to ask your forgiveness a thousand times for my unpardonable long silence since I had the favor of your last very kind letter, inviting Lady de Ferrars and my family to take refuge from the late tumults at Nuneham, as we cannot go to Raynham ; I

trust, my dear Lord, that you will have the goodness to overlook my neglect in not writing before, which I can assure you did not arise from inattention (for then it had been unpardonable indeed in me), but from this circumstance, that the whole of the late disturbances are to this moment as unaccountable as they were in their first appearance. There abound various reports that they have been raised & supported by money from our national enemies, and I am told that a certain great law oracle, who is shortly to be, if he be not already, raised to a seat in our house, has been hardy enough to affirm that the public would soon be apprized of certain great names as being concerned in these late tumults, which would much surprize them; that he had his reasons for not naming then the persons publicly, but that if any friend was desirous of knowing them he would inform him in private.

“This I have been told, from pretty good authority, my *Ld. L—ghb—r—gh*, that is to be, publicly declared in Lincoln Town Hall, when he went to be promoted for his extraordinary deserts to the degree of Sergeant. What foundation his *Lp.* has for thus talking time will shew; for my part I am as little inclined to ascribe the late tumults to the interference of the persons with which we are now at war, as I am to lay the account of them to any of those personages

to whom Ld. L—ghb—r—gh would fain have us impute the cause of them. They were, I believe, instigated by a set of miscreants who sought the first opportunity to commit every species of devastation in this metropolis; the meeting of the protestant association furnished a favorable opportunity, & the watchword or pretence for their outrages was ‘No Popery.’

“The circumstances which ensued after the riots, as Ld. Geo. Gordon’s being sent to the tower, &c., your Lordship has no doubt seen in the public papers, as also the reconciliation between the royal brothers; but the most remarkable circumstance is Ld. Amh—st’s letter to the city to disarm, which I presume you have also seen in the papers; that is a measure which I trust the spirit of this country will never suffer, and I flatter myself it will occasion an extraordinary unanimity in people to associate for the purpose of strengthening the civil power more effectually, so as to render the interference of the military less necessary. A committee to form a plan of association has met in our parish; I am of it, & y^r Lordship, and almost every body of distinction is named to be of it; we meet from time to time at the vestry to consider of proper regulations, and I hope the plan we have resolved upon will be such as to render any future interference of the military totally unnecessary. Our meaning is not merely to asso-

ciate for our defence for the present occasion, but for the future.

“Ministry are in high spirits at the news from America; it is to be hoped they will make a good use of it (i.e. be the more inclined for peace with that continent), but I fear much that they will persevere in their mistaken system, and, on the strength of this late success, again cherish the idea of subjugating America, which they never can do; for tho’ Clinton has made Charlestown capitulate, yet he is obliged to sail back again immediately for New York, for fear Mons^r de Ternay’s squadron sh’d get there before him, in which case it would most likely fall. . . .

“Your Lordship’s most obliged

“humble servant, & faithful friend,

“DE FERRARS.”

Letters from Mr. Jerningham.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM was the youngest brother of Sir W. Jerningham, of an old Norfolk, Roman Catholic family. He was born in 1727, and was educated at Douay. He was a good classical scholar and well versed in modern languages. His chief bent was poetry, in the pursuit of which he met with considerable success. Mr. Burke bestowed upon him the following compliment : " I have not for a long time seen anything so well finished as his poetry. He has caught new fire by approaching his perihelium so near to the sun of our poetical system."

His last work was entitled "The Old Bard's Farewell:" it breathes a spirit of grateful piety for the lot in life assigned to him. He was no bigotted religionist, and enjoyed the intimacy of most of the eminent characters of the day. He died in 1812.

Edward Jerningham, Esq. to Earl Harcourt :—

“Park Place.

“DEAR L^d HARCOURT,—Tho’ the papers give you early intelligence of the progress of the political anarchy in France, they do not relate the adventures of individuals. Your regard for the Duchesse de Biron will excuse my troubling you with an accurate history of her late distresses.

“M^{rs}. Damer had this morning a letter from the D^{ss} of Richmond with the following particulars. Mad^e de Biron had retired to Rouen as a place more free from commotions. The town was perfectly quiet when she first went there, but since the infamous transactions of the tenth, in Paris, the town of Rouen became disorderly; the populace gather’d in the streets and threaten’d whoever adhered to the better cause. This alarmed our meek friend, who immediately engaged a ship, but the mob said they would stone her if she offer’d to quit the place. She then, finding that her staying did not pacify the tigers, put on the habit of a peasant boy, and in this disguise stole out of the town by herself unnoticed, and contrived to get to Havre, where she engaged a fisherman to convey her to Portsmouth in a large boat without a deck. Till the tide was favourable she lay concealed in a hole where they stow the tackle. A

violent storm blew the whole time ; however, she got safe to Portsmouth as to her life, but her spirits were so exhausted, and her mind so agitated that she conceived the Frenchman (to whose house she was carried) was a friend of the Jacobins, and that he meant to send her back. This idea so forcibly struck her imagination that she grew delirious ; and finding she cou'd not get out of the door, she took an opportunity of getting out of the window, and walked the streets in a distracted manner. Captain Conway most fortunately met her, and brought her to an inn and sent for a physician, and also sent an express to the D. of Richmond, who came to Portsmouth the next day with Lady Louisa Lennox & a maid servant, and convey'd her to Goodwood. She is calm and perfectly recover'd as to her mind.

"Mrs. Damer begs her best compts. I beg you will present my respects to L^{dy} Harcourt.

"I am with the most

"perfect esteem

"y^r faithful h^{ble}

"Servant."

Edward Jerningham, Esqr. to Earl Harcourt :—

"DEAR L^d HARCOURT,—I have frequently knocked at your door to enquire after you &

L^{dy} H. I should have enquired *proprio calamo*, but I had nothing entertaining or interesting to communicate, so my vanity kept me silent.

* * * * *

“Various and contradictory reports are floating relative to the general topic of invasion. There seems to be one consistent belief that an attempt will be made, unless we are prepared, and then my opinion is we shall not be honor’d with a French visit. Mr. Pitt thinks otherwise. Curiosity, or rather a patriotic solicitude, induced me to go twice to the House of Commons last week, I heard Mr. Pitt each time. He spoke under the conviction of Buonaparte’s attempting to ‘Invade, plunder, massacre, and annihilate this island;’ these were his actual words; perhaps he meant only to quicken the pulse of preparation, but he rather impressed the house with terror. The offer *Monsieur* has made to the king in the name of all the emigrant gentlemen, is a spirited, highly-flushed, chivalresque dedication of the French noblemen to this country. The King I understand is much pleased with the offer, but has declined accepting their services, from a delicacy that their fighting might irritate the French government to treat with rigor their relations and friends who have returned to France.

“A foreign bookseller in Albemarle street had sent a Shakespeare magnificently bound to the

custom house to be forwarded to Hamburgh, and from thence to some gentleman at Paris; the officer at the custom house performed the usual ceremony of opening each volume to see if there was any paper concealed between the leaves, and, finding none, he replaced the books in the box; as he was putting one of the last volumes back, he perceived the binding in the back swell out a little, and, entertaining some suspicion, he cut the binding, and found a small map of one part of the Thames; he then open'd another volume which contained an accurate map of the Tower; and so on successively, and every volume had some treasonable chart.

* * * * *

"Be so good, my dear Lord, when you favor me with half a line to direct to me, Cossey, Norwich, Norfolk.

* * * * *

"I presume your garden is in great beauty, & that your flowers all go smiling on. . . ."

Letter from the Duke of Richmond.

CHARLES LENNOX, third Duke of Richmond, Lennox, and Aubigny, was born in 1735, and married in 1757 Mary, daughter of the Earl of Aylesbury. As Colonel of the 72nd Regiment he was present at the battle of Minden in 1759, and received the thanks of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick for his gallantry in action. He afterwards was appointed one of the Lords of the Bedchamber. He was a great patron of the polite arts.

The Duke of Richmond to Earl Harcourt :—

“ Whitehall, April the 10th, 1786.

“MY DEAR LORD,—I lost no time in shewing to Mr. Pitt Mrs. Henrietta Hay’s Letter, and informing him how much both your Lordship and myself interested ourselves for the family of our very respectable friend Colonel Hay. Mr. Pitt expressed much concern for Mrs. Hay’s situation, and great regret that it was not in his power to continuance the allowance which Miss Hay seems

to hint at. Mr. Pitt observed that quartering upon places was not only illegal but a practice of the worst tendency, as any minister might under such a cover take for himself or his friends the best part of the profits of most employments unknown to the publick, and that a diminution of the value of the place, below what Government had thought proper for the due execution of it, was a temptation to the possessor to make good what he paid out of it by taking improper fees or gratuities; that, besides these general objections, the employment Mr. John Pelham held ought never to have been a sinecure, & that the person who did the duty had an assurance given him that on a vacancy he should succeed to the employment, which has been accordingly given to him. I am persuaded your Lordship will be struck as I was with the propriety of these reasons, altho' they are unfavorable to our wishes.

"Inclosed I return Mrs. Hay's letter, and beg leave to assure your Lordship of the very sincere esteem and regard with which I have the honor to be your Lordship's

"Most obedient

"and faithfull Servant,

"RICHMOND, &c."

Letters from Mrs. Siddons.

SARAH KEMBLE was born in 1755, at the "Shoulder of Mutton" Inn, at Brecknock. Her parents were strolling actors. The girl's beauty attracted great attention; and the early advances of a young actor attached to the company were strongly discouraged by the parents, who hoped for a more advantageous match for their daughter. Young Siddons was dismissed the troupe, and Sarah Kemble was sent off as lady's-maid to Mrs. Greathead of Guy's Cliff in Warwickshire, to get her out of the way of her youthful admirer. The consent, however, of her father being at length obtained to the match, Sarah Kemble became Mrs. Siddons in November, 1773. The young couple were married in Coventry. They at once took to the stage, which was their only means of support.

To Lord Ailesbury, then Lord Bruce, belongs the merit of first discovering the genius of Mrs. Siddons, in her early youth, on the

Coventry Boards. Through his influence she went to London. Her life is too well known to make it necessary here to narrate how, from small beginnings, and after careful self-instruction, she attained to the pinnacle of fame in her profession ; and how she was one of the means of elevating that profession to the high level to which she justly considered it capable of being raised.

As an introduction to her letters, a truly Irish account of her first appearance in Dublin, and some lines written by Lord Erskine on her saying farewell to the stage in Covent Garden Theatre, are appended.

The following account of Mrs. Siddons' first appearance in Dublin is taken from an old *Irish newspaper* :—

“On Saturday, M^{rs}. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful adamantine, soft, and lovely person, for the first time, at Smock-alley Theatre, in the bewitching, melting, and all tearful character of Isabella. From the repeated panegyricks in the impartial London newspapers, we were taught to expect the sight of an Heavenly Angel ; but how were

we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy at beholding a Mortal Goddess. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators that went away without a sight.

“This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence! this star of Melpomene! this Comet of the stage! this Sun of the firmament of the Muses! this Moon of blank verse! this Queen and Princess of tears! this Donnellan of the poisoned bowl! this Empress of the pistol and dagger! this Chaos of Shakspeare! this World of weeping clouds! this Juno of commanding aspects! this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes! this Prosperine of fire and earthquake! this Katterfelto of wonders! exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the natural powers of description! She was nature itself! she was the very daisy, primrose, tuberoses, sweet-briar, furze-blossom, gilliflower, wallflower, cauliflower, auricula, and rosemary, in short she was the bouquet of Parnassus! Where expectation was raised so high it was thought she would be injured by her appearance; but it was the audience who were injured: several fainted before the curtain drew up! but, when she came to the scene of parting with her wedding-ring, ah! what a sight was there! the very fiddlers in the orchestra,

“ ‘Albeit unus’d to the melting mood,’

blubbered like hungry children for their bread and butter ; and when the bell rang for music between the acts, the tears ran from the basoon-player's eyes in such plentiful showers, that they choked the finger-stops, and, making a spout of the instrument, poured in such torrents on the first fiddler's book, that, not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played in one flat ; but the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience, and the noise of the corks drawn from the smelling-bottles, prevented the mistake between the flats and sharps being discovered. One hundred and nine ladies fainted ! forty-six went into fits ! and ninety-five had strong hysterics !

“The world will scarcely credit the truth, when they are told that fourteen children, five old women, one hundred tailors, and six common council men, were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, the slips, and the boxes, to increase the briny pond in the pit ; the water was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches were, in that position, up to their ankles in tears ! An Act of Parliament against tear playing any more will certainly pass.”

Lines written *impromptu* by Lord Erskine, in a box in Covent Garden Theatre, when Mrs. Siddons had finished her address on taking leave of the stage :—

“‘WHEN first the sun proclaims the day,
Surrounding clouds obscure his way ;
And as he nears the western sky,
His radiant beauties fade and die :
But Siddons—thy immortal flame
Of genius still has shone the same :
Soon as you burst upon our sight
Your lustre shed meridian light ;
And glowing to the setting hour
Expired with undiminished power.’

Mrs. Siddons to Countess Harcourt :—

“MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—I was just going to write when your kind letter was put into my hand. As yet I have had neither recollection or time to think of any thing except the tremendous devastation and its afflicting consequences. My poor brother bears it most nobly, with manly firmness, hope, and even chearful resignation. And for me, I now think only of the mercy which was vouchsaf’d us in his not having heard of the fire till the whole structure was devour’d, so that the lives of both my brothers, which wou’d have been risk’d in the efforts they wou’d have exerted (per-

haps at the expense of limbs and life), are safe ; God be prais'd. I myself was in the house till near twelve o'clock. Mr. Brandon and the watchman saw all safe at near one, and it is as true as it is strange that not a fragment of the whole structure was discoverable at six, at which time my brother first heard of it ; and he declar'd that at that time it was so compleatly destroy'd that you cou'd not have known a building had stood there.

"The losses of scenes, dresses, &c., are, as you may imagine, incalculable and irreparable. I have lost every thing, all my jewels & lace, which I have been collecting for thirty years, and which I cou'd not purchase again, for they were all really fine and curious. I had a *point riel* which had been a *toilette* of the poor Queen of France, near five yards long, & which cou'd not have been bought for any thing like so little as a thousand pounds, destroy'd, with dresses of my own of great value for costume. In short every thing I had in the world of stage ornament is gone, and literally not one vestige left of all that has cost me so much time and money to collect. We are to act at the opera next Monday, and I shall *attempt* the character of Lady Randolph there. My poor dear brother has to begin the world again, Mr. Kemble bears it like an angel. Of course I am with them every moment that I can.

It is a glorious feeling to see how many noble and friendly attentions have been shewn to him on this occasion. Lord Guilford and Lord Mountjoy have offered to advance him any sum of money they can raise by any means.

"My head is so confus'd I scarce know what I write, but you, my dear Lady H., will have the goodness to excuse any abruptness or incoherence under these circumstances. The Prince, too, has been so good and so gracious, every body is good and kind, and, please God, we shall still do well! Adieu."

Mrs. Siddons to Countess Harcourt:—

"MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—Now that I can sit down in some hopes of being restor'd to health and comfort, I take the first leisure moment to write to you. I have been extreamly ill indeed ever since I reciev'd the honour of your very kind letter, but Dr. Reynolds has prescrib'd so happily for me that within this fortnight I am a new creature. It is impossible, I suppose, to give you any account of the Royal Family that you have not already heard. The King and Queen have done me the honour to be very gracious to me and to little George; her Majesty told me the other day that he was a very fine little boy, and so civil. They saw him several times with his maid; for I did not take him

on the esplanade when their Majesties were likely to be there, for fear his spirits shou'd have grown boisterous, except when we went to bathe in a morning, and the Queen was never on the walk at those times. How it rejoices one's heart to see the King so well, I never saw him look so handsome in my life, and the Queen is absolutely fat. In short they all look as well and as happy as possible, long, long may their happiness continue!

“I had the pleasure of seeing my dear Mr. Mason at Sheffield, and went and spent a day at his beautiful little Paradise; tho' I lov'd him and venerated his genius before as much as possible, my love and admiration is wonderfully increas'd since my having seen him domesticated, as I may call it. It is impossible to describe the delight it gives one, and the good it does one, to hear and see that severe countenance and voice grow instantly benign and melodious at the sight of any of his poor neighbours or domestics. He really talks to them with the tenderness and good humour of a kind and sensible father. The house-keeper almost made me envy her situation, she made me think it must be the nearest approach to the mansions of the blessed to dwell under his roof, and she thanked God for the preservation of his health with so much fervour, that I join'd in her petition for the continuance of this

blessing to her and many others almost as heartily as she herself cou'd do. Then the good man took us into his church, which is characteristic of himself, and wears an air of simple dignity. It was not Sunday, yet many people were assembled to hear the little children of the parish sing some poetry, which he has with his usual exquisite taste collected from the psalms, and adapted to elegant music of different composers. This was altogether too much and too fine a sort of pleasure to enjoy long; it over flow'd at my eyes; but a few moments like these convince one very forcibly there is a state of happiness in store for us which it 'hath not enter'd the heart of man to conceive.' I hope to see him again when I have the happiness of seeing you and dear Lord Harcourt.

“I expect every day to hear that among other dignities which the King dayly confers (nay I shall not be satisfied if it is not so) his Lordship will receive the greatest that can be confer'd on him. State and splendour shou'd attend on such virtues and graces as those of my most honour'd and beloved friends; but it is impossible that any earthly dignity shou'd alter the esteem and affection of their most oblig'd

“and ever faithful Sert,

“S. SIDDONS.

“ *Weymouth, Augt. 11th, 1789.*

“Mr. Siddons begs his respects, and we offer kind Compliments to Mr. Haggitt.

“I am going to Exeter, where I shall be about five weeks, to act a few nights, and then I have done with the stage for a long long time.”

Mrs. Siddons to Countess Harcourt :—

“Sandgate, near Folkestone, Kent, Aug. 2d, 1790.

“MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—After so long a silence, your good nature will exert itself to bear a long letter full of egotism. I will begin with leaving Streatham, where you may remember to have heard me talk of going with no great degree of pleasureable expectations; supposing it impossible that I shou’d ever feel much more for Mrs. L. than admiration of her talents; but, after very unexpectedly having staid there more than three weeks, during which time every moment gave me fresh instances of unremitting kindness and attention to me, and indeed a very extraordinary degree of benevolence and forbearance towards those who have not deserv’d much lenity at her hands (and it is wonderful how many there are of that description), I left them with great regret; & between their very great kindness, their wit, and their music, they have made me love, esteem, and admire them very much. In a few days I set out with Mr. S., Miss Wynn, and

her brother for Calais. After a very rough passage of little more than two hours we arriv'd at our destination, and found my dear girls quite well, and improv'd in their persons, and (I am told) in the French. I was very much struck with the difference of objects and customs in France, when I reflected how small a space divides one nation from the other.

“Like true English we saw all we cou'd, and I thought of my dear Lord Harcourt tho' not with him. In their churches, I own (tho' I blame myself at the same time for it) I was disgusted with all the pomp and magnificence. When I saw the priests playing such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as (I think) must make the ‘Angels weep,’ and when I heard the people gabbling over their prayers, and gaping to do it over as quick as might be, ‘Alas,’ said I to myself (in the pitifulness and perhaps vanity of my heart) ‘how sorry I am for these poor deluded people, and how much more worthy the Deity, who does prefer before all Temples the upright heart and pure, are the sublime and simple forms of our religion.’ Indeed, my dear Lady, I am better satisfied with the ideas and feelings that have been excited in my heart in your garden at Nuneham, than ever I have been in those fine gew gaw places; and believe Mr. Haggitt, by his plain and sensible sermons, has done more

good than a legion of these priests wou'd do if they were to live to the age of Methusalem. I am willing to own that all this may be prejudice, and that we may not mean better than our neighbours, but fire shall not burn my opinion out of me, and so, 'God mend all.'

"Now to return to our 'great selves.' We took our little folk to Lisle. It is a very fine town, and, tho' I know nothing of the language, the acting was so really good that it gave us very great pleasure; the language of true genius, like that of nature, is intelligible to all. We staid there a few days, and you wou'd have laught to have seen my amazement at the *valet* of the inn assisting the *femme de chambre* in the making of our beds. The beds are the best I ever slept upon; but the valet's kind offices I cou'd always I think dispense with. Good heavens! well.

"We return'd to Calais, where I wou'd have staid a few months, and have employ'd myself in acquiring a few French phrases with the dear children, if Mrs. Semple wou'd have taken me in; but she said she had not room to accommodate me, and I unwillingly gave up the point. In a day or two we set sail, after seeing the civic oath administer'd on the fourteenth; it was a fine thing even at Calais. I was extremely delighted and affected, not indeed at the sensible objects, tho' a great multitude is always a grand thing,

but the idea of so many millions throughout that great nation, with one consent, at one moment (as it were by divine inspiration) breaking their bonds asunder, fill'd one with sympathetic exultation, good will, and tenderness. I rejoic'd with them from my heart, and most sincerely hope they will not abuse the glorious freedom they have obtain'd! We were near twenty hours on the sea on our return, and arriv'd at Dover fatigued and sick to death. Dr. Wynn was oblig'd to make the best of his way to London on account of a sermon he was engag'd to preach, and took his charming sister with him. We made haste here, and it is the most agreeable sea place, excepting those on the Devonshire coast, I ever saw. Perhaps agreeable is a bad word, for the country is much more sublime than beautiful.

“We have tremendous cliffs over hanging and frowning on the foaming sea, (which is very often so saucy and tempestuous as to deserve frowning on), from whence, when the weather is clear, we see the land of France, and the vessels crossing from the Downs to Calais; it is amazing with what velocity they skim along. We have little neat lodgings, and good wholesome provisions. Perhaps they wou'd not suit a great Countess, as our friend Mr. Mason has it, but a little great Actress is more easily accommodated. I'm afraid it will grow larger tho'; and then adieu to the

comforts of retirement. At present the place cannot contain above 20 or 30 strangers, I shou'd think. I have bath'd four times and believe I shall persevere, for Sir Lucas Peppys says my disease is entirely nervous. I believe I am better, but I get on so slowly that I cannot speak as yet with much certainty; I still suffer a good deal. Mr. Siddons leaves me here for a fortnight, while he goes to Town upon business, and my spirits are so bad that I live in terror of being left alone so long. We have been here near three weeks, and I propose staying here, if possible, till September, when I shall go to Town to my brother's for some days, and then set off for Mr. Whalley's at Bath; I shall hope to see you at Nuneham tho' before you leave it.

"Now, my dear Lady Harcourt, let me congratulate you upon having almost got to the end of this interesting epistle, and myself in the honour of your friendship which has flatter'd me into the comfort of believing that you will not be tir'd of your proseing,

"but always very affte

"and faithful Ser^t

"S. SIDDONS.

"Pray offer my love, and our united comp. to all."

Mrs. Siddons to Countess Harcourt :—

“IT happens very odly, my dear Lady Harcourt, that I cannot procure conveniently another sheet of paper, and I am so eager to have you see my dear Mrs. Piozzi’s loyal ballad, calculated, as she humorously and pompously says, for the meridian of an ale-house, that I am resolved not to delay what may please and entertain you. I am getting quite well and my spirits are very much improved. It is a blessed change of mind and body, God be praised for it!! Pray remember me very affectionately to all y^r household, and believe me in great haste,

“y^r most aff^t

“S. SIDDONS.”

A popular ballad for the associations in favour of loyalty, by Mrs. Piozzi.

“WHILST in murder embrued,
Our mad neighbours with blood
Delight their poor country to drench ;
Let us British boys sing
Drink a health to our king,
And ne’er be such fools as the French ;
And ne’er be such fools as the French.

“If enamoured they are
Of young freedom the fair,

Sure they know not the trim of their wench ;
But think liberty's joy
To sink, burn, and destroy ;
Why our fleet may do that for the French ;
Our fleet may do that for the French.

“What bold Edward begun,
Both father and son,
From their monarch his sceptre to wrench ;
These comical elves
Have now done for themselves,
And imprisoned their king of the French ;
And imprisoned their king of the French.

“When our brethren and we
Quarrel'd over our tea,
And Lord North grac'd the treasury bench ;
Fomenting vexations,
They injured both nations,
Such traytors and rogues were the French ;
Such traytors and rogues were the French.

“Now dank Holland they swear
They will render so bare,
They'll not leave her an eel nor a tench ;
But long live Billy Pitt,
And we hope they'll be bit,
While none fish in foul streams but the French ;
None fish in foul streams but the French.

“But if this way they drag
Rebellion's curst flag,

In our channel their colour we'll quench :
Lest the poyson should spread
Soon cut off the snake's head,
Nor stand still to be stung by the French ;
Nor stand still to be stung by the French.

“ From the tower so high
Our red cross it shall fly,
And around it we'll dig a deep trench ;
And will arm in the cause
Of religion and laws,
And down with the levelling French ;
And down with the levelling French.”

Mrs. Siddons to Countess Harcourt :—

“ Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds, July the 9th, 1807.

“ MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—You see where I am, and must know the place by representations as well as reports I dare say ; at least, my Lord does, yea ‘every coigne and vantage’ of this venerable pile, and envies me the view of it just before me where I am writing. This is an Inn, I set myself down here for the advantage of pure air and perfect quiet, rather than lodge in Leeds, which is the dirtiest disagreeable town in his Majestie’s dominions, God bless him !! This day my task finishes ; I have play’d there four nights, and am very tir’d of Kirkstall Abbey, it is too too sombre for a person of my age, and

I am no antiquarian. It is, however, extremely beautiful. I am going to York for a week, and I hope while I am there to hear from you, my ever dear Lady Harcourt. I must work hard a little while longer to realise the blessed prospect (almost, I thank God, within my view) of sitting down in peace and quiet for the remainder of my life.

“About 200 and 50 more a year will secure to me the comfort of a carriage, and, believe me, it is one of the favorite objects in that prospect, that I shall then have the happiness of seeing you and my dear Lord Harcourt often, very often ; for tho’ time and circumstances, and that proud barrier of high birth, have all combin’d to separate our persons, yet allow me the honest ambition to think our minds are kindred ones, and, on my part, united, ever since I had the honour and good fortune to be known to you ; how cou’d it be otherwise ? since to know you both is to esteem and love you. Pray let me hear from you very soon ; I am very anxious to know that your teasing cough has left you, and that you are both well. When you see your sisters, pray remember me most kindly to them, & to Gen^l and Mrs. Harcourt. I have some hopes of going to St. Leonards some time in the autumn. In the mean time I hope Mrs. H. will not forget her promise of the Sweet Dot. It gave me great pleasure to see

her look so well at Bath. If Mr. and Mrs. Haggitt are at Nuneham have the goodness to present my kind comp^{ts}; and now, my dear Lady Harcourt, I must leave off boring you to dress for "Belvidera." It is very sultry weather, & I am not i'th mood for acting, but I must tug the oar a little while longer, and then! how peaceful, how comfortable shall I be after the storms, the tempests, and the afflictions of my laborious life! God bless and preserve you, who are to make a large share of my happiness in that hour of peace.

"I am, with love to my dear Lord Harcourt, and Miss Wilkinson's most respectful compliments,

"My dear Lady Harcourt,

"Your aff^{te} and faithful

"S. SIDDONS."

Mrs. Siddons to Countess Harcourt :—

"Westbourne Grove, March, 1808.

"MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—Your kind letter has so completely anticipated all that I have felt, and shall feel long, that I have nothing to inform you of except my deep sense of your unalterable goodness to me. May I die as poor Mr. Siddons died and pray'd to die, without a sigh, without a groan, and may those to whom I am dear remember me when I am gone, as I now remember him; forgetting and forgiving all

his errors, and recollecting only his quietness of spirit and singleness of heart.

"I shall be forc'd to go to town on some melancholy arrangements, and will take the first opportunity of waiting upon you. Remember me most kindly to my dear Lord Harcourt, I hope he is as well, as (I thank God) you are. May you both live long and happily, and continue to honour with your friendship, my dear Lord and Lady Harcourt;

"Your aff^{te} & faithful Ser^t,

"S. SIDDONS."

Mrs. Siddons to Countess Harcourt :—

"*Bannister's Lodge, Southampton, Decr. the 12th, 1818.*

"MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—I cannot repress the anxiety I feel for the state of your health after this long and severe trial; and I flatter myself that the friendship with which you have honour'd me for so many years gives me a claim to your indulgence upon a subject which must ever be very deeply interesting to my feelings. I know well how firmly the strength of your mind and high principles wou'd bear you up to fulfil all the sacred duties which the unvarying and affectionate attachment of our most gracious and lamented Queen has call'd upon you to perform, and which you have so nobly and

tenderly fulfill'd to the very utmost ; and I cannot but be fearful that those mournful and tender offices now no longer occupying your time and thoughts, you may feel the effects of such great and painful exertions even more than you expected ; for I know by sad experience how wonderfully the mind sustains the body while exertions are necessary ; and the sad nervous languid state in which they leave one when they cease to be so. From these apprehensions may I not hope, my dear Lady Harcourt, you will relieve me by the favour of a few lines ?

“As it wou'd be the basest ingratitude not to feel, so I hope it is not presumptuous to say, that my own experience of his gracious goodness to me and mine has made me love, as much as I have always honour'd, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and in his kind and friendly consideration for your feelings and health, my dear Lady Harcourt, he appears most amiably himself. It does my heart good to find how the eyes of people have open'd to see the sweetness and sensibility of his nature in all his dutiful and tender attentions to his royal parent ; and I pray to God that he may receive the fulness of the promise annex'd to such pious conduct by ‘living long and happily in the land which the Lord God hath given him.’ Words cannot express what I felt for him in the performance of the last sad

duty; and I most devoutly hope that H.R.H. and the amiable Princesses are all as well as they can be under the pressure of so great an affliction. They have in themselves the best and most effectual consolations for it; the delightful recollection of having, by their unremitting and pious cares, alleviated the long sufferings of their august mother, and ensur'd to themselves the blessing of Heaven."

Mrs. Siddons to Earl Harcourt :—

"MY DEAR LORD,—If any thing cou'd have given me new life your kind note would have restored me, but I have been so ill with my cold ever since Wednesday that even the euylogiums so charmingly bestow'd on my beauty won't do. 'Can flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?' I hope you and dear Lady Harcourt do not suffer from this severe weather! as to Mr. Haggitt he's in love, which is of 'so floodgate and o'er-bearing a nature' that all other sensations are swallow'd up in that, or more properly overwhelmed by it. My fingers are frozen, and my pen, which might as well be call'd a stick, make my writing almost as unintelligible as that of a certain lady whom I dare not presume to name. I hope, in God, you will continue to think me handsome a good while, and never cease to re-

gard with kindness, indulgence, and honor of your friendship,

“My dear Lord,

“y^r very aff^{te}

“and faithful Ser^t,

“S. SIDDONS.”

Mrs. Siddons to Earl Harcourt :—

“*Monday Mornng.*

“MY DEAR LORD,—It is easier for you to conceive than for me to express my surprise and grief at the melancholy news you send me, nor need I tell you how sincerely I sympathise with you in a loss which you must feel even more poignantly than myself; for truly the longer one knew those virtues and that exalted genius, the more one must have rever'd and lov'd their dear possessor^a; but he is gone to receive his rich reward, and I am one of those (whether rationally or not, yet surely innocently) who look forward to the hope of meeting those I love in a better world, as one of the rewards for having struggled with reasonable decency thro' this. Let us endeavour to console ourselves with this delightful expectation, and in the hope that his pure spirit went into the bosom of its great Creator without much pain at its departure hence. 'Oh may my

^a Mr. Mason.

death be that of the righteous and my last end be like his.'

“I have the honour to be,

“My dear Lord Harcourt,

“Your very aff^{te} & faithful Ser^t,

“S. SIDDONS.

“I hope my dear Lady Harcourt is well!”

Letters from Lady Craven.

ELIZABETH, LADY CRAVEN, was second surviving daughter of Augustus, Earl of Berkeley; she was born in December, 1750, and married in May, 1767, William Craven, who succeeded his uncle as sixth Baron Craven in March, 1769. It is unnecessary to enter into further details of the family history. The letters of this eccentric lady (so far as it is desirable to print them) give a notion of the amenities of her married life.

Lady Craven to Earl Harcourt :—

“MY DEAR LORD,—I left Paris the beginning of June to pay a visit in Tourraine, and while I was there I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from my brother, Lord Berkeley, saying he would pass the winter southward with me; which determined me not to return to Paris, but go on in my way to wherever he chuses to pass the winter months. I hope he will not alter his mind, for it would be a great satisfaction to me to see him. I have pass’d thro’ Lyons, Avignon, Mar-

seilles, Toulon, Hyeres, Antibes, and I now write to you from Genoa, where I have seen Palaces and Pictures which deserve other possessors. These people have no idea of grandeur or comfort.

* * * * *

"I was much surpris'd at Toulon to be refus'd the permission of seeing the dockyard; it was granted to a lady of my acquaintance, in the midst of the war, when her husband was sent out of the town; but I was told, since my Lord Chesterfield had been there, no one that had English blood in their veins was permitted to see it. I confess I should like to know what he could do to cause such a scare.

"I passed a fortnight at Hyeres, famous for its orange gardens, which, like many other fine things, are better in the description than in the enjoyment of them. I staid there a fortnight to read and write, for among a few books I had with me *L'Histoire du Siege de Gibraltar par un Officier Français*, struck me as a thing so extremely laughable that I could not resist the desire to turn it into English verse. I shall by the first safe hand send it to you for your amusement, Lady Harcourt's, and Mr. Walpole's. I have mark'd alphabetically the passages which diverted me in the book, and I hope you may laugh as much as I have done.

"You will wonder how I came to attend to military matters. It is a natural inclination in

me, but keep this confession a secret, my dear lord, for I assure you I love music and embroidery for my employments, when I am with women; but I confess I have had a very patriotic pleasure in list'ning to French officers speculating and calculating what they ought to have done. I have examin'd the nature of the Nation enough to be very glad they conquer only in their imagination; conscious that personal merit, viz. bravery & calm steady action in the field, belongs to my countrymen *par excellence*.

* * * * *

"I came in a Felucca from Antibes to this place. I found arms & ammunition for forty thousand men at Monaco, carried there by little & little these fifteen months from France. This provision causes many conjectures. Here there is nothing talk'd of but the Cardinal de Rohan's imprisonment, and the despatch of the Emperor, who has wrote to every convent in his dominions some orders which are not to be open'd & executed till the 10th of this month.

"I set out to-morrow in a Felucca for Leghorn. I was sick in coming here—who never was sick in the British channel! however, if I have acquir'd a French stomach, I have preserv'd an English heart, which retains all the esteem it ever had for worth like yours, and wishes very sincerely that my pretty Country may be pre-

served from all the machinations of foreign powers, and from those worst ennemys to its greatness—domestic feuds, & spirit of party.

“Pray give my love to Mr. Walpole, & my comp^{ts} to Lady H., with every sincere wish for both your healths & happinesses.

“I remain,

“my dear Lord,

“your attach’d sincere

“ELIZ. CRAVEN.

“*Genoa, 7th Sept., 1785.*”

Lady Craven to Earl Harcourt :—

“*Trustorf, 12th August, 1787.*”

“MY DEAR LORD,—It is a long time since I have had the honour of hearing from you, but I think this letter will be well worthy of an answer, as it is nothing less than a proposal for you and Lady Harcourt to become members of a very honourable society, which, tho’ in its infancy at present, may become as usefull and agreeable to absent *Confreres* as it is pleasant to us.

“To speak plainer, I have establish’d a literary society here, at the which presides the Margrave and all his noblesse that delight in the muses. I shall not send you a long list of names that cannot interest you, but Mr. de Buffon and the Prince Kaunitz are among them. Mercier is the Secretary

of this society; brother to that one who has the reputation of having wrote *le Tableau de Paris*, &c., of which works all that is worth reading is of Mr. Mercier's writeing. I have transplanted him & his wife & five children from Paris, and given them a beautifull house & garden here. I hear you say, 'given them a house! you, who have none of your own.' Yes, my good Lord, I have the pleasure of being treated here *en sœur et en souveraine* by the Margrave and his wife, and whatever I propose for their amusement and pleasure is executed.

"Our literary society meets 2 or 3 times a week; there is a *sallon* open with books & newspapers every day; & our Secretary reads or collects curious or new things for our amusement; we are likewise to publish a periodical paper. I will not promise it shall amuse more than other papers much given to invention, but I can answer for it, there shall be no scandal in it. Upon the table in the *sallon* I have ordered a large book *en blanc*, to be at the mercey of every pen that shall please to scribble something, *tant pis pour ceux qui n'ecriront pas ce qui vaut la peine d'etre insere dans notre feuille*. I have little time to write, and, therefore, I beg you will inform Mr. Walpole of this new academy, and tell him I shall insert his name near mine.

"This is not the only new creation I have made

here. A beautifull theatre in the garden, which had been neglected six & thirty years, I have restor'd, & on the 6th of this month the court was a little surpris'd to see *la Chasse D'Henry 4* acted as it never has been & never can be acted any where, as all the horses & hounds were *en scene*. The actors were all good ; Sully in particular was super excellent. You may imagine how our troop was compos'd when I tell you that I play'd Catau, & the Comtesse L'Alfeldt, sister to the Prince de Tour, was Margot. We had an audience of two thousand five hundred people, &, owing to the number of guards, we had no confusion. If you answer this letter prettily and soon, I will send you the songs, &c., & we will make a collection (if you belong to us) of literary productions.

“I have bid a long adieu to England, my Lord ; I endeavour'd, but in vain, last year, to get at my children properly ; what I saw of their management gave me more pain than pleasure, & so I return'd and accepted here of the protection of an adopted brother, whose virtues as a friend I have long known. I have ventur'd to withhold my youngest boy, who is here with me, from the poison of mercenary governors & servants who are order'd to give my other children the worst impressions of me.

“I have written to my Lord, to beg he will not insist on my parting with him, as I should then

be oblig'd to try by the laws of my country if there does not exist there the same justice in Doctors' Commons for women as for men. I have reason to believe my hint has had a proper effect, and I leave to the chapter of accidents the rest. A very sound conscience is accompanied by a very chearfull heart ; and perhaps it will be in the midst of these woods that I shall make some people in England feel the loss of me. We have a very fine type & printing press at Anspach, and my journal I shall publish there, with other works which I may venture to give the public. My health & my looks of course are much improv'd ; I ride a great deal, and am making an English garden & farm here, so that, except the idea of my children, I have no gloomy employments here ; there is much magnificence, & to it I am adding gayety. The country is beautifull, & the sovereign belov'd, I may say adored.

"Pray tell me a little what your world is doing, & believe me your very much attach'd servant & friend,

"ELZ. CRAVEN.

"There is a postage to be paid for your letter, direct under cover to His S. H. the Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach et Bareith, a Anspach, Franconia."

Lady Craven to Earl Harcourt :—

“ Trustorf near Anspach, 25th May, 1790.

“I AM always glad of an opportunity or excuse to put you in mind that I look upon you as an acquaintance for whom I have a particular esteem ; therefore, my Lord, I beg you will listen patiently to what I shall tell you. It can be nothing new to you that the Margrave is one of the best men in the world, and doubly and triply allied to our King ; but what may be new to you is that he has been many years wishing to have the blue ribband, and has seen it hang, I will not say like a calve’s skin, &c., &c., &c., but on many limbs that may be ‘recreant’ when compared to his, without knowing why he did not adorn that which may have adorn’d others.

“Last year I made inquiries at Berlin, and was told he was to have it, and that if the K. of England knew he wish’d to have it, he would certainly give him the first.

“I should certainly have written to the King, but was told my letter must be read by the minister first, and as it is no ministerial favour for the Margrave to have the blue ribband, I would not ask him.

“As I flatter myself you have some little regard for me, and I know you like good & great men, I wish you would assist or forward this busi-

ness. You would oblige me and please the M., whose only pride and pleasure is feeling that he is half an Englishman.

"I shall make no apologies for speaking to you on this subject. My gratitude to the M., and my esteem for him, plead my excuse to you. I shall be glad to hear you are well, and that you and Lady Harcourt do not intirely forget me.

"I remain, my Lord,

"your most O. servant

"& friend,

"E. CRAVEN."

Copy of the Margravine's first note :—

"THE Margravine of Anspach begs leave to inform the commanding officer of the Berks Provisional Cavalry, that two young officers forced their way through the gate of this place, telling the woman that wanted to deter them that they were going to Benham House—and meeting the Margravine, who asked them if they were going there, they answered they thought the road was public; she answered it was not—but they proceeded through. The Margravine hopes that whatever these young men might be, they ought to be informed that they have behaved very unlike Gentlemen, &, of course, not the least like officers."

Copy of the answer to the foregoing :—

“THE officer commanding the Berks Provisional Cavalry begs leave to inform H.H. the Margravine of Anspach, that the two Gentlemen who rode through Benham Place gate did that conceiving that the road was public, which opinion they had formed from the constant practice during the late Lord Craven’s residence at Benham, and the repute of the country. Under this idea they opened the gate, and did not answer the woman who had the charge of it, & who did not appear till one of the officers alluded to had passed through. These Gentlemen are by no means desirous of interfering with the wishes of any person, however their right may stand ; but they regret that H.H. should have thrown any reflections upon their conduct, which coming from H.H. they cannot investigate.”

Copy of the Margravine’s second note :—

“UPON enquiry the Margravine finds the commanding officer is Colonel Dundas, who, if he had the common manners of a gentleman, would long ere now have done himself the honour of making himself known to the Margrave, by having waited on him, with all the officers of his Corps, to compliment so good & so great a man on his arrival

at Benham. The Margravine is authorized to tell Col. Dundas this, having in the whole Empire of Germany, as well as in Russia, received such and more civility, though she was only a passenger in those countries, because she was an English Peeress ; and, now she has informed him how Gentlemen behave to Princes & Peers, she informs him that she had the happiness of living at Benham before Col. Dundas came into the country, and with Lord Craven, her late husband, whose determination then, as hers is now, was never to permit any one to make a passage through Benham. The road to Benham Hoe, or any other Benham, lies by Mat. Dyers, a public road, and the Margravine being now in possession of Hampstead, Benham, & all her son's manorial rights, will preserve them to her son inviolable, always glad to fulfil her late Lord's intentions notwithstanding, of doing every thing in her power to oblige any residing near her, when they don't forget what she is, and the obligations the whole nation, as well as Berkshire, are under to the best of Princes, and the most excellent of men, her present husband."

Letter from the Marquis of Carmarthen.

FRANCIS GODOLPHIN OSBORNE, Marquis of Carmarthen, was eldest son of Thomas, Duke of Leeds, whom he succeeded in 1789. He was born in 1751; and in 1773 he married Amelia d'Arcy, only child of the Earl of Holderness, and afterwards Baroness Conyers in her own right; he was divorced by Act of Parliament in 1779, and re-married in 1788 to Miss Anguish. His first wife was re-married almost immediately to Mr. Byron.

The offer which Lord Carmarthen, in his official capacity, was authorised to make to Lord Harcourt was declined by him.

The Marquis of Carmarthen to Earl Harcourt :—

“ Grosvenor Square, Dec. 27, 1783.

“MY DEAR LORD,—I trouble you with this, in order to acquaint you that the Embassy to Spain being vacant, by the resignation of Lord Mount-

stuart, I am authorized to offer it to your Lordship, should it be a proposal which met your approbation. I am sure his Majesty & his Ministers would most sincerely rejoice at your concurrence in the appointment. I shall be much obliged to you for as speedy an answer as may be convenient, & need not I am sure beg that this proposal (if not accepted) may remain a secret.

“I am, my dear Lord,

“ever faithfully

“& sincerely yours,

“CARMARTHEN.

“*Earl of Harcourt, &c., &c., &c.*”

Letter from the Earl of Chesterfield.

PHILIP, fifth Earl of Chesterfield, born 1755, was grandson of Dr. Michael Stanhope, who was descended from the Hon. Arthur Stanhope, eleventh son of Philip, the first Earl. The issue of the ten elder sons of the first Earl having failed, the descendants of Dr. Michael Stanhope succeeded to the Peerage. Philip, the fifth Earl, died in August, 1815, having been twice married. With his grandson, George Philip Cecil Arthur, who succeeded as seventh Earl in 1866, Dr. Michael Stanhope's branch came to an end. The present peer traces his origin to a younger brother of Dr. Michael Stanhope.

Earl of Chesterfield to Countess Harcourt :—

“ March, 1789.

“MADAM,—I am commissioned by the club at White's to desire you to take Her Majesty's commands as to the number of tickets she chooses

to command for the ball at the Pantheon^a. We dare not flatter ourselves that her Majesty would do us the honor to be present on that occasion, but if she should, we should receive it as a great mark of her goodness, and should endeavour that the ball might be such as her Majesty would approve. Will your Ladyship do me the honor to mention this to the Queen, if you should think it proper so to do, and I shall be happy to receive her Majesty's commands.

"I have the honor to be,

"Madam,

"your Ladyship's

"most obedient

"humble Servant,

"CHESTERFIELD.

"*Monday.*"

^a NOTE BY COUNTESS HARCOURT.

"Given by the club at White's in honour of the King's recovery. Upon this occasion all the ladies wore a uniform of white sattin trim'd with crape & gold, & bows in their caps, with 'God save the King' embroidered in gold spangles upon white sattin. The Pantheon was beautifully illuminated, & adorn'd with many allegorical paintings, & the whole entertainment such as it became the first nobility in England to give upon an event that fill'd every honest heart throughout the nation with real joy.

"The chief managers were the Earls of Winchelsea, Chesterfield, & Coventry, who came down to Windsor with this invitation.

"The Queen's unwillingness to leave the King prevented her going to the ball."

Letter from the Countess of Sutherland.

ELIZABETH, Countess of Sutherland in her own right, was married to George, Earl Gower, son of Granville Leveson Gower, the first Marquis of Stafford. As her history will be fully entered into in another volume, it will be unnecessary here to go into further details.

The Countess of Sutherland to Countess Harcourt :—

“MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—If I have been much longer in writing to you than I intended, or ought to have been, it was in order to be able to execute the commission you gave me.

* * * * *

“M^{de} de Biron told me she had very lately had the pleasure of seeing you, & was charmed with Nuneham & its inhabitants. She has returned to a very pretty house she has here, fitted up in the best taste both for magnificence & comfort, but I am afraid she will not find the same

agrémens dans la société that was here formerly, or that she left in England. *Pour moi, je m'amuse très bien*, as there are still several very agreeable people left, though they are much distressed by the situation of their friends & their country in general; & it is impossible to know them intimately without feeling much for them; though I cannot help thinking that if in this country *les sensations sont plus vives, elles sont en même tems moins profondes, que chez nous*, and that we should have felt & acted under such calamities in a very different way.

"It is astonishing how the Royal family support their misfortunes, particularly the Queen; she is still very handsome & has a great deal of Air.

* * * * *

"Pray write to me soon, my dear L^y Harcourt, & tell me a great deal about all our society in England. I have not played at one game since I saw you of either chance or skill, except billiards for nothing, & *loto chez la Reine, qui n'est pas de tout gros jeu*, & at which I contrive to shew as much stupidity as the game admits of. I am quite reformed, & pass by tables of hazard without ever thinking of it. L^d Gower is also wonderfully wise in that respect, & keeps the young *Anglois* from play as much as any old sage could do.

"I had a letter from Farsby *du fond de l'Ecosse*, & I want to hear from you of the more animated

part of the world. We have got a charming house here, the Hotel de la Prs de Monaco, & I hope you will not send war & oblige us to quit it, as I have not yet felt any *ennui* here. If L^d G. knew that I was writing to you he would torment me to say a great deal from him. I beg you to present my compliments to Lord Harcourt, & to believe me, my dear Lady Harcourt,

“Very sincerely yours, &c., &c.,

“SUTHERLAND.

“*Paris, Sepr. ye 10th, 1791.*”

Letter from Dr. Barrington.

FROM Dr. Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, to Countess Harcourt :—

“ Auckland Castle, North: Sep. 17, 1791.

“ NOTHING can have been more flattering than my reception from all ranks & descriptions of men, which I attribute to its being so generally known that the situation, great as it is, was unsolicited on my part, & that I was the object of his Majesty's spontaneous favour.

“ Of the two Castles, the places of a Bishop of Durham's Residence, it would be somewhat difficult for Lord Harcourt to decide to which he would give the preference. In that at Durham he would find every trace of the old Baronial mansion, & the Feudal system. The massy gate, the battlemented court, the spacious hall, the dungeon, the tapestried & matted gallery ; where he might expect to meet the Knight of the Castle with his Beaver up ; & where every circumstance would remind him of Otranto ; and, as his Lordship has high respect for religious antiquity, he would visit St. Cuthbert's chapel, under the foundation of the Castle, & the box which conveyed the bones of that distinguished worker of miracles,

which insured certain victory to that army of contending chiefs which had the good fortune to have them in its van.

"The building at Auckland has nothing to boast of earlier than the Restoration, but then the scenery of its park would, if I mistake not, powerfully touch another string in his Lordship's frame, & call upon him to resume his pencil. There are, in truth, parts of very superior merit, & as capital as great diversity of beautiful ground, wood, rock, & an enchanting bold little river, can make them. *Ma tres chère Moitié* is as enthusiastic as myself on this topic; & yet our Oxfordshire friends need entertain no apprehensions of the diminution of an attachment to our first love; we purpose being there in the course of next month, & will seize the earliest opportunity of making our courtesy & bow at Nuneham. I need not add, in the mean time, that our best wishes attend my Lord & you.

"I have the honour to be,

"with the truest respect & regard,

"your Ladyship's

"most faithful Servant,

"S. DUNELM."

Letters from Mr. Mason.

THE following Letters from Mr. Mason were overlooked during the preparation of the volume which contained his correspondence.

Rev. W. Mason to Countess Harcourt :—

“Aston, July 15th, 1791.

“MY DEAR LADY,—I beg leave to congratulate your Ladyship, the good Dowager, & your sisters, on the promotion of your brother to the See of Carlisle; and, as I am not in the habit of corresponding with himself (a very Burkian phrase), I request you to make my congratulations acceptable to his Lordship, who, I presume, will be glad to have one letter less to answer out of the number which will be addressed to him on this occasion.

“If Lord Harcourt sees this letter, I hope it will make him blush for that want of *etiquette*, not to say want of perfectly good well breeding, which he has lately shewn to me on an occasion which, tho’ not exactly similar, has yet a certain shade of similarity (another Burkian phrase), sufficient to accuse him of the most crying sin that a cour-

tier can be guilty of, a *manquetterie* of *Politesse* (a phrase of my own). I more than hinted to him above half a year ago that I myself expected his Lordship's congratulations, not indeed for having got, but for having escaped promotion; & surely he has had full leisure to give such a letter that *tornure*, that delicacy of expression, which the subject seem'd to demand. I am, with my best respects to him, compliments to Mr. & Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Haggitt, &c., &c.,

"Madam,

"Your Ladyship's infinitely

"Devoted Servant,

"W. MASON.

"Three weeks hence my York Residence commences with a *roratorio* in the Cathedral, when I shall have the pleasure of hearing Madam Miriam's (I mean Maras) tuneful voice. I know no body but your Ladyship & Lady Holdernessee who would be more delighted than I shall be on the occasion."

Rev. W. Mason to Countess Harcourt:—

"York, Oct. 17th, 1790.

"MY DEAR LADY,—I have made if not the best yet certainly the truest apology for my silence to his Lordship; &, therefore, I hope you will accept the same; but, at the same time, I would

not have your Ladyship think that I am prompted to write at present out of gratitude for the good news you sent me about Mrs. Siddons. Tho', if it had been news, it certainly would have had that effect upon me; yet I had heard & cordially rejoiced at it three months ago; &, as to the other part of your Ladyship's intelligence, *vide-licet* that she means to act twenty nights this winter, this gives me concern rather than pleasure. I would have her keep free of the stage at least a year, if not two, except indeed a single appearance to prove to the world that she is in a state of sanity; which, you know, it has been so universally propagated that she is not, that perhaps nothing but her acting will remove the suspicion.

"I should be very happy if I could accept your Ladyship's kind invitation to meet her at Nuneham this autumn; but, alas, my wretched Residence in this wretchedest of all places is so far from being almost over, that it will be the feast of St. Martin, my tutelar saint, before my fetters are off my ancles. This festival being on the 11th of November, & the Parliament meeting on the 23rd, your Ladyship will easily calculate how short a time I could stay at Nuneham was I to attempt the journey; but, to own the truth, as I have own'd it to my Lord, I feel myself too old to take any more southern vagaries. I mum-

ble my meat worse than ever poor Whitehead did ; your hard crusted French bread (unless I had taken a lesson from the stone eater who was lately in this city) would to me be a piece of adamant : this, & a hundred other cogent reasons, prompt me to give up the great world entirely, & only to admire it at a proper distance.

“I cannot conclude this stupid letter without applauding your Ladyship’s judgment (tho’ perhaps it may be only a court fashion) in writing upon lined paper. It improves the legibility of your hand prodigiously. My best respects attend the good Dowager & her fair daughter ; compliments to Mr. Haggitt, & Mrs. Siddons when she comes. I hope your Ladyship believes me to be with all sincerity of respect,

“Your most obliged & devoted Servant,

“W. MASON.”

Letter from Mrs. Kennicott.

MISS ANN CHAMBERLAYNE was sister to one of the Solicitors of the Treasury ; she was a lady of large literary attainments. In 1771 she had married the celebrated Hebrew scholar, Dr. Kennicott, who was at that time a Canon of Christ Church in Oxford, having obtained it in exchange for a stall at Westminster, to which he had been previously presented.

Mrs. Kennicott to Countess Harcourt :—

“ Windsor, Aug. 18th.

“ MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—I have for some time foreseen that I should not see your Ladyship and Lord Harcourt while I was at Windsor, and, marvellous to tell, I was rather glad of it. This is one of the greatest proofs I shall ever give of my disinterestedness, for indeed I should not wish to purchase any gratification to myself at the expence of such a worry to you both, as the kind of life the Royal Family are now leading must occasion ; and I have no doubt but that, on this point, I have the honour of thinking with her Majesty,

which is the reason of your not having had a summons.

* * * * *

"Of all the raree shows here, I missed the one which I think I should have best liked. The Turkish Ambassador and his suite, fourteen Turks and a Greek interpreter, came to spend a day with Sir William Parsons. In the morning they had their carpets and cushions carried upon the terrace, where they smoked their pipes; then they walked up the mount of the Round Tower, and as the breadth of each path obliged them to walk singly, they and their high Turbans and long robes seemed to fill the mount. In the evening they went upon the terrace to be presented to the Royal Family. The Ambassador had on a robe richly trimmed with black fur; it was one of the hottest of our days. As soon as he saw the King approaching two of his attendants threw over him a violet coloured mantle, lined throughout with white fur, and so befurred he had his audience. O how Lord Harcourt would have envied him.

* * * * *

"Pray give my affectionate grateful respects to Lord Harcourt, and

"am your Ladyship's most obliged,

"& truly affectionate humble servant,

"A. KENNICOTT."

Letter from Mr. King.

EDWARD KING was born in 1735. He was a man of ample fortune, and engaged himself in the pursuit of philosophical antiquities, in preference to that of law, to which he had been educated. He was much prouder of being President of the Archæologia than of being Recorder of Lynn. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1767, and of the Society of Arts in 1770. He died in 1807.

Mr. King was a man of extensive reading and of considerable knowledge; he set great store upon his powers of "thinking," but his judgment sometimes misled him into unfortunate controversies with such critics as Mr. Gough and Bishop Horsley, for whom he was no match. His chief work was the "*Munimenta Antiqua*."

Edward King, Esq. to Earl Harcourt:—

"MY LORD,—I am deeply sensible of the unmerited honour which your Lordship has con-

ferred upon me by your most obliging letter; and shall be happy to communicate any little degree of information in my power.

“Your Lordship will easily recollect that Leland^a and Dugdale^b, on the authority of antient traditions and records, affirm the Castle of Oxford to have been built by Robert D’Oiley, who came into England with William the Conqueror. No doubt can therefore remain but that this illustrious Chieftain either repaired or built a Keep tower here, on an high mount, in the same sort of style with those which were the usual mansions, in those days, of so many other great Norman barons at different places.

“Yet it is, at the same time, still further almost as certain that a Keep tower and Castle of residence, of some kind or other, must have existed here a considerable while before the Conquest: because not only King Alfred, but also Harold-Harefoot, are known to have resided long at this place.

“The giving due weight then to both these considerations may help us to account satisfactorily for every circumstance in the appearance of the present interesting remains, of which your Lordship has sent me so curious an account.

“For, we may be assured, that there was, at least in the time of Robert D’Oiley, on the very

^a Vol. ii. p. 17.

^b Dugdale Bar., vol. i. p. 459.

summit of the mount now called the Castle-hill, a Keep tower of considerable height ; and containing at least three stories, whose external diameter was almost equal to that of the summit of the hill ; and which would therefore very nearly resemble, both in appearance and situation, those at Arundel, Tunbridge, and Lewes : whilst the tower, near the foot of the mount, represented in Agas's view drawn in 1578 (of which there is a copy inserted in Mr. Grote's *Antiquities*, Vol. 8), was merely an additional fortification : consistently with what is said of it in the account of the siege of this castle in King Stephen's time ; and consistently with what I have found to have been the case in some other fortified mansions.

“Hence then it appears evidently that the little vaulted apartment, of which your Lordship has had the goodness to send me so curious a drawing and description, was the original well-room, belonging to, and constructed in the centre of the original Keep, devised from the first to supply it with water ; and sometimes occasionally used as a dungeon, of which latter fact I should not be at all surprized to find if further proofs were to be discovered, by the existence of iron staples in the walls, . . . and I cannot but add that a subterraneous room, almost exactly similar to this, exists at Arundel Castle, only no well has as yet been there opened.

“The remains of foundation walls running round the summit of the mount I apprehend to be those of the original Keep itself.—But, my Lord, as the whole external diameter, in that part, is only forty feet, and the walls are of considerable thickness, it appears that the diameter of the Keep tower, on the inside, could not be much above twenty, or twenty-one feet, which is so much less than that of the Norman Keeps in general, that I cannot but suspect this to have been of much higher antiquity than the time of Robert D'Oiley; and to have been indeed the very mansion in which both Alfred and Harold Harefoot resided,—and that its being of no larger dimensions was the very reason why the strong tower at the foot of the Mount was added, for the sake both of greater strength and of greater accommodation,—from which Tower I make no doubt there was a communication, by steep steps, to the near adjoining Keep, on the top of the mount, in the same manner as I have met with in some other Castles.

“It is indeed true that Alfred, and his son Edward, devised and constructed Castles themselves of a more magnificent kind. But, my Lord, I have, in the work which is now by me, ready for publication, produced many unquestionable and most curious instances (little suspected hitherto, and therefore alone unnoticed, and little known) of remains of structures similar to this which I

conceive to have existed at Oxford, of the very early ages before the Conquest, in which our Saxon Princes dwelt,—and instances where sometimes vaulted rooms, built after the Roman manner in those early ages, were certainly constructed, and, with your Lordship's permission, shall add the drawings of this curious specimen to the rest.

“That such a well-built vaulted room should be found in a tower once inhabited by Alfred is not at all surprizing; neither is it so that just before his age they should have gotten rid of the inconvenience of the opening for the well through the middle of every floor. And, that Alfred's habitation was in this very Castle, appears the more deserving of credit, because, in the survey taken just after the Conquest, no mention is made of the remains of any other palace or place of royal residence at Oxford that he could have dwelt in, but only of forty-two common houses within and without the walls of the city.

“My Lord, in order to confirm these ideas, I should be glad to know (if your Lordship would have the goodness to obtain for me that information) what is the exact thickness of the fragments of masonry (a a a) on the top of the hill?

“As to the rest;—the staircase (B), whatever may be the mode of entering it now, I apprehend began originally in a cavity in the inside of the wall of the Keep, in the room on the ground floor.

“And as to the human skeletons found in the well:—there seems the utmost reason to believe, since the town gallows stood on a mount near the north wall of the Castle, that these may have been the bodies of malefactors formerly executed; which were hastily flung in here instead of being buried, just as disgracefully, under the gallows, according to the old usage mentioned by Plott, in several places, even in late ages.

“The well was probably first partly filled up soon after the demolition of the Keep, and even with some of the stones and rubbish left on that demolition, and afterwards from time to time these bodies and more rubbish were thrown in till it was quite covered.

“If it be cleared out deeper and deeper, I should think it highly probable, on account of the vicinity of the place of execution, that even more skeletons would be found.

“I hold myself greatly indebted to your Lordship for the sketch and plan, which I shall add to my collection most gladly, both on account of their intrinsic value, and still more as a memorial of your Lordship’s partial attention to my labours.

“I hope to return to town very shortly, and if it can become a matter of the least entertainment to your Lordship to look over my three volumes of drawings, which are now quite prepared for engraving, and in which are several things that

tend to elucidate the subject of the letter with which I have been honoured, it will make me very happy, and I should be glad if your Lordship would appoint some morning for the purpose.

"Mrs. King and our Niece beg leave to join in most respectful compliments, and I remain, very truly, with great regard,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obliged

"humble Serv^{nt},

"E. KING.

"*The Oakery, Beckenham, November 12th, 1794.*"

Letter from Mr. Haggitt.

THE history of Mr. Haggitt and his appointment to the living of Nuneham by George Simon, Earl Harcourt, is to be found in the Mason correspondence in the last volume. He came to Nuneham quite as a youth, and the friendship between him and his patron was of a warm and lasting character. Mr. Haggitt's daughter married Mr. Baker, who was presented to the living of Nuneham by William, Earl Harcourt, on Mr. Haggitt's decease. Mr. Baker's daughter married Mr. Cooke, who on Mr. Baker's death had the living of Nuneham bestowed upon him by Mr. G. Harcourt.

Rev. Francis Haggitt to Earl Harcourt :—

“June 11th, 1794.

“I WILL not repeat to you, my dear Lord, the particulars which you must already have of our Naval Victory; but I cannot forbear telling you the manner in which it was announced and received at the Opera last night, because you may

not perhaps have the account from any other quarter. The first act of the *Frascotana* had passed over very quietly, & the spectators were not looking at the undiverting *divertissement* which followed, when Lady Chatham came into her box. I observed a great noise & bustle there, & presently Lord W. Gordon came into the pit, near where I was seated, announcing the glorious tidings from Lord Howe. The news ran like wild fire, & in ten minutes was known to every individual in the House; then (albeit repugnant to the English character) those who were total strangers to each other became suddenly familiar; each man congratulated & question'd his neighbour in the same breath, & I became the dear & intimate friend of a person whom I never saw before, & shall probably never see again.

“In the meantime the 2^d act of the Opera was begun, & I know not who was singing I know not what, when there was a vehement call for ‘Rule Britannia:’ the performance ceased, the band immediately obeyed the call, & the first note was no sooner heard than the whole audience rose from their seats as if electrified, & the continued & violent plaudits & huzzas almost overwhelmed the music; Morelli, Morishelli, & the other singers joining in the shouts, & acting a great deal of joy extremely well. When this tumult had subsided we sat down again, but before the renewal of the

Opera there was a sudden & general cry of 'God save the King,' on which we all instinctively rose again, the Musicians in the Orchestra also standing up, & the performers on the stage singing the song with great applause. I cannot describe to you the impression which this scene made upon me, nor the thrilling & agitation of my nerves; the effect was such that the Operatical music (though extremely beautiful) became flat & perfectly insipid; & finding I could relish nothing after the luxurious feast I had been enjoying, I came away very soon afterwards, of which I now repent, being informed that Banti was discovered in a Box, & invited by the audience to come upon the stage, & sing 'God save the King' again, with which request she readily complied.

"I am told that Admiral Montagu has intercepted two or three ships which had escaped from Lord Howe.

"Remember me kindly to Lady Harcourt,

"& believe me, my dear Lord,

"your faithful & affectionate,

"F. HAGGITT."

Letter from Mrs. Hartley.

THE husband of Mrs. Hartley was the son and biographer of the celebrated Dr. Hartley, of whom it was said that "the virtuous principles instilled in his works were the invariable and decided principles of his life and doctrine. His whole character was eminently and uniformly marked by sincerity of heart, simplicity of manners, and manly innocence of mind."

Mr. Gilpin, of whom Mrs. Hartley writes, was one of those friends whose congenial tastes always assured to him a hearty welcome at Nuneham on the part of Lord Harcourt.

Mrs. Hartley to Earl Harcourt :—

"Belvedere, Dec. 29, 1797.

"MY LORD,—I have just received an answer from Mr. Gilpin, who is much flattered by your Lordship's obliging intention to send him the description of Nuneham-Courtenay, in which is contained the lines by Lady Harcourt, that do

so much honor to the memory of his friend Mr. Mason.

* * * * *

“I am sorry to add that poor Mr. Gilpin does not write in spirits, & that he complains of an astmatic disorder, which I am much concerned at; he had enjoyed till this time a remarkable share of good health, with a very placid mind, & the most perfect acknowledgement of happiness that I ever met with; for tho’ it is common enough to hear people say ‘I was happy,’ we very seldom find any one who says, ‘I am so.’ In one of his letters to me, giving me a long account of his life & family, his children & grand children, with all the circumstances of his contentment, particularly of his happy marriage with a most amiable & excellent woman, he tells me that they have often said to each other, ‘that they had never known what cou’d be called an affliction; & only have had to hope that God wou’d be pleased to work with them by felicity, as He often does with others by calamity.’

“I beg pardon for taking up so much of your Lordship’s time; & yet I cannot help thinking that you will be pleased to meet with this little anecdote of a man who is as respectable for his moral virtues, as he is eminent for his taste & genius in the elegant art that you love.

“I hope your Lordship & Lady Harcourt have

not suffered from the fatigues of the journey to St. Paul's. I rejoiced to hear that you had so much brighter weather in town than we have had here, for it rained with us the whole day; & we little hoped that the scene wou'd be so splendid as I hear it was.

"I felt sorry that your Lordship & Lady Harcourt left Bath so soon, but when you return I hope to enjoy the pleasure of your company again, & I have the honor to be,

"My Lord,

"your Lordship's

"most obliged

"& obed^t Servant,

"MARY HARTLEY.

"Will your Lordship have the goodness to put Lady Harcourt in mind of her very kind promise to let me have the beautiful lines to 'Gratitude,' undeprived of those interesting & expressive passages which she was so good to repeat, & which gave the poem its peculiar force & beauty?"

Letter from Bishop Porteus.

BEILBY PORTEUS was born at York in 1731. He was the eighteenth child out of a family of nineteen. His father and mother were natives of Virginia, but they came over to the mother country for the purpose of educating their children. After a primary education in York the future Bishop was sent at an early age to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was admitted as a Sizer. His merits and his studies soon secured for him the success which they deserved. His first occupation was that of a tutor at the University.

In 1757 he was ordained, in 1762 he became Chaplain to Archbishop Secker, and in 1765 he was married to Miss Hodgson of Asbourne in Derbyshire. In 1767 Porteus took the degree of Doctor in Divinity, and in 1769 he became Chaplain to the King, and Master of St. Cross, near Winchester. His sermons now began to attract

public attention, and in 1776 he was promoted to the bishopric of Chester. In this station he made himself remarkable for his piety, benevolence, and zeal in the public good. On the death of Bishop Lowth, in 1787, Dr. Porteus was transferred to the See of London. In this extended sphere the excellent Bishop continued to display all the energy of his character, in the promotion of religion, morality, and literature. His benefactions were very large, and his literary works very extensive. He died in May, 1808, in the 78th year of his age.

B. Porteus, Bishop of London, to Earl Harcourt :—

“ St. James’s Square, April 8, 1797.

“ MY LORD,—Your Lordship & Lady Harcourt will be much concerned to hear of the death of our poor friend Mr. Mason, of which his curate, Mr. Branskill, informed me by a letter which I received yesterday. On Friday se’night last he scratched his leg in getting into a carriage, felt not the least inconvenience from it till Monday morning, at which time the best medical assist-

ance was procured—but in vain, for a mortification commenced, & terminated fatally at 2 o'clock on Wednesday.

“I condole very sincerely with your Lordship & Lady Harcourt on this unexpected loss of an old friend, a worthy man, & very distinguished writer, &, though much less closely connected with him, I feel very sensibly the sudden deprivation of so pleasant a correspondent (& occasionally intimate friend), as he has been to me for some years past.

“I have the honour to be your

“Lordship’s most faithful

“& obed^t Servant,

“B. LONDON.”

B. Porteus, Bishop of London, to Earl Harcourt :—

“*Fulham, June 17.*

“MY DEAR LORD,—Not knowing whether the enclosed pamphlet by Mr. Percival may have fallen in your way, I take the liberty of sending you a copy of it, as being in my judgement an excellent & unanswerable one. Allow me at the same time to add that I feel extremely anxious for the success of the bill to which it relates, from a perfect conviction that it will conduce most essentially to the interests of religion & the Church

of England, & also to the relief & comfort of a most laborious, most indigent, & most meritorious class of men, The Curates of England & Wales.

“I enclose to you also, for your amusement, a very curious little tract (which is not to be bought), containing a slight sketch of the life & travels of a Prussian Clergyman, who is lately come to this country, & is, I believe, the greatest Oriental scholar & traveller in Europe. In order to retain such a treasure as this in this kingdom, I have just given him a very valuable living in Essex; thinking he may be of infinite use to the cause of religion & learning in this kingdom by reviving the study of Oriental literature (which is at a very low ebb among us), & by applying his great talents & extensive knowledge of Eastern languages, manners, & customs, to the explanation & illustration of the sacred writings, which important object he has promised to have constantly in view.

“M^{rs}. Porteus & myself condole most sincerely with your Lordship & Lady Harcourt on the severe loss you have lately sustained; & lament also the loss which we shall sustain by the departure of the Archbishop of York & Lady Anne from London. Besides the great pleasure we always received from their society, I shall feel very strongly the want of his personal assistance in the House of Lords on the Curates’ Bill, which

I believe will come up to us on Tuesday next. He speaks so extremely well in Parliament, that we lose in him one of our most powerful supports. He has, however, been so good as to leave his proxy for the bill with the Archbishop of Canterbury. May I hope that your Lordship's proxy will take the same direction?

“With our best respects to Lady Harcourt,

“I remain, my dear Lord, your

“most faithful & obedient Servant,

“B. LONDON.”

Letter from the Bishop of Kilmore.

THE Bishop of Kilmore^a to Countess Harcourt :—

“ Rutland Square, May 23rd, 1798.

“DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—Your kind letter to Mrs. Jones gave us no small consolation, in the midst of the confusion & disturbance wh^h surround us at present. The state of Dublin, on our arrival, was nearly what I apprehended ; it has been far worse since ; yet under the protection of Providence, & the extraordinary exertions of Government, we are, at length, I trust, secure from the insurrection & massacre which threaten’d us within these few days. The apprehension of Lord Ed. Fitzgerald (an account of which has been detailed in the publick papers), & of some other treasonable persons, with the seizure of many thousand pikes & musquetts, have quieted in a great degree the general alarm. The county & city of Dublin are proclaim’d ; the houses of all suspected persons are closely search’d ; & the military parade the streets day & night. The House of Commons framed a bill yesterday even^g en-

^a Dr. Jones was recommended for the Bishopric of Kilmore by Simon, Earl Harcourt, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

abling the Commissioners of oyer & terminer to hold their sessions during the sitting of term, which will hasten the tryal of the prisoners. It pass'd the two Houses the same even'g, & was certified into England by the Lord Lieutenant & Council by last night's packet—a most unheard of instance of dispatch.

“If your Ladyship will take the trouble to read the subjoin'd proclamation from one of the rebels, you will be of opinion that the shortest delay will endanger the very existence of the Constitution. This paper was found in the pocket & in the hand-writing of M^r. Sheares, who was apprehended on Monday, & is now with his brother in very safe custody. The proclamation was to be distributed thro' the cities & country immediately, & the insurrection to follow close upon it.

“‘FRIENDS & COUNTRYMEN.

“‘Repair to the flag of liberty, w^h is now flying; many of the tyrants have already bled, many more will shortly bleed by the decrees of the revolutionary tribunal, which will be immediately establish'd. Seize this opportunity of rescuing your Country: it is the only one you may ever have.’

“The treason, we thank God, has been discover'd time enough to prevent the execution. No precaution, however, is omitted, & indeed too much cannot be taken; the least confiden-

tial part of our family do not lie within the body of the house ; all our doors are lock'd early, for we don't go out at night ; the keys & the fire arms are deposited with the Governor of the citadell ; what defence he will make, if attack'd, I doubt, as he has never seen service ; I hope his courage may not be put to a tryal.

“ But it is time to relieve your Ladyship. May you never experience the consternation we have been the witnesses of here—that it was not still greater was owing to the ignorance that many were under of their danger.

“ M^{rs}. Jones joins me in every respectful & kind wish, & compliments to your Ladyship & Lord Harcourt.

“ I have the honor to be

“ with great truth,

“ my dear Madam,

“ Your Ladyship's devoted Servant,

“ GEO. LEWIS KILMORE.”

Letter from Mr. West.

BENJAMIN WEST was born in 1738, of Quaker parents, in Pennsylvania. They had emigrated from England in 1715. Art began to manifest her supremacy over him at an early age, for, being only seven years old, he accomplished a likeness of his baby sister in her cradle.

At the age of 16, after some demurring on the part of his Quaker relatives, he was allowed to commence the profession of portrait painter in New York. In the year 1760, being then 21 years old, with the assistance of his patrons he managed to pay a visit to Italy for the purpose of improving himself in his art. In 1763 he went to London, where he at once established a reputation. In the following year he married a young American lady; in 1765 he was chosen a member and director of the Incorporated Society of Artists, and painted many historical pictures. In 1768 he was one of the

four artists who submitted to the king the plan for the Royal Academy. In 1772 he was appointed historical painter to the king, and, during the thirty-three years which this appointment lasted, he received from his Majesty £34,187 for his works. On the death of Reynolds in 1792 he was elected President of the Royal Academy, but declined the honour of knighthood. He resigned the Presidentship on the occasion of some quarrel with Fuseli (about the date at which the following letter was written), but he was re-elected in 1805. 2,000, 3,000, and 8,000 guineas were the prices asked by him for some of his pictures.

As he was, perhaps, somewhat overrated during his life, so, doubtless, he has been somewhat underrated since his death. He died in Newman-street, London, in 1820, aged 81, and was buried with great honour in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Benjamin West, Esq. to Earl Harcourt :—

“ London, Novr. 25th, 1802.

“MY LORD,—Tho’ your Lordship has for more than thirty years given me undeniable proofs of your kindness, yet I cannot intrude on your time without apologising for the freedom I now take—convinced at the same time that, when you know my motives, you will pardon the liberty.

“When I waited on your Lordship last spring to request permission to use your name if necessary, there was at that time those whose object was secretly to deprive me of the continuance of his Majesty’s favours, as well as to drive me from the place I have the honour to hold in the Royal Academy; and likewise to stop the great work I am engaged on for his Majesty’s Chapel at Windsor, and that under the insinuation of my wanting loyalty; but his Majesty graciously permitting me to an audience, rendered any mention of your Lordship unnecessary, as I found myself in his Majesty’s paternal regard and full confidence.

“From several friends I find that those malignant spirits are again endeavouring to prejudice my character in his Majesty’s good opinion, by giving a false construction to my visiting the arts at Paris—as certain of my incurring the King’s displeasure. If those enemies have suc-

ceeded in producing that effect, it is a misfortune to the arts! But, in regard to myself, I am conscious that when my long attachment, love, and loyalty to the best of kings are summed up, I shall not be in fear of the loss of honour for want of loyalty, or his Majesty the loss of that glory which is his due, in protecting me and the fine arts.

“That my visit to Paris might be guarded against those insinuations, a few days before his Majesty went to Weymouth last summer I paid my duty to him at Windsor, when he spoke much to me respecting the works of art in the galleries of the Louvre, ‘that he had heard the Apollo was a copy, as well as that most of the fine pictures had been ruined in cleaning, or by having been fresh painted on.’ I replied ‘that I had heard the same,’ and further, ‘that in the course of the summer I had thoughts of going to Paris to see that collection, &c.’ To which his Majesty was graciously pleased to listen with complacency!

“Early in August I waited on Lord Hawkesbury, and informed his Lordship of my intentions, and, that he might be perfectly satisfied with the rectitude of my intended visit to the arts, I gave him to understand that my purpose of going to Paris was not unknown to his Majesty. His Lordship gave me a passport which was likewise signed by Mr. Otto, and a private letter to

Mr. Merry the British Minister. Mr. Otto gave me three letters in the presence of Lord Hawkesbury (when I dined with his Lordship near Rowhampton), two of which were to the French Ministers—Barbe Marbois and Maret—the other was to Mr. Peregaux the banker. Mr. King, the American Minister, gave me a letter to Mr. Leveston, the Minister of the United States at Paris.

“Thus, resting on those precautions, the sanction of those recommendations, and my professional character, I went to Paris before the month of August was out ; and the reception I met with there is known not to be dishonourable to his Majesty’s patronage, the recommendations I was favoured with, my country, or myself. My associations while there was with those above mentioned, and the societies composed of men of the first eminence in arts and sciences ; and the notice bestowed on me by those societies, as well as the attention shewn me by many of the most respectable inhabitants, were such that every person of sensibility must feel that the distinctions were honourable to the stations I hold in England.

“By my journey to Paris I ascertained three essential points, viz., the state of the arts in France, what is necessary to be done by England to maintain her pre-eminence in the arts, and by what means the ingenious youths of this country

could benefit their studies from the great examples of art which are in the central Museum of the Louvre. Thus zealous in promoting what would contribute to elevate the arts in this country, I added this last exertion to my forty years' assiduity—and that the department in them, to which I have been called by the gracious choice of his Majesty, might be advanced as far as my humble abilities would enable me to do, they have been exerted; and to this, as far as my station in life would permit, I have maintained his Majesty's honour, interest, and glory; and I have received from his Majesty that support which enabled me to produce those works which are known to your Lordship, the country, and the civilised world. If I have been so unfortunate while making my last effort to give a further strength to the arts in England—to have my good intentions whispered away by those who have long meditated the debasement of the arts in this country—the country will have to lament their success.

“The above, my Lord, is a faithful narrative of my past proceedings, as the following is a full avowall of the principles under which I have been educated. In my early life I was instructed by a parent (who was honourably descended from ancestors whose virtues were heroick, as well as religious) to loyalty and attachment to the Hano-

verian family, and the British constitution as established under that family. United to those early principles a personal knowledge of the King's goodness have bound me to his Majesty, with love and gratitude, for more than thirty years. In his Majesty's happiness I have rejoiced, and in his adversities I have sympathized with a heart of sorrow, and at all times I have maintained, as far as my situation would enable me, his honour, his rights, and his dignity, and what I have attained by my profession has been devoted to render homage to his sovereignty.

"Receive then, my Lord, a full assurity, that I am, with the profoundest respect and esteem,

"Your Lordship's much obliged

"BENJⁿ WEST.

"*The Earl of Harcourt.*"

Letter from
Madame de Mortemard.

MADAME DE MORTEMARD was grand-daughter to the Duc de Harcourt, and was one of those who took refuge in England during the French revolution. The whole family shared in Lord Harcourt's hospitality both at Nuneham and at Harcourt House. Subsequently Lord Harcourt hired a house for them at Staines, and gave them an allowance, till such period as the troubled times allowed them to return to France.

Madame de Mortemard to Countess Harcourt :—

" May the 18th, 1803.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—Having now the greatest fear that the communication may be stopped between this country and England, I cannot resist sending you once more the expression of my attachment to you. If I have not wrote to you before, it is only because I have heard of you often through my other friends, and have desired them to re-

member me to you, and, therefore, thought it was unnecessary to tire you by my letters ; but it is a satisfaction I cannot refuse myself at this present moment, though I still hope our fears can be vain ; indeed I will not, till the last moment, believe it possible that there can be a war ; it is such a great misfortune for every body, but still more for me, it really would kill me quite, for my long absence has not altered in the least the attachment I have for the people and country. Nothing can nor ever will, and it will be the happiest moment of my life when I shall be able to see once more those dear friends to whom I owe so much ; the more I hear my grand mother's account of your kindness and attention to her, the more I thank Providence for having given us such good and kind relations, who have not only sustained all our family for so long, but have also, by every sort of kindness softened the misfortune of us all ; those things can NEVER be forgot, and must ever fill our hearts with the deepest gratitude.

“I cannot tell you how much the Duchess regrets being so far from you, and how she talks of her affection and obligation ; she is, thank God, very well indeed, pretty comfortably established, being in a good airy situation, with gardens round her ; the rooms are not very handsome, but very decent and quite what she wants now. I am a little afraid she will find the town very

dull this summer as soon every body will be going in the country, and then she cannot have much company, but we will do our best not to leave her alone. My father and my sisters are now going into the country for a fortnight, to my uncle's; I shall not go, some one must stay with her, but, as my sisters have been a longer time away from my father, it is better they should go with him, besides I may go later in the year when they will be away. I should not have been sorry for a little country air, having been in Paris ever since I came to France, but I give it up with pleasure, as she wants me now.

"I hope you have a better weather in England than we have here, for it is quite winter, and ever since my father came he says nothing else but what an horrid climate this is; however, I dread the heat we had last summer, it was so very terrible in Paris, and I fear it will be the same again as it is so cold now. There has been great many marriages here since the spring, among them are Mrs. D'Haussonville's two daughters, and very well married too. I long to hear who Lady S. Fane will choose. We thought here that there was a little flirtation between the Duke of Bedford and Lady Georgina Gordon, indeed it would be too odd if the Duchess succeeded in that, if she does she is certainly the cleverest woman in the world; however, she did not shew

that here by her behaviour ; I assure you, for the honor of my adopted *Patrie* I have often suffered to hear her called an English woman, but she always was odd in every country. I hope Lord Harcourt is well and so good as to remember me. I trust that you will have the goodness to say every things to him for me, as well as to your sisters. My Grandmother and father desire to be remembered to you, the latter hopes you have received a letter from him. I must now conclude this letter, which I hope you will excuse on account of the wish I had to assure you myself that I shall ever be,

“My dear Madam,

“your very affectionate and Grateful,

“V.

“If Mrs. Harcourt is in Town will you be so good as to tell her you heard from me, and that I have not had a letter from her since a long time, though I wish for one very much. I have just heard the two Ambassadors have crossed the sea, that indeed is despair. I fear there is no hope left, oh ! how miserable I am!!!!”

Letter from Madame D'Arblay.

MADAME D'ARBLAY [Miss Burney]
to Countess Harcourt :—

“ 1818.

“DEAR MADAM,—The grief with which I have just read the letter which your Ladyship has done me the honour to write is bitter indeed—’tis the keen precursor of that grief of heart which knolls the last knell! and familiar to me as grief has been since the 3rd of last May, this is a stroke—for after such an account I look upon it as already struck—that bows me down with fresh sorrow. I should blush to name myself at such a period, but that I write immediately on reading the afflicting narration of those hopeless sufferings, & I have no command over my sad impulses.

“Equal to my honour of the Queen has long been my love for her, though her exalted station made the honour alone fit for public manifestation; but the Queen well knew the warm affection that was mingled with it, & encouraged & augmented it by a sweetness so expressive, so inviting, & so confidential, that, though no one could forget themselves a moment in her presence, I was always exhilarated, not awed, by it, always delighted, not intimidated, when she con-

descended to converse with me ; and innumerable are the *Tête à Têtes* with which H.M. has deigned to indulge me. Alas ! how heavy to me is the idea I must be indulged with no more ! Again self is breaking forth, but my regrets at this melancholy moment will not submit to any controul, & there is a tone of sensibility running through the whole of your Ladyship's letter, that makes me build for pardon upon the belief of similar feelings.

“What an angel of generous virtues is the Duchess of Gloucester ! with a heart so pierced with filial grief to bestow a thought upon sparing mine the shock of an abrupt communication of this dire impending blow ! I dare not, at such a period, address personally my gratitude to H.R.H., but I will hope, from your Ladyship's great goodness to me, that H.R.H. may, in time, hear how deeply I am impressed by it. Indeed, it is not possible for me to say how highly I prize H.R.H.'s graciousness & favour.

“How touching, how beautiful, is the account that your Ladyship has drawn of the filial excellence now surrounding my revered and most beloved Queen ! I can never forget your Ladyship's great kindness in presenting to me, at so awful a moment, so edifying a picture. The sweet Princess Augusta, who has no object in life—as the Duchess of Gloucester has expressed

it—but to do her duty, & make people happy, must now severely be tried . . . yet 'tis the Princess Eliza, & the Princess Sophia I pity the most ; the one gone, & now, for the first time, unable to share & shine in every duteous & fond attention ; the other indisposed &, therefore, deprived, corporally, of exerting the fine & tender mental qualities which so much distinguish H.R.H.'s character. What your Ladyship mentions of the Prince Regent & of the Duke of York offers much consolation—all, indeed, that such a scene of affliction admits, in the view of the most exemplary of Mothers receiving this last pious tribute from her devoted Children.

“My affairs, or rather those of my son, will certainly force me 'ere long to London, & then, should I be recovered from my present very unwell state of health, I shall not surely be so much my own enemy as not to avail myself of your Ladyship's most obliging invitation. I shall, indeed, be most sincerely desirous to repeat my thanks for the truly interesting—though so deeply melancholy—details with which your Ladyship has had the goodness to make me acquainted. I will conscientiously forbear writing any more to Kew in this terrible interval, but I feel sure of your Ladyship's pardon that I found it impossible to withstand my wish to express my grateful acknowledgements, most respectfully, through

the medium of your Ladyship, to H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, and, permit me to add, to H.R.H.^{esse's} amiable & most obliging secretary.

“I have the honour to be,

“dear Madam,

“Your Ladyship's most obed^t,

“& most obliged

“humble Servant,

“F. D'ARBLAY.

“*Bath, 5th Sept., 1818.*”

Letter from Miss Berry.

MISS BERRY to Earl Harcourt :—

“ N. Audley St., Wednesday, 4th Feby.

“ PERHAPS I ought to follow your example, my Lord, & avoid troubling ‘in writing’ with my acknowledgements for the little Vol. you have done me the honour of conveying to me by Mrs. Dawes, & of which I have read every word with much entertainment. But, as certainly, *mon propre ingratitude me pesera plus que l’ennui des autres*, I chuse to unburthen my conscience at your expense, & beg you, in spite of all your ingenious endeavours to avoid them, to accept of my best thanks. I long to know when I have any chance of being able to offer them to you in person at our fireside in N. Audley St., where I hope you have not forgot how well your society is bestowed, when you have any moments to spare us.

“ I have the honour to be your

“ Lordship’s much obliged,

“ M. BERRY.”

Letter from Miss Fanshawe.

MISS C. M. FANSHAWE to Countess
Harcourt :—

“ Wimpole St., Friday.

“MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—The day of thanksgiving slipped thro’ my fingers without my being able to fulfill all the agreeable duties of it, in which I had in my own mind included my grateful acknowledgements for all the kindness and happiness I have been enjoying at Nuneham. The best proof I can give of good will to my benefactors is that I most heartily wished them yesterday at St. James’s Church, where Mr. Andrewes exceeded all the expectations of his hearers, which you may imagine were screwed pretty high upon such an occasion.

* * * * *

“From the strain of humble piety in which he followed up the text of ‘Beware that ye forget not the Lord your God,’ we almost feared he would not have ventured to touch upon the praise of Mars, but the more delicately it was afterwards done the more striking was the effect, & Nelson’s dying order ‘That England expected every man should do his duty’ (made into a sort of second text for the conclusion), which he ingeniously ap-

plied to woman also, shewing that there was no individual who might not, by obeying or neglecting this injunction, contribute to bring a blessing or a curse upon the arms of the brave defenders of their country.

* * * * *

“Before I have quite done with the battle of Trafalgar (which you must not for your life pronounce as Mr. Richards has done, but accent the first syllable) I will add one word more of Lord Nelson, whose last order was in consequence of a request from Captain Hardy that he would make this exertion to satisfy the fleet of his existence, & proposed ‘Lord Nelson expects,’ &c., but this he refused, saying it would imply from him mistrust or reproach, & substituted ‘England.’ From the moment he knew his danger he never named his wound. All this is only second hand from Captain Blackwood, & your Ladyship will see I have made the most of old news for want of new. It is not new to find the King of Prussia, after all his fair promises, negotiating for himself, which General Don’s last dispatch acknowledges to be the case. Our Troops are cantoned about Bremen, so it is to be hoped they will not be sent farther into a country which will do so little for itself. The Duke of York certainly does not go. I made too short a stay at Windsor to attempt waiting on Mrs. Harcourt,

but long enough to inquire much about the poor King's eyes, & to find that the increase of complaint had been very apparent to Lady Ely, who, from her long absence, was particularly well able to judge ; indeed that without glasses he can now scarcely see at all, is plain from the circumstance of her having been able to examine them (while he was speaking to her of his sight) without his perceiving it. One eye, it seems, is quite gone, & has been lost for some time, almost without his consciousness of the period ; the other bears no marks of ailment, which makes it plain there is no cataract in the case, tho' Phipp once thought it was coming on so fast as to be within a few weeks of maturity for the operation. But he says it has been absorbed into the vessels of the eye by the inflammation.

"The King rides still whenever the weather is favorable, Pss. Augusta always on one side of his horse, & one of his gentlemen on the other ; which the learned say will always ensure a horse from starting or stumbling, as he is on his good behaviour when so narrowly watched by his fellow horsebreakers. Dear M^{rs}. Kennicott is in high bloom, & welcomed the large cargo of love which I so faithfully delivered to her from Nuneham. She thinks the alteration very considerable in poor M^{rs}. Barrington ; her body much increased & her face & arms shrunk. She has no thought

at present of going at all to London, being fearful of the journey.

* * * * *

“No snow has fallen in these parts, only mire, of which there is an accumulation about as large as the Pacific Ocean, between Hounslow & the Metropolis.

“I have scribbled on, to the tune of knocking up curtains & knocking down carpets, at a strange rate, & yet have not said a word of Lord Harcourt, & the tremendous cold with which he was threatened on Sunday night, but which I was happy to learn was on the wane Monday morning. I conclude his Lordship & M^{rs}. Preston are still up to the eyes in sympathy, & hope it will do them no harm, but cannot be so sanguine as to expect it will come to good; but, come what will, I think it very improper Lady Harcourt should have a finger in the pie (as Lady Louisa would say). *A propos* of Lady Louisa, her friend Lady Douglas has actually, I am told, transcribed the precious journal for me & sent it to y^e Duke of Montrose. Happy I! Was the last wreath complete by the day of Thanksgiving? I thought of it upon that occasion, & of the light heart your Ladyship would wear that day. May I beg you will give my best respects to Lord Harcourt, with love to Miss Anne Vernon & Miss Sudley, and a kiss to y^e Kittykin, & conclude, my dear

madam, with reserving a little corner in your
own kind heart for her who is very gratefully
& sincerely

“your affectionate

“C. M. FANSHAWE.”

Letters from Miss Farren.

THE beautiful Miss Farren delighted the public for several years by her grace and accomplishments. She was one of those Queens of the stage whose society was sought by all who could appreciate talent and merit. On leaving the stage she was married to the Earl of Derby.

Miss Farren to Earl Harcourt :—

“IT is impossible for me to express how very much I am mortified at having so often missed the pleasure of seeing your Lordship. If I knew when you meant to honour me with a call I certainly would be at home—for I really long to see you. The reason of my being so much from home is that poor Lady Charlotte has been confined to her room for the last six weeks, and I generally am with her some part of every day ; & as she lives as far as Bedford Row it takes up a great deal of time.

“I shall have the happiness of sending you a proof Print^a this day, or to-morrow ; I say hap-

^a A print of herself which hangs at Nuneham.

piness because my Mother assures me you wish for it, and every new proof of your friendship is most gratifying to your Lordship's

"Obliged,

"ELIZA FARREN."

Miss Farren to Earl Harcourt :—

"MY LORD,—If you can, I hope you will honour us with your company on Monday next—you will only find a very few of your million of friends.

"I remain, my Lord,

"your most obliged,

"ELIZA FARREN.

"*Wednesday.*"

Countess of Derby to Earl Harcourt :—

"MY DEAR LORD HARCOURT,—I am infinitely obliged to your Lordship & to Lady Harcourt for your very kind attentions.

"I caught no cold (thanks to your Lordship), but really did dream of all sorts of frightful things—God keep us all safe!

"I am with great esteem, & let me add affection,

"Your Lordship's obliged Friend,

"E. DERBY^b.

"I must certainly go without a gown to-morrow, & my Lord without a coat."

^b Lately Miss E. Farren.

Countess of Derby to the dowager Countess Harcourt :—

Novr. 22d, 1818.

“MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—I feel so convinced that you will forgive me for expressing my anxious fears lest your health should suffer, that I take up my pen without hesitation. The loss you have sustained is one of all others, after near relations, that calls the most for sympathy; and I know your heart so well that mine aches for you.

“The nation will mourn our good Queen, I think, most bitterly; but you, her chosen and favourite friend, what must your feelings be? Do not, however, my dear Lady Harcourt, exert yourself too far in offering your last sad tribute of respect. I see accounts of your sitting up two nights; this should not be; and, if I did not think that Princess Augusta would prevent you from doing any thing likely to injure your health, I should feel very uncomfortable. I hope the long preparation for this calamity will have enabled you to support it with composure. I am sure your mind was fearful of a fatal termination to her Majesty’s complaint when we last met; but you have the unspeakable pleasure of reflecting on your entire devotion to this afflicted friend, and that nothing, on your part, has been omitted

that could soften her sufferings or smooth the bed of sickness. How the Princesses must love you!

"May God preserve you, my dear Lady Harcourt, and sustain you in health to all your friends.

"Ever most affectionately yours,

"E. DERBY."

Letter from an Unknown Correspondent.

THE following Letter, without signature or date, is given in the concluding sheets of this volume as a specimen of some of the hardships undergone by private individuals at the time of the French revolution. Long may God ward off such scenes from our shores !

“THE Very friendly Interest you take in the distresses of my dear but unfortunate Sister Bode claims our utmost gratitude. In compliance with your kind desire of assisting us to represent her case to some of her former friends & acquaintance, I will enclose you a brief account of all she has suffered, & of her present situation ; & tho’ the meloncholy narative will I am sure excite yours and their pity & compassion, I flatter myself her heroic conduct cannot fail to claim the esteem & admiration of all who are made acquainted with it. Sometime before the troubles commenced in France they had an oportunity of making a very advantageous purchase in Alsace, which answer’d beyond their most sanguine hopes ; so much

so, that, had it not been for the dreadful revolution that has since taken place, they would now have been in the most affluent circumstances. That was an event that no one could foresee ; but they long stem'd the torrent of oppression, nor quitted their station till it was no longer safe to continue where they were. My sister & her children then retired to Baaden, where they received the utmost kindness from the Margrave & his family.

“The Baron still remain'd at Soulttry to protect their property, till attack'd by a party of the National Gaurd at his own house, who declared they wou'd murder him ; but by his astonishing coolness & presence of mind, & the fortunate interference of their officer, who came up to find out the cause of the disturbance, he was providentially rescued ; not thinking it, however, prudent to continue there longer, he crost the Rhine to my sister. They remained in this situation, till the decree was issued that all who possessed property in France must return by such a time or be declared emigrants ; this they strictly observed ; but, thinking it safer to reside in a fortified town than at their own house, unfortunately fix'd upon Weissembourg, which a very short time afterwards was made the head quarters of the French Army. They had the liberty, I beleive, of going to Soulttry & else where, when they

pleased, but their every step was watch'd ; & such was the suspicion of the times that they durst not speak or stir from home for fear of the supposition of being engaged in some plot. Here they suffer'd every indignity & mortification, the Baron ordered out as a common soldier to guard the vintage, degraded from their nobility, and declared incapable of possessing any places in the state, civil or military, because he had been born noble. My sister was made to serve in the hospitals, & to make tents and linen for the National Guard, and was not allow'd to have a sack of corn on pain of confiscation. Once they were four days without bread in the house ; & without the assistance of their friends they must have been starved.

"At last they had information that they had no time to lose, for that there was an order issued out to seize the Baron as an emigrant ; fortunately this intimation gave him time to escape, & on mature consideration my sister determined to follow him, which she did on foot, accompanied by her two eldest sons, & a faithful man servant, conducted by a guide, within hearing, and almost in sight of the French Army ; but a merciful providence protected them, & after traversing pathless mountains above twenty miles, conducted them at last to a place of safety, where they had the happiness to join the Baron. The conflict to my sister was great indeed, when under the abso

lute necessity of leaving all the rest of her children behind ; but, had she not done so, all must have perish'd, as the very next day after her departure they came to seize her ; &, on finding she had escaped, put a seal on all their property, even to the most trivial of the children's apparel.

"The Monday was fix'd upon for everything to be sold, & the children turned out into the street if not worse ; but the same kind Providence again preserved them, by delivering the town on the Sunday into the hands of the Austrians. The Count de Westenbourg was a most kind friend to them, & at his palace they continued till that no longer remained a place of safety, & all removed to another of his palaces near Worms ; but public affairs growing every day more alarming, my sister once more took her flight with part of her family to the noble *chapitre* of *chanonesses* at Altenbourg, where the Baron's sister is lady Abbess ; &, a very few days after, Weissenbourg being retaken, it was with the utmost difficulty the Baron was able to convey the rest of his children to the same place, where all were received with the most sisterly affection, and provided with every necessary ; for, the change being so sudden, they scarcely preserved any thing ; and, they not only lost their estate, but all their furniture, a very valuable collection of books, large stock of linen, in short every valuable they were possessed of.

“Till this unfortunate period they retain’d hopes of being able to struggle with all difficulties; & when things became settled that they should be restored to their property; but, Alas! all such hopes then vanish’d. The active spirit of my sister could ill brook living supinely inactive, a burthen to her generous friend; &, reading an Edict publish’d by the Empress of Russia, offering lands in the southern parts of Russia to any emigrants who would undertake to cultivate that part of her dominions, the idea of an establishment tempted her to seek the asylum offered; and in May last, accompanied by her eldest son, who was about seventeen, & the same servant who has attended her in all her difficulties, she set off on this expedition, with five crowns in her pocket; but like the widow’s cruse her stock increased instead of diminishing; as she proceeded her recommendations gain’d her from place to place a friendly welcome, & at Berlin her reception from the Queen was indeed flattering.

“The Baron had from early youth been intimately acquainted with her Majesty, & her extreme kindness to my sister evinces her to be as sincere as she is a powerful friend; she had the condescension to interest herself so much in their misfortunes as to desire her to relate all that had befallen her, reminded her that her youngest daughter was her godchild, & that in future she

should look upon her as her peculiar charge, & would also provide for one of her sons ; she made her a very handsome present to defray her expences to Petersbourg, wrote herself to the Empress in her favour, & procured her other son such powerful recommendations as my sister now finds of the most essential advantage to her ; for, had she not had such kind friends to represent her case, such is the amazing cloud of grandure & distance that envelops that Great Empress that her petition wou'd scarcely have penetrated. She represents it as the most inaccessible of all courts, but such recommendations could not fail of success ; the graciousness of the Empress & her Ministers have been very great, and the petition is attended to, tho' the grant not yet made out ; all business proceeding with extream slowness in Russia.

“ Lands either in Livonia or the Crimea are promised to my sister, but I am fearful of the latter, for tho' an extream fine climate, & very fertile soil, yet, through being for many years the constant seat of war between the Turks & Russian Tartars, the Country is nearly depopulated, & every idea of Cultivation destroy'd ; consequently they would have many difficulties to surmount ; 'tis a very melancholy reflection for her family, that this is likely to prove her future destination ; it is so very remote (being a Peninsula adjoining to Crim Tartary), that I fear we must relinquish all hope of ever

seeing her more ; yet we must admire the fortitude & resolution with which she determines to undertake this dangerous enterprize, in the hope of a future provision for her family.

“The Empress promises to take upon herself the education of the children, & to give some money towards enabling her to begin this great work ; but, as much will be required for such an undertaking, destitute as they are at present, she writes to us to request we will represent her case to her relations & friends in this country, & to intercede that they will afford their kind contributions towards her first establishment ; &, from the distinguished friendship & assistance she has been favoured with in the many countries her peculiar fate has made her acquainted with, she flatters herself she shall meet with equal commiseration & generosity in her native land. Were her sisters equal to affording her the whole of this assistance, this subject would not have been mention’d, but, as that is not the case, (tho’ applying even to friends for pecuniary relief is wounding to the feelings of sensibility) we cannot refuse her this sacrifice, to second her praise-worthy endeavours to rescue her helpless family from destruction. Excuse my troubling you with so long a Letter, but I could not bring all I wish’d to inform you of in less compass.”

Letter from Mr. Walter.

TO the Rt. Hon. Earl Harcourt :—

“London, Oct. 31, 1790.

“MY LORD,—Having experienced a long and cruel confinement in Newgate for the mere sale of THE TIMES at my shop in Piccadilly, which contained matter for which I was prosecuted by the three eldest Princes, during the heat of Party, while the Regency Bill was agitated; and, not chusing to expose myself hereafter to further trouble, I have given up the sale of it, from Michaelmas last, to Mr. Dyer, at the New White Horse Cellar, near Old Bond-Street, who will, I doubt not, carefully attend to it hereafter. I therefore take the liberty to enclose my bill to that time, and return you my sincere thanks for past favours.

“Any orders in Book and Stationary lines will be gratefully acknowledged by,

“My Lord,

“Your most oblig’d

“and obedient Servant,

“JOHN WALTER.”



GETTY CENTER LIBRARY



3 3125 00807 9416

